

汤姆叔叔的小屋

[美] 斯托夫人 著

李俏云 编译

Uncle Tom's
Cabin

那些让我魂牵梦系的精彩篇章

中文导读学习版

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内 容 简 介

《汤姆叔叔的小屋》以 19 世纪 60 年代美国南北战争为背景，描写了一位对主人忠心耿耿的黑奴，名为汤姆叔叔。主人在破产的情况下只好将他和所有黑奴一起卖给奴隶贩子，最终将他们一起运回南方。在历经周折之后，汤姆叔叔仍没有摆脱奴隶贩子的控制。一次，汤姆叔叔为解救女奴卡茜，被车撞死。他在生命的最后一刻，终于悟出了只有斗争才会有自由的真理。

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Chapter 1 In Which the Reader Is Introduced to a Man of Humanity



第一章 给读者介绍一位好心人

中文导读

故事从一个奴隶主和一个奴隶贩子的讨价还价中开始。美国肯塔基州的奴隶主希尔比在股票市场上投机失败，为了还债，决定将两个奴隶卖掉：一个是汤姆，他是在希尔比种植场出生的，稳重、精明、虔诚，颇得主人欢心；另一个要卖掉的是黑白混血女奴艾莉查的儿子哈利，艾莉查秀色宜人，又敏捷睿智，当她无意中听到主人要卖掉自己的儿子时，便去央求对她宠爱有加的主母——希尔比太太。

本章是全书的开头，情节紧张富有节奏感，人物的性格和关系在巧妙的对话中得到淋漓尽致的展现。全书共有两条线索，从这里出发，展开了汤姆和伊丽莎二人求取自由的坎坷历程。

Chapter 1

Late in the afternoon of a chilly day in February, two gentlemen were sitting alone over their wine, in a well-furnished dining parlor, in the town of P—, in Kentucky. There were no servants present, and the gentlemen, with chairs closely approaching, seemed to be discussing some subject with great earnestness.

For convenience's^① sake, we have said, hitherto, two gentlemen. One of the parties, however, when critically examined, did not seem, strictly speaking, to come under the species. He was a short, thick-set man, with coarse, commonplace features, and that swaggering air of pretension which marks a low man

who is trying to elbow his way upward in the world. He was much over-dressed, in a gaudy vest of many colors, a blue neckerchief, bedropped gayly with yellow spots, and arranged^② with a flaunting tie, quite in keeping with the general air of the man. His hands, large and coarse, were plentifully bedecked with rings; and he wore a heavy gold watch-chain, with a bundle of seals of portentous size, and a great variety of colors, attached to it,—which, in the ardor of conversation, he was in the habit of flourishing and jingling with evident satisfaction. His conversation was in free and easy defiance of Murray's Grammar, and was garnished at convenient intervals with various profane expressions, which not even the desire to be graphic^③ in our account shall induce us to transcribe.

His companion, Mr. Shelby, had the appearance of a gentleman; and the arrangements of the house, and the general air of the housekeeping, indicated easy, and even opulent circumstances. As we before stated, the two were in the midst of an earnest conversation.

“That is the way I should arrange the matter,” said Mr. Shelby.

“I can't make trade that way—I positively can't, Mr. Shelby,” said the other, holding up a glass of wine between

① convenience [kən'vinjəns] **n.** 方便, 便利 (CET4)

② arrange [ə'reindʒ] **v.** 安排, 准备 (CET4)

③ graphic ['græfɪk] **adj.** 绘画的, 文字的, 图表的; 形象的 (CET6)

his eye and the light.

“Why, the fact is, Haley, Tom is an uncommon fellow; he is certainly worth that sum anywhere,—steady, honest, capable, manages my whole farm like a clock.”

“You mean honest, as niggers go,” said Haley, helping himself to a glass of brandy.

“No; I mean, really, Tom is a good, steady, sensible, pious fellow. He got religion^① at a camp-meeting, four years ago; and I believe he really did get it. I’ve trusted him, since then, with everything I have,—money, house, horses,—and let him come and go round the country; and I always found him true and square in everything.”

“Some folks^② don’t believe there is pious niggers Shelby,” said Haley, with a candid flourish of his hand, “but I do. I had a fellow, now, in this yer last lot I took to Orleans—’t was as good as a meetin, now, really, to hear that critter pray; and he was quite gentle and quiet like. He fetched me a good sum, too, for I bought him cheap of a man that was ’bliged to sell out; so I realized six hundred on him. Yes, I consider religion a valeyable thing in a nigger, when it’s the genuine^③ article, and no mistake.”

“Well, Tom’s got the real article, if ever a fellow had,” rejoined the other. “Why, last fall, I let him go to Cincinnati alone, to do business for me, and bring home five hundred dollars. ‘Tom,’ says I to him, ‘I trust you, because I think

you're a Christian—I know you wouldn't cheat.'

Tom comes back, sure enough; I knew he would. Some low fellows, they say, said to him—Tom, why don't you make tracks for Canada?' 'Ah, master^④ trusted me, and I couldn't,'—they told me about it. I am sorry to part with Tom, I must say. You ought to let him cover the whole balance of the debt; and you would, Haley, if you had any conscience^⑤."

"Well, I've got just as much conscience as any man in business can afford to keep,—just a little, you know, to swear by, as't were," said the trader, jocularly; "and, then, I'm ready to do anything in reason to'blige friends; but this yer, you see, is a leetle too hard on a fellow—a leetle too hard." The trader sighed contemplatively, and poured out some more brandy.

"Well, then, Haley, how will you trade?" said Mr. Shelby, after an uneasy interval of silence.

"Well, haven't you a boy or gal that you could throw in with Tom?"

"Hum!—none that I could well spare; to tell the truth, it's only hard necessity makes me willing to sell at all. I don't

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|-------------------------|--------------------------------|
| ① religion [rɪ'lɪdʒən] | n. 宗教, 宗教信仰 (CET4) |
| ② folk [fəʊk] | n. 人们, 父母, 亲人, 家属 (CET4) |
| ③ genuine ['dʒenjuɪn] | adj. 真的, 非人造的; 真诚的, 真心的 (CET4) |
| ④ master ['mɑːstə] | n. 主人; 男教师; 院长 (CET4) |
| ⑤ conscience ['kɒnʃəns] | n. 良心 (CET4) |

like parting with any of my hands, that's a fact."

Here the door opened, and a small quadroon boy, between four and five years of age, entered the room. There was something in his appearance remarkably beautiful and engaging^①. His black hair, fine as floss silk, hung in glossy curls about his round, dimpled face, while a pair of large dark eyes, full of fire and softness, looked out from beneath the rich, long lashes, as he peered curiously into the apartment. A gay robe of scarlet and yellow plaid, carefully made and neatly fitted, set off to advantage the dark and rich style of his beauty; and a certain comic air of assurance, blended with bashfulness, showed that he had been not unused to being petted and noticed by his master.

"Hulloa, Jim Crow!" said Mr. Shelby, whistling, and snapping a bunch of raisins towards him, "pick that up, now!"

The child scampered, with all his little strength, after the prize, while his master laughed.

"Come here, Jim Crow," said he. The child came up, and the master patted the curly head, and chucked him under the chin.

"Now, Jim, show this gentleman how you can dance and sing." The boy commenced one of those wild, grotesque songs common among the negroes, in a rich, clear voice, accompanying^② his singing with many comic evolutions of

the hands, feet, and whole body, all in perfect time to the music.

“Bravo!” said Haley, throwing him a quarter of an orange.

“Now, Jim, walk like old Uncle Cudjoe, when he has the rheumatism,” said his master.

Instantly^③ the flexible limbs of the child assumed the appearance of deformity and distortion, as, with his back humped up, and his master’s stick in his hand, he hobbled about the room, his childish face drawn into a doleful pucker, and spitting from right to left, in imitation of an old man.

Both gentlemen laughed uproariously.

“Now, Jim,” said his master, “show us how old Elder Robbins leads the psalm.” The boy drew his chubby face down to a formidable length, and commenced toning a psalm tune through his nose, with imperturbable gravity.

“Hurrah! bravo! what a young ’un!” said Haley; “that chap’s a case, I’ll promise. Tell you what,” said he, suddenly clapping his hand on Mr. Shelby’s shoulder, “fling in that chap, and I’ll settle the business—I will. Come, now, if that ain’t doing the thing up about the rightest!”

① engaging [in'geɪdʒɪŋ] **adj.** 美丽动人的, 有吸引力的 (CET6)

② accompany [ə'kʌmpəni] **vt.** 陪伴的, 附属的 (CET4)

③ instantly ['ɪnstəntli] **adv.** 立刻, 立即, 马上 (CET4)

At this moment, the door was pushed gently^① open, and a young quadroon woman, apparently about twenty-five, entered the room.

There needed only a glance from the child to her, to identify her as its mother. There was the same rich, full, dark eye, with its long lashes; the same ripples of silky black hair. The brown of her complexion gave way on the cheek to a perceptible flush, which deepened as she saw the gaze of the strange man fixed upon her in bold and undisguised admiration. Her dress was of the neatest possible fit, and set off to advantage her finely moulded shape; —a delicately formed hand and a trim foot and ankle were items of appearance that did not escape the quick eye of the trader, well used to run up at a glance the points of a fine female article.

“Well, Eliza?” said her master, as she stopped and looked hesitatingly at him.

“I was looking for Harry, please, sir;” and the boy bounded^② toward her, showing his spoils, which he had gathered in the skirt of his robe.

“Well, take him away then,” said Mr. Shelby; and hastily she withdrew, carrying the child on her arm.

“By Jupiter,” said the trader, turning to him in admiration^③, “there’s an article, now! You might make your fortune on that ar gal in Orleans, any day. I’ve seen over a thousand, in

my day, paid down for gals not a bit handsomer.”

“I don’t want to make my fortune on her,” said Mr. Shelby, dryly; and, seeking to turn the conversation, he uncorked a bottle of fresh wine, and asked his companion’s opinion of it.

“Capital, sir, —first chop!” said the trader; then turning, and slapping^④ his hand familiarly on Shelby’s shoulder, he added—

“Come, how will you trade about the gal?—what shall I say for her—what’ll you take?”

“Mr. Haley, she is not to be sold,” said Shelby. “My wife would not part with^⑤ her for her weight in gold.”

“Ay, ay! Women always say such things, cause they ha’nt no sort^⑥ of calculation. Just show ’em how many watches, feathers, and trinkets, one’s weight in gold would buy, and that alters the case, I reckon.”

“I tell you, Haley, this must not be spoken of; I say no, and I mean no,” said Shelby, decidedly.

“Well, you’ll let me have the boy, though,” said the

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| ① gently ['dʒentli] | adv. | 温和地，慈祥地 (CET4) |
| ② bound [baund] | vi. | 跳，蹦着跑 (CET6) |
| ③ admiration [ædmə'reiʃən] | n. | 令人钦佩的，出色的 (CET4) |
| ④ slap [slæp] | vt. | 掌击，拍打 (CET4) |
| ⑤ part with | | 与…分开 (CET4) |
| ⑥ sort [sɔ:t] | n. | 群，种类，类别 (CET4) |

trader; “you must own I’ve come down pretty handsomely for him.”

“What on earth can you want with the child?” said Shelby.

“Why, I’ve got a friend that’s going into this yer branch^① of the business—wants to buy up handsome boys to raise for the market. Fancy articles entirely—sell for waiters, and so on, to rich ’uns, that can pay for handsome’uns. It sets off one of yer great places—a real handsome boy to open door, wait, and tend. They fetch a good sum; and this little devil is such a comical, musical concern, he’s just the article!”

“I would rather not sell him,” said Mr. Shelby, thoughtfully; “the fact is, sir, I’m a humane man, and I hate to take the boy from his mother, sir.”

“O, you do?—La! yes—something of that ar natur. I understand, perfectly. It is mighty onpleasant getting on with women, sometimes, I al’ays hates these yer screechin,’ screamin’ times. They are mighty onpleasant; but, as I manages business, I generally avoids ’em, sir. Now, what if you get the girl off for a day, or a week, or so; then the thing’s done quietly,—all over before she comes home. Your wife might get her some ear-rings, or a new gown, or some such truck, to make up with her.”

“I’m afraid not.”

“Lor bless^② ye, yes! These critters ain’t like white folks,

you know; they gets over things, only manage right. Now, they say,” said Haley, assuming a candid and confidential air, “that this kind o’ trade is hardening to the feelings; but I never found it so. Fact is, I never could do things up the way some fellers manage the business. I’ve seen ’em as would pull a woman’s child out of her arms, and set him up to sell, and she screechin’ like mad all the time;—very bad policy—damages the article—makes ’em quite unfit for service sometimes. I knew a real handsome gal once, in Orleans, as was entirely^③ ruined by this sort o’ handling. The fellow that was trading for her didn’t want her baby; and she was one of your real high sort, when her blood was up. I tell you, she squeezed up her child in her arms, and talked, and went on real awful. It kinder makes my blood run cold to think of ’t; and when they carried off the child, and locked her up, she jest went ravin’ mad, and died in a week. Clear waste, sir, of a thousand dollars, just for want of management,—there’s where ’t is. It’s always best to do the humane thing, sir; that’s been my experience.” And the trader leaned back in his chair, and folded his arm, with an air of virtuous decision^④,

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| ① branch [brɑːntʃ] | n. | 树枝, 枝条; 分支, 分科, 分系 (CET4) |
| ② bless [bles] | vt. | 求神赐福于 (CET4) |
| ③ entirely [in'taiəli] | adv. | 全部地, 完整地, 完全地 (CET4) |
| ④ decision [di'siʒən] | n. | 决定, 决心, 判断果断, 坚决;
决议, 结果 (CET4) |

apparently considering himself a second Wilberforce.

The subject appeared to interest the gentleman deeply; for while Mr. Shelby was thoughtfully peeling an orange, Haley broke out afresh, with becoming diffidence, but as if actually driven by the force of truth to say a few words more.

“It don’t look well, now, for a feller to be praisin’ himself; but I say it jest because it’s the truth. I believe I’m reckoned to bring in about the finest droves of niggers that is brought in,—at least, I’ve been told so; if I have once, I reckon I have a hundred times,—all in good case,—fat and likely, and I lose as few as any man in the business. And I lays it all to my management, sir; and humanity, sir, I may say, is the great pillar of my management.”

Mr. Shelby did not know what to say, and so he said, “Indeed!”

“Now, I’ve been laughed at for my notions, sir, and I’ve been talked to. They an’t pop’lar, and they an’t common; but I stuck to ’em, sir; I’ve stuck to ’em, and realized well on ’em; yes, sir, they have paid their passage, I may say,” and the trader laughed at his joke.

There was something so piquant and original in these elucidations of humanity, that Mr. Shelby could not help laughing in company. Perhaps you laugh too, dear reader; but you know humanity comes out in a variety^① of strange forms now-a-days, and there is no end to the odd things that

humane people will say and do.

Mr. Shelby's laugh encouraged the trader to proceed.

“It's strange, now, but I never could beat this into people's heads. Now, there was Tom Loker, my old partner, down in Natchez; he was a clever fellow, Tom was, only the very devil with niggers,—on principle 't was, you see, for a better hearted feller never broke bread; 't was his system, sir. I used to talk to Tom. ‘Why, Tom,’ I used to say, ‘when your gals takes on and cry, what's the use o' crackin on 'em over the head, and knockin' on 'em round? It's ridiculous^②,’ says I, ‘and don't do no sort o' good. Why, I don't see no harm in their cryin’,’ says I; ‘it's natur,’ says I, ‘and if natur can't blow off one way, it will another. Besides, Tom,’ says I, ‘it jest spiles your gals; they get sickly, and down in the mouth; and sometimes they gets ugly^③,—particular yallow gals do,—and it's the devil and all gettin' on 'em broke in. Now,’ says I, ‘why can't you kinder coax 'em up, and speak 'em fair? Depend on it, Tom, a little humanity^④, thrown in along, goes a heap further than all your jawin' and crackin'; and it pays better,’ says I, ‘depend on 't.’ But Tom couldn't get the

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|----------------------------|------|------------------------------------|
| ① variety [və'raɪəti] | n. | 品种, 种类 (CET4) |
| ② ridiculous [rɪ'dɪkjʊləs] | adj. | 可笑的, 荒谬的 (CET4) |
| ③ ugly ['ʌgli] | adj. | 难看的, 丑陋的, 难听的 (CET4) |
| ④ humanity [hju:'mænɪti] | n. | (总称)人, 人类; 人道, 仁慈; 人性; 人文学科 (CET6) |

hang on 't; and he spiled so many for me, that I had to break off with him, though he was a good-hearted fellow, and as fair a business hand as is goin'”

“And do you find your ways of managing do the business better than Tom's?” said Mr. Shelby.

“Why, yes, sir, I may say so. You see, when I any ways can, I takes a leetle care about the onpleasant parts, like selling young uns and that, —get the gals out of the way—out of sight, out of mind, you know, —and when it's clean done, and can't be helped, they naturally gets used to it. 'Tan't, you know, as if it was white folks^①, that's brought up in the way of 'spectin' to keep their children and wives, and all that. Niggers, you know, that's fetched up properly, ha'n't no kind of 'spectations of no kind; so all these things comes easier.”

“I'm afraid mine are not properly brought up, then,” said Mr. Shelby.

“S'pose not; you Kentucky folks spile your niggers. You mean well by 'em, but 'tan't no real kindness, arter all. Now, a nigger, you see, what's got to be hacked and tumbled round the world, and sold to Tom, and Dick, and the Lord knows who, 'tan't no kindness to be givin' on him notions and expectations, and bringin' on him up too well, for the rough and tumble comes all the harder on him arter.

Now, I venture to say, your niggers would be quite chop-fallen in a place where some of your plantation niggers

would be singing and whooping like all possessed^②. Every man, you know, Mr. Shelby, naturally thinks well of his own ways; and I think I treat niggers just about as well as it's ever worth while to treat 'em."

"It's a happy thing to be satisfied," said Mr. Shelby, with a slight shrug, and some perceptible feelings of a disagreeable nature.

"Well," said Haley, after they had both silently picked their nuts for a season, "what do you say?"

"I'll think the matter^③ over, and talk with my wife," said Mr. Shelby. "Meantime, Haley, if you want the matter carried on in the quiet way you speak of, you'd best not let your business in this neighborhood be known. It will get out among my boys, and it will not be a particularly quiet business getting away any of my fellows, if they know it, I'll promise you."

"O! certainly, by all means, mum! of course. But I'll tell you. I'm in a devil of a hurry, and shall want to know, as soon as possible^④, what I may depend on," said he, rising and putting on his overcoat.

① folk [fəuk]

n.

人们, 父母, 亲人, 家属 (CET4)

② possessed [pə'zest]

adj.

着魔的; 疯狂的 (CET6)

③ matter ['mætə]

n.

物质, 物体; 题材, 内容 (CET4)

④ as soon as possible

尽早, 尽快 (CET4)

“Well, call up this evening, between six and seven, and you shall have my answer,” said Mr. Shelby, and the trader bowed himself out of the apartment.

“I’d like to have been able to kick the fellow down the steps,” said he to himself, as he saw the door fairly closed, “with his impudent assurance; but he knows how much he has me at advantage. If anybody had ever said to me that I should sell Tom down south to one of those rascally traders, I should have said, ‘Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?’ And now it must come, for aught I see. And Eliza’s child, too! I know that I shall have some fuss with wife about that; and, for that matter, about Tom, too. So much for being in debt,—heigho! The fellow sees his advantage, and means to push it.”

Perhaps the mildest form of the system^① of slavery is to be seen in the State of Kentucky. The general prevalence of agricultural pursuits^② of a quiet and gradual nature, not requiring those periodic seasons of hurry and pressure that are called for in the business of more southern districts, makes the task of the negro a more healthful and reasonable one; while the master, content with a more gradual style of acquisition, has not those temptations to hardheartedness which always overcome frail human nature when the prospect of sudden and rapid gain is weighed in the balance, with no heavier counterpoise than the interests of the helpless and

unprotected.

Whoever visits some estates there, and witnesses the good-humored indulgence of some masters and mistresses, and the affectionate loyalty of some slaves, might be tempted to dream the oft-fabled poetic legend^③ of a patriarchal institution, and all that; but over and above the scene there broods a portentous shadow—the shadow of law. So long as the law considers all these human beings, with beating hearts and living affections^④, only as so many things belonging to a master,—so long as the failure, or misfortune, or imprudence, or death of the kindest owner, may cause them any day to exchange a life of kind protection and indulgence for one of hopeless misery and toil,—so long it is impossible to make anything beautiful or desirable in the best regulated administration of slavery.

Mr. Shelby was a fair average kind of man, good-natured and kindly, and disposed to easy indulgence of those around him, and there had never been a lack of anything which might contribute to the physical comfort of the negroes on his estate. He had, however, speculated largely and quite loosely;

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|------------------------|----|--------------------------|
| ① system ['sɪstəm] | n. | 系统, 体系;
制度, 体制 (CET4) |
| ② pursuit [pə'su:t] | n. | 追求 (CET4) |
| ③ legend ['ledʒənd] | n. | 传说, 传奇故事 (CET4) |
| ④ affection [ə'fekʃən] | n. | (pl.) 喜爱, 感情 (CET6) |

had involved himself deeply, and his notes to a large amount had come into the hands of Haley; and this small piece of information is the key to the preceding conversation.

Now, it had so happened that, in approaching the door, Eliza had caught enough of the conversation to know that a trader was making offers to her master for somebody.

She would gladly have stopped at the door to listen, as she came out; but her mistress just then calling, she was obliged to hasten away.

Still she thought she heard the trader make an offer for her boy;—could she be mistaken? Her heart swelled and throbbed, and she involuntarily strained him so tight that the little fellow looked up into her face in astonishment.

“Eliza, girl, what ails you today?” said her mistress, when Eliza had upset the wash-pitcher, knocked down the workstand, and finally was abstractedly offering her mistress a long nightgown in place of the silk dress she had ordered her to bring from the wardrobe.

Eliza started. “O, missis!” she said, raising her eyes; then, bursting into tears, she sat down in a chair, and began sobbing.

“Why, Eliza child, what ails you?” said her mistress.

“O! missis, missis,” said Eliza, “there’s been a trader talking with master in the parlor! I heard him.”

“Well, silly child, suppose there has.”

“O, missis, do you suppose mas'r would sell my Harry?”
And the poor creature threw herself into a chair, and sobbed convulsively.

“Sell him! No, you foolish girl! You know your master never deals with^① those southern traders, and never means to sell any of his servants^②, as long as they behave well. Why, you silly child, who do you think would want to buy your Harry? Do you think all the world are set on him as you are, you goosie? Come, cheer up, and hook^③ my dress. There now, put my back hair up in that pretty braid you learnt the other day, and don't go listening at doors any more.”

“Well, but, missis, you never would give your consent—to—to—”

“Nonsense, child! to be sure, I shouldn't. What do you talk so for? I would as soon have one of my own children sold. But really, Eliza, you are getting altogether too proud of that little fellow. A man can't put his nose into the door, but you think he must be coming to buy him.”

Reassured by her mistress' confident tone, Eliza proceeded nimbly and adroitly with her toilet, laughing at her own fears, as she proceeded.

① deal with

与…做交易, 应付, 处理, 对待
(CET4)

② servant ['sə:vənt] **n.**

仆人, 佣人; 雇员, 公务人员
(CET4)

③ hook [huk]

vt. **vi.**

钩住, 吊住, 挂住 (CET4)

Mrs. Shelby was a woman of high class, both intellectually and morally. To that natural magnanimity and generosity of mind which one often marks as characteristic^① of the women of Kentucky, she added high moral and religious sensibility and principle^②, carried out with great energy and ability into practical results. Her husband, who made no professions to any particular religious character, nevertheless revered and respected the consistency of hers, and stood, perhaps, a little in awe of her opinion^③. Certain it was that he gave her unlimited scope in all her benevolent efforts for the comfort, instruction^④, and improvement of her servants, though he never took any decided part in them himself. In fact, if not exactly a believer in the doctrine of the efficiency of the extra good works of saints, he really seemed somehow or other to fancy that his wife had piety and benevolence enough for two—to indulge a shadowy expectation of getting into heaven through her superabundance of qualities to which he made no particular pretension.

The heaviest load on his mind, after his conversation with the trader, lay in the foreseen necessity of breaking to his wife the arrangement contemplated,—meeting the importunities and opposition which he knew he should have reason to encounter.

Mrs. Shelby, being entirely ignorant^⑤ of her husband's

embarrassments, and knowing only the general kindliness of his temper^⑥, had been quite sincere in the entire incredulity with which she had met Eliza's suspicions. In fact, she dismissed the matter from her mind, without a second thought; and being occupied in preparations for an evening visit, it passed out of her thoughts entirely.



① characteristic [ˌkærɪktəˈrɪstɪk]

adj. 特有的, 典型的 (CET4)

② principle ['prɪnsəpl]

n. 原则, 原理, 准则, 规范 (CET4)

③ opinion [əˈpɪnjən]

n. 意见, 看法, 主张 (CET4)

④ instruction [ɪnˈstrʌkʃən]

n. 命令, 指示, 讲授, 指导 (CET4)

⑤ ignorant ['ɪgnərənt]

adj. 无知的, 愚昧的 (CET6)

⑥ temper ['tempə]

n. 脾气, 性情 (CET4)

佳句赏析

1. There was something so piquant and original in these elucidations of humanity, that Mr. Shelby could not help laughing in company

> 这些关于人道和慈善的高论真有其独到之处，以至于希尔比先生也禁不住陪着奴隶贩子笑了起来。

*so...that...: 如此…以至于; not help doing...: 情不自禁…。

2. So long as the law considers all these human beings, with beating hearts and living affections, only as so many things belonging to a master, —so long as the failure, or misfortune, or imprudence, or death of the kindest owner, may cause them any day to exchange a life of kind protection and indulgence for one of hopeless misery and toil.

> 只要法律仍把那些富有感情的人看做是主人的附属物，只要他们的主人生意上遇到挫折，生活中遭到不幸或不慎命丧黄泉路，他们便会随时因为生活失去保障而惨遭无穷的磨难。

*so long as: 只要; belong to: 属于…。

3. so long it is impossible to make anything beautiful or desirable in the best regulated administration of slavery.

> 即使在奴隶制最完善的地方，过上美满的生活对于黑人也是极不容易的。

*it 为形式代词，代替不定式 to make...。

4. Whoever visits some estates there, and witnesses the good-humored indulgence of some masters and mistresses, and the affectionate loyalty of some slaves, might be tempted to dream the oft-fabled poetic legend of a patriarchal institution, and all that;

> 只要到肯塔基州的一些庄园去走一走，看一看，你就会亲自体验到男女主人秉性的善良以及仆人们对主人的爱戴与拥护，俨然一幅传说中常出现的诗意盎然的家族社会的图画。

* 在引导名词性从句时，在句中作主语时用 who，意思是“谁”，含有疑问意味，whoever 是它的强语势“无论谁”，不含有疑问意味。

名句大搜索

1. 肯塔基州可能是最温和的带有奴隶制色彩的州了。
2. 希尔比太太不论智慧还是品德，都堪称是一位上等人。她不仅具有肯塔基州妇女那宽宏大度的天性、高尚的道德以及宗教式的操守，而且她还将这些特点融入到实际工作中。
3. 二月的某一天，天气依然比较寒冷。黄昏时分，在P城一间布置典雅兼作餐厅的接待室里，两位绅士相对而坐，喝着酒。
4. 汤姆是真正的基督徒，他和别的教徒对上帝同样虔诚。
5. 与奴隶贩子商谈之后，明知太太会反对他这样做，而且会不时用这件事纠缠他，希尔比先生还是不断考虑着把自己的安排让太太知道，因为这份负担太过于沉重了。

Chapter 2 An Evening in Uncle Tom's Cabin



第二章 汤姆叔叔小屋之夜

中文导读

艾莉查从小由主母抚养成人，并在其庇护下与仪表堂堂的黑奴乔治·哈里斯结婚，生下了可爱机灵的小哈利。不幸的是，由于她丈夫太过精明能干，遭到了厂主的嫉妒，总是侮辱折磨他，夫妻俩恩爱但不能相守，现在又要面临儿子被卖掉的痛苦。

与伊丽莎一家的愁云惨淡对照，汤姆叔叔的小屋里却一派其乐融融。厨艺精湛的克鲁伊大婶正使出浑身解数来招待来客，他们亲密地交谈，唱着脍炙人口的赞美诗，热情奔放，精神振奋。

这是一个美好的夜晚，但终究会被离别的伤感所淹没，这一章为后文汤姆所经历的苦难磨砺埋下了伏笔。

Chapter 2

The cabin^① of Uncle Tom was a small log building, close adjoining^② to “the house,” as the negro par excellence designates his master’s dwelling. In front it had a neat garden-patch, where, every summer, strawberries, raspberries, and a variety of fruits and vegetables, flourished under careful tending. The whole front of it was covered by a large scarlet bignonia and a native^③ multiflora rose, which, entwining and interlacing, left scarce a vestige of the rough logs to be seen. Here, also, in summer, various brilliant annuals, such as marigolds, petunias, four-o’clocks, found an indulgent corner in which to unfold their splendors, and were the delight and pride of Aunt Chloe’s heart.

Let us enter the dwelling. The evening meal at the house is over, and Aunt Chloe, who presided over its preparation as head cook, has left to inferior officers in the kitchen the business of clearing away and washing dishes, and come out into her own snug territories, to “get her ole man’s supper” ; therefore, doubt not that it is her you see by the fire, presiding with anxious interest over certain frizzling items in a stew-pan, and anon with grave consideration lifting the cover of a bake-kettle, from whence steam forth indubitable intimations^④ of “something good.” A round, black, shining face is hers, so glossy as to suggest the idea that she might have been washed over with white of eggs, like one of her own tea rusks. Her whole plump countenance beams with satisfaction and contentment from under her well-starched checked turban, bearing on it, however, if we must confess it, a little of that tinge of self-consciousness which becomes the first cook of the neighborhood^⑤, as Aunt Chloe was universally held and acknowledged to be.

A cook she certainly was, in the very bone and centre

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| ① cabin ['kæbin] | n. | 小木屋, 驾驶舱 (CET4) |
| ② adjoin [ə'dʒɔɪn] | vi. | 毗连, 邻近 (CET6) |
| ③ native ['neɪtɪv] | adj. | 出生地的, 故乡的, 本国的 ; 天生的, 有天赋的 (CET4) |
| ④ intimation [ˌɪntɪ'meɪʃən] | n. | 暗示, 正式宣告 (CET6) |
| ⑤ neighborhood ['neɪbəhʊd] | n. | 邻居, 附近 (CET4) |

of her soul. Not a chicken or turkey or duck in the barn-yard but looked grave when they saw her approaching, and seemed evidently to be reflecting^① on their latter end; and certain it was that she was always meditating on trussing, stuffing and roasting, to a degree that was calculated^② to inspire terror in any reflecting fowl living. Her corn-cake, in all its varieties of hoe-cake, dodgers, muffins, and other species too numerous to mention, was a sublime mystery^③ to all less practised compounders; and she would shake her fat sides with honest pride and merriment, as she would narrate the fruitless efforts that one and another of her compeers had made to attain to her elevation.

The arrival of company at the house, the arranging of dinners and suppers “in style,” awoke all the energies of her soul; and no sight was more welcome to her than a pile of travelling trunks launched on the verandah, for then she foresaw fresh efforts and fresh triumphs.

Just at present, however, Aunt Chloe is looking into the bake-pan; in which congenial operation we shall leave her till we finish our picture of the cottage^④.

In one corner of it stood a bed, covered neatly with a snowy spread^⑤; and by the side of it was a piece of carpeting, of some considerable size. On this piece of carpeting Aunt Chloe took her stand, as being decidedly in the upper walks of life; and it and the bed by which it lay, and the whole

corner, in fact, were treated with distinguished consideration, and made, so far as possible, sacred from the marauding inroads and desecrations of little folks. In fact, that corner was the drawing-room of the establishment. In the other corner was a bed of much humbler pretensions, and evidently designed for use. The wall over the fireplace was adorned with some very brilliant scriptural prints, and a portrait of General Washington, drawn and colored in a manner which would certainly have astonished that hero, if ever he happened to meet with its like.

On a rough bench in the corner, a couple of woolly-headed boys, with glistening black eyes and fat shining cheeks, were busy in superintending the first walking operations of the baby, which, as is usually the case, consisted in getting up on its feet, balancing a moment, and then tumbling down,—each successive failure being violently cheered, as something decidedly clever.

A table, somewhat rheumatic in its limbs, was drawn out in front of the fire, and covered with a cloth, displaying cups and saucers of a decidedly brilliant pattern, with other

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| ① reflect [ri'flekt] | vi. | 反射, 引起反射, 沉思 (CET4) |
| ② calculated ['kælkjuleitid] | adj. | 计算出的, 有计划的 (CET6) |
| ③ mystery ['mistəri] | n. | 神秘性 (CET4) |
| ④ cottage ['kɒtɪdʒ] | n. | 小屋, 村舍 (CET4) |
| ⑤ spread [spred] | vt. & vi. | 伸展, 传播, 散布 (CET4) |

symptoms of an approaching meal. At this table was seated Uncle Tom, Mr. Shelby's best hand, who, as he is to be the hero of our story, we must daguerreotype for our readers. He was a large, broad-chested, powerfully-made man, of a full glossy black, and a face whose truly African features were characterized by an expression of grave and steady good sense, united with much kindness and benevolence. There was something about his whole air self-respecting and dignified, yet united with a confiding and humble simplicity.

He was very busily intent at this moment on a slate lying before him, on which he was carefully and slowly endeavoring to accomplish a copy of some letters, in which operation he was overlooked^① by young Mas'r George, a smart, bright boy of thirteen, who appeared fully to realize the dignity^② of his position as instructor.

"Not that way, Uncle Tom,—not that way," said he, briskly, as Uncle Tom laboriously brought up the tail of his g the wrong side out; "that makes a q, you see."

"La sakes, now, does it?" said Uncle Tom, looking with a respectful, admiring air, as his young teacher flourishingly^③ scrawled q's and g's innumerable for his edification; and then, taking the pencil in his big, heavy fingers, he patiently recommenced.

"How easy white folks al'us does things!" said Aunt Chloe, pausing while she was greasing a griddle with a scrap

of bacon on her fork, and regarding young Master George with pride.

“The way he can write, now! and read, too! and then to come out here evenings and read his lessons to us,—it’s mighty interestin’!”

“But, Aunt Chloe, I’m getting mighty hungry,” said George. “Isn’t that cake in the skillet almost done?”

“Mose done, Mas’r George,” said Aunt Chloe, lifting the lid and peeping in,—“browning beautiful—a real lovely brown. Ah! let me alone for dat. Missis let Sally try to make some cake, t’ other day, jes to larn her, she said. ‘O, go way, Missis,’ said I; ‘it really hurts my feelin’s, now, to see good vittles spilt dat ar way! Cake ris all to one side—no shape at all; no more than my shoe; go way!’”

And with this final expression of contempt^④ for Sally’s greenness, Aunt Chloe whipped the cover off the bake-kettle, and disclosed to view a neatly-baked pound-cake, of which no city confectioner need to have been ashamed. This being evidently the central point of the entertainment, Aunt Chloe began now to bustle about earnestly in the supper

① overlook [ˌoʊvəˈlʊk]

vt. 忽视，原谅 (CET4)

② dignity [ˈdɪɡnɪti]

n. 庄严，端庄，尊严 (CET4)

③ flourishingly [ˈflɔːrɪʃənli]

adv. 繁荣地，昌盛地，欣欣向荣地 (CET6)

④ contempt [kənˈtempt]

n. 轻视，轻蔑 (CET6)

department^①.

“Here you, Mose and Pete! get out de way, you niggers! Get away, Mericky, honey,—mammy’ll give her baby some fin, by and by. Now, Mas’r George, you jest take off dem books, and set down now with my old man, and I’ll take up de sausages, and have de first griddle full of cakes on your plates in less dan no time.”

“They wanted me to come to supper in the house,” said George; “but I knew what was what too well for that, Aunt Chloe.”

“So you did—so you did, honey,” said Aunt Chloe, heaping the smoking batter-cakes on his plate; “you know’d your old aunty’d keep the best for you. O, let you alone for dat! Go way!” And, with that, aunty gave George a nudge with her finger, designed to be immensely facetious, and turned again to her griddle with great briskness.

“Now for the cake,” said Mas’r George, when the activity^② of the griddle department had somewhat subsided; and, with that, the youngster flourished a large knife over the article in question. “La bless you, Mas’r George!” said Aunt Chloe, with earnestness, catching his arm, “you wouldn’t be for cuttin’ it wid dat ar great heavy knife! Smash all down—spile all de pretty rise of it. Here, I’ve got a thin old knife, I keeps sharp a purpose. Dar now, see! comes apart light as a feather! Now eat away—you won’t get anything to beat dat

ar.”

“Tom Lincon says,” said George, speaking with his mouth full, “that their Jinny is a better cook than you.”

“Dem Lincons an’t much count, no way!” said Aunt Chloe, contemptuously; “I mean, set along side our folks. They’s ’spectable folks enough in a kinder plain way; but, as to gettin’ up anything in style, they don’t begin to have a notion on ’t. Set Mas’r Lincon, now, alongside Mas’r Shelby! Good Lor! and Missis Lincon,—can she kinder sweep^③ it into a room like my missis, —so kinder splendid, yer know! O, go way! don’t tell me nothin’ of dem Lincons!” —and Aunt Chloe tossed her head as one who hoped she did know something of the world.

“Well, though, I’ve heard you say,” said George, “that Jinny was a pretty fair cook.”

“So I did,” said Aunt Chloe,— “I may say dat. Good, plain, common cookin’, Jinny’ll do;—make a good pone o’ bread,—bile her taters far,—her corn cakes isn’t extra, not extra now, Jinny’s corn cakes isn’t, but then they’s far,—but, Lor, come to de higher branches, and what can she do? Why, she makes pies—sartin she does; but what kinder crust? Can

① department [di'pɑ:tmənt] n. 部, 部门, 系 (CET4)

② activity [æk'tiviti] n. 活动性, 活力 (CET4)

③ sweep [swi:p] vt. 打扫, 扫视 (CET4)

she make your real flecky paste, as melts in your mouth, and lies all up like a puff? Now, I went over thar when Miss Mary was gwine to be married, and Jinny she jest showed me de weddin' pies. Jinny and I is good friends, ye know. I never said nothin'; but go 'long, Mas'r George! Why, I shouldn't sleep a wink for a week, if I had a batch of pies like dem ar. Why, dey wan't no 'count 't all."

"I suppose^① Jinny thought they were ever so nice," said George.

"Thought so!—didn't she? Thar she was, showing em, as innocent—ye see, it's jest here, Jinny don't know. Lor, the family an't nothing! She can't be spected to know! 'Ta'nt no fault o' hem. Ah, Mas'r George, you doesn't know half 'your privileges in yer family and bringin' up!" Here Aunt Chloe sighed, and rolled up her eyes with emotion.

"I'm sure, Aunt Chloe, I understand I my pie and pudding privileges^②," said George. "Ask Tom Lincon if I don't crow over him, every time I meet him."

Aunt Chloe sat back in her chair, and indulged in a hearty guffaw of laughter, at this witticism of young Mas'r's, laughing till the tears rolled down her black, shining cheeks, and varying the exercise with playfully slapping and poking Mas'r Georgey, and telling him to go way, and that he was a case—that he was fit to kill her, and that he sartin would kill her, one of these days; and, between each of these sanguinary

predictions, going off into a laugh, each longer and stronger than the other, till George really began to think that he was a very dangerously witty fellow, and that it became him to be careful how he talked “as funny as he could.”

“And so ye telled Tom, did ye? O, Lor! what young uns will be up ter! Ye crowed over Tom? O, Lor! Mas’r George, if ye wouldn’t make a hornbug laugh!”

“Yes,” said George, “I says to him, ‘Tom, you ought to see some of Aunt Chloe’s pies; they’re the right sort,’ says I.”

“Pity, now, Tom couldn’t,” said Aunt Chloe, on whose benevolent heart the idea of Tom’s benighted condition seemed to make a strong impression^③. “Ye oughter just ask him here to dinner, some o’ these times, Mas’r George,” she added; “it would look quite pretty of ye. Ye know, Mas’r George, ye oughtenter feel ’bove nobody, on ’count yer privileges, ’cause all our privileges is gi’n to us; we ought al’ays to ’member that,” said Aunt Chloe, looking quite serious^④.

“Well, I mean to ask Tom here, some day next week,” said George; “and you do your prettiest, Aunt Chloe, and we’ll make him stare. Won’t we make him eat so he won’t get

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| ① suppose [sə'pəʊz] | vt. | 料想, 猜想, 假定, 假设 (CET4) |
| ② privilege ['prɪvɪlɪdʒ] | n. | 特权, 特别待遇 (CET4) |
| ③ impression [ɪm'preʃən] | n. | 印象, 感想; 想法, 看法, 感觉 (CET4) |
| ④ serious ['sɪəriəs] | adj. | 严重的, 认真的, 严肃的 (CET4) |

over it for a fortnight^①?”

“Yes, yes—sartin,” said Aunt Chloe, delighted;

“you’ll see. Lor! to think of some of our dinners! Yer mind dat ar great chicken pie I made when we guv de dinner to General Knox? I and Missis, we come pretty near quarrelling about^② dat ar crust. What does get into ladies sometimes, I don’t know; but, sometimes, when a body has de heaviest kind o’ ’sponsibility on ’em, as ye may say, and is all kinder ‘seris’ and taken up, dey takes dat ar time to be hangin’ round and kinder interferin’! Now, Missis, she wanted me to do dis way, and she wanted me to do dat way; and, finally, I got kinder sarcy, and, says I, ‘Now, Missis, do jist look at dem beautiful white hands o’ yourn with long fingers, and all a sparkling with rings, like my white lilies when de dew ’s on ’em; and look at my great black stumpin hands. Now, don’t ye think dat de Lord must have meant me to make de pie-crust, and you to stay in de parlor? Dar! I was jist so sarcy, Mas’r George.”

“And what did mother say?” said George.

“Say?—why, she kinder larfed in her eyes—dem great handsome eyes o’ hern; and, says she, ‘Well, Aunt Chloe, I think you are about in the right on ’t,’ says she; and she went off in de parlor. She oughter cracked me over de head for bein’ so sarcy; but dar’s whar ’t is—I can’t do nothin’ with ladies in de kitchen!”

“Well, you made out well with that dinner,—I remember everybody said so,” said George.

“Didn’t I? And wan’t I behind de dinin’-room door dat bery day? and didn’t I see de General pass his plate three times for some more dat bery pie?—and, says he, ‘You must have an uncommon^③ cook, Mrs. Shelby.’ Lor! I was fit to split myself.

“And de Ginerl, he knows what cookin’ is,” said Aunt Chloe, drawing herself up with an air. “Bery nice man, de Ginerl! He comes of one of de bery fustest families in Old Virginny! He knows what’s what, now, as well as I do—de Ginerl. Ye see, there’s pints in all pies, Mas’r George; but tan’t everybody knows what they is, or as orter be. But the Ginerl, he knows; I knew by his ’marks he made. Yes, he knows what de pints is!”

By this time, Master George had arrived at that pass to which even a boy can come (under uncommon circumstances, when he really could not eat another morsel), and, therefore, he was at leisure to notice the pile of woolly heads and glistening eyes which were regarding their operations hungrily from the opposite corner.

① fortnight ['fɔ:tait]

n. 两星期，十四天 (CET4)

② quarrell about

因…而争吵，就…而吵 (CET4)

③ uncommon [ʌn'kɒmən]

adj. 不寻常的，罕见的，非凡的，杰出的 (CET4)

“Here, you Mose, Pete,” he said, breaking off liberal bits, and throwing it at them; “you want some, don’t you? Come, Aunt Chloe, bake them some cakes.”

And George and Tom moved to a comfortable seat in the chimney-corner, while Aunte Chloe, after baking a goodly pile of cakes, took her baby on her lap, and began alternately filling its mouth and her own, and distributing to Mose and Pete, who seemed rather to prefer eating theirs as they rolled about on the floor under the table, tickling each other, and occasionally pulling the baby’s toes.

“O! go long, will ye?” said the mother, giving now and then a kick, in a kind of general way, under the table, when the movement became too obstreperous. “Can’t ye be decent when white folks comes to see ye? Stop dat ar, now, will ye? Better mind yerselves, or I’ll take ye down a button-hole lower, when Mas’r George is gone!

What meaning was couched under this terrible threat, it is difficult to say; but certain it is that its awful^① indistinctness seemed to produce very little impression on the young sinners addressed.

“La, now!” said Uncle Tom, “they are so full of tickle all the while, they can’t behave theirselves.”

Here the boys emerged^② from under the table, and, with hands and faces well plastered with molasses, began a vigorous^③ kissing of the baby.

“Get along wid ye!” said the mother, pushing away their woolly heads. “Ye’ll all stick together, and never get clar, if ye do dat fashion. Go long to de spring and wash yerselves!” she said, seconding her exhortations by a slap, which resounded very formidably, but which seemed only to knock out so much more laugh from the young ones, as they tumbled precipitately over each other out of doors, where they fairly screamed with merriment.

“Did ye ever see such aggravating young uns?” said Aunt Chloe, rather complacently, as, producing an old towel, kept for such emergencies, she poured a little water out of the cracked tea-pot on it, and began rubbing off the molasses from the baby’s face and hands; and, having polished her till she shone, she set her down in Tom’s lap, while she busied herself in clearing away supper. The baby employed the intervals^④ in pulling Tom’s nose, scratching his face, and burying her fat hands in his woolly hair, which last operation seemed to afford her special content.

“Aint she a peart young un?” said Tom, holding her from him to take a full-length view; then, getting up, he set her on his broad shoulder, and began capering and dancing

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|-----------------------|------|----------------------|
| ① awful ['ɔ:ful] | adj. | 糟糕的, 可怕的, 惊人的 (CET4) |
| ② emerge [i'mə:dʒ] | vi. | 出现; 显出; 暴露 (CET4) |
| ③ vigorous ['vigərəs] | adj. | 有力的, 精力充沛的 (CET4) |
| ④ interval ['intəvəl] | n. | 间隔时间, 幕间休息 (CET4) |

with her, while Mas'r George snapped at her with his pocket-handkerchief, and Mose and Pete, now returned again, roared after her like bears, till Aunt Chloe declared that they "fairly took her head off" with their noise. As, according to her own statement, this surgical operation was a matter of daily occurrence^① in the cabin, the declaration no whit abated the merriment, till every one had roared and tumbled and danced themselves down to a state of composure.

"Well, now, I hopes you're done," said Aunt Chloe, who had been busy in pulling out a rude^② box of a trundle-bed; "and now, you Mose and you Pete, get into thar; for we's goin' to have the meetin'."

"O mother, we don't wanter. We wants to sit up to meetin',—meetin's is so curis. We likes 'em."

"La, Aunt Chloe, shove it under, and let 'em sit up," said Mas'r George, decisively, giving a push to the rude machine.

Aunt Chloe, having thus saved appearances, seemed highly delighted to push the thing under, saying, as she did so, "Well, mebbe 't will do 'em some good."

The house now resolved^③ itself into a committee of the whole, to consider the accommodations and arrangements for the meeting.

"What we's to do for cheers, now, I declar I don't know," said Aunt Chloe. As the meeting had been held at Uncle Tom's weekly, for an indefinite length of time, without

any more “cheers,” there seemed some encouragement to hope that a way would be discovered ^④ at present.

“Old Uncle Peter sung both de legs out of dat oldest cheer, last week,” suggested Mose.

“You go long! I’ll boun’ you pulled ’em out; some o’ your shines,” said Aunt Chloe.

“Well, it’ll stand, if it only keeps jam up agin de wall!” said Mose.

“Den Uncle Peter mus’n’t sit in it, cause he al’ys hitches when he gets a singing. He hitched pretty nigh across de room, t’ other night,” said Pete.

“Good Lor! get him in it, then,” said Mose, “and den he’d begin, ‘Come saints—and sinners, hear me tell,’ and den down he’d go,” —and Mose imitated ^⑤ precisely the nasal tones of the old man, tumbling on the floor, to illustrate the supposed catastrophe.

“Come now, be decent, can’t ye?” said Aunt Chloe; “an’t yer shamed?”

Mas’r George, however, joined the offender in the laugh, and declared decidedly that Mose was a “buster.” So the

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|--------------------------|------|-------------------------|
| ① occurrence [ə'kɔːrəns] | n. | 发生, 出现 (CET6) |
| ② rude [ruːd] | adj. | 粗鲁的; 不礼貌的; 近乎下流的 (CET4) |
| ③ resolve [ri'zɒlv] | adj. | 下定决心的, 断然的 (CET4) |
| ④ discover [dis'kʌvə] | vt. | 发现, 了解到, 发觉 (CET4) |
| ⑤ imitate ['ɪmɪteɪt] | vt. | 模仿, 把…作为例子 (CET4) |

maternal admonition seemed rather to fail of effect.

“Well, ole man,” said Aunt Chloe, “you’ll have to tote in them ar bar’ls.”

“Mother’s bar’ls is like dat ar widder’s, Mas’r George was reading ’bout, in de good book,—dey never fails,” said Mose, aside to Peter.

“I’m sure one on ’em caved in last week,” said Pete, “and let ’em all down in de middle of de singin’; dat ar was failin’, warnt it?”

During this aside between Mose and Pete, two empty casks had been rolled into the cabin, and being secured from rolling, by stones on each side, boards were laid across them, which arrangement, together with the turning down of certain tubs and pails, and the disposing^① of the rickety chairs, at last completed^② the preparation.

“Mas’r George is such a beautiful reader, now, I know he’ll stay to read for us,” said Aunt Chloe; “’pears like ’t will be so much more interestin’.”

George very readily consented, for your boy is always ready for anything that makes him of importance.

The room was soon filled with a motley assemblage, from the old gray-headed patriarch of eighty, to the young girl and lad of fifteen. A little harmless gossip ensued on various themes, such as where old Aunt Sally got her new red headkerchief, and how “Missis was a going to give Lizzy that

spotted muslin gown, when she'd got her new berage made up;" and how Mas'r Shelby was thinking of buying a new sorrel colt, that was going to prove an addition to the glories of the place. A few of the worshippers belonged to families hard by, who had got permission to attend, and who brought in various choice^③ scraps of information, about the sayings and doings at the house and on the place, which circulated as freely as the same sort of small change does in higher circles.

After a while the singing commenced, to the evident delight of all present. Not even all the disadvantage of nasal intonation could prevent the effect of the naturally fine voices, in airs at once wild and spirited. The words were sometimes the well-known and common hymns sung in the churches about, and sometimes of a wilder, more indefinite character, picked up at camp-meetings.

The chorus of one of them, which ran as follows, was sung with great energy and unction:

“Die on the field of battle,
Die on the field of battle,
Glory in my soul.”

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|------------------------|------|-----|---------------------------------------|
| ① dispose [di'spəuz] | vt. | vi. | 处理, 处置, 布置 (CET4) |
| ② complete [kəm'pli:t] | adj. | | 完整的, 完全的 |
| | vt. | | 完成, 结束 (CET4) |
| ③ choice [tʃɔis] | n. | | 选择, 挑选; 供选择的东西;
入选者, 被选中的东西 (CET4) |

Another special favorite had oft repeated the words—

“O, I’m going to glory,—won’t you come along with me?

Don’t you see the angels beck’ning, and a calling me away?

Don’t you see the golden city and the everlasting day?”

There were others, which made incessant mention of “Jordan’s banks,” and “Canaan’s fields,” and the “New Jerusalem;” for the negro mind, impassioned^① and imaginative, always attaches^② itself to hymns and expressions of a vivid and pictorial nature; and, as they sung, some laughed, and some cried, and some clapped hands, or shook hands rejoicingly with each other, as if they had fairly gained the other side of the river.

Various exhortations, or relations of experience, followed, and intermingled with the singing. One old gray-headed woman, long past work, but much revered as a sort of chronicle of the past, rose, and leaning on her staff, said—“Well, chil’en! Well, I’m mighty glad to hear ye all and see ye all once more, ’cause I don’t know when I’ll be gone to glory; but I’ve done got ready, chil’en; ’pears like I’d got my little bundle all tied up, and my bonnet on, jest a waitin’ for the stage to come along and take me home; sometimes, in the night, I think I hear the wheels^③ a rattlin’, and I’m lookin’ out all the time; now, you jest be ready too, for I tell ye all, chil’en,” she said striking her staff hard on the floor,

“dat ar glory is a mighty thing! It’s a mighty thing, chil’en,—you don’no nothing about it,—it’s wonderful.” And the old creature sat down, with streaming tears, as wholly overcome, while the whole circle struck up—

“O Canaan, bright Canaan

I’m bound for the land of Canaan.”

Mas’r George, by request, read the last chapters^④ of Revelation, often interrupted by such exclamations as “The sakes now!” “Only hear that!” “Jest think on ’t!” “Is all that a comin’ sure enough?”

George, who was a bright boy, and well trained in religious^⑤ things by his mother, finding himself an object of general admiration, threw in expositions of his own, from time to time, with a commendable seriousness and gravity, for which he was admired by the young and blessed by the old; and it was agreed, on all hands, that “a minister couldn’t lay it off better than he did; that “’t was reely ’mazin’!”

Uncle Tom was a sort of patriarch in religious matters, in the neighborhood. Having, naturally, an organization^⑥ in

① impassion [im'pæʃən]

vt.

激动，极其热情 (CET6)

② attache [ə'tæʃei]

n.

使馆随员，使馆职员 (CET6)

③ wheel [hwi:l]

n.

车轮 (CET4)

④ chapter ['tʃæptə]

n.

章，回，篇 (CET4)

⑤ religious [ri'lɪdʒəs]

adj.

宗教的，虔诚的 (CET4)

⑥ organization [ˌɔ:gənai'zeɪʃən]

n.

团体，机构，组织 (CET4)

which the morale was strongly predominant, together with a greater breadth and cultivation of mind than obtained among his companions, he was looked up to with great respect, as a sort of minister among them; and the simple, hearty, sincere style of his exhortations might have edified even better educated persons. But it was in prayer that he especially excelled. Nothing could exceed the touching simplicity, the childlike earnestness, of his prayer, enriched with the language of Scripture, which seemed so entirely to have wrought itself into his being, as to have become a part of himself, and to drop from his lips unconsciously; in the language of a pious old negro, he “prayed right up.” And so much did his prayer always work on the devotional feelings of his audiences, that there seemed often a danger that it would be lost altogether in the abundance of the responses which broke out everywhere around him.

While this scene was passing in the cabin of the man, one quite otherwise passed in the halls of the master.

The trader and Mr. Shelby were seated together in the dining room afore-named, at a table covered with papers and writing utensils.

Mr. Shelby was busy in counting some bundles of bills, which, as they were counted, he pushed over to the trader, who counted them likewise.

“All fair,” said the trader; “and now for signing these

yer.”

Mr. Shelby hastily drew the bills of sale towards him, and signed them, like a man that hurries over some disagreeable business, and then pushed them over with the money. Haley produced, from a well-worn valise, a parchment, which, after looking over it a moment, he handed to Mr. Shelby, who took it with a gesture of suppressed eagerness.

“Wal, now, the thing’s done!” said the trader, getting up.

“It’s done!” said Mr. Shelby, in a musing tone; and, fetching a long breath, he repeated, “It’s done!”

“Yer don’t seem to feel much pleased with it, ’pears to me,” said the trader.

“Haley,” said Mr. Shelby, “I hope you’ll remember that you promised^①, on your honor, you wouldn’t sell Tom, without knowing what sort of hands he’s going into.”

“Why, you’ve just done it sir,” said the trader.

“Circumstances, you well know, obliged me,” said Shelby, haughtily.

“Wal, you know, they may ’blige me, too,” said the trader. “Howsomever, I’ll do the very best I can in gettin’ Tom a good berth; as to my treatin’ on him bad, you needn’t

① promise [ˈprɒmɪs]

n.

承诺, 诺言

vt.

允诺, 答应 (CET4)

be a grain afeard. If there's anything that I thank the Lord for, it is that I'm never noways cruel.”

After the expositions which the trader had previously given of his humane principles, Mr. Shelby did not feel particularly reassured^① by these declarations; but, as they were the best comfort the case admitted of, he allowed the trader to depart in silence, and betook himself to a solitary cigar^②.



① reassure [ˌri:ə'ʃʊə]

vt.

消除恐惧或疑虑，恢复信心
(CET4)

② cigar [si'gɑ:]

n.

雪茄 (CET4)

佳句赏析

1. A cook she certainly was, in the very bone and centre of her soul.

> 克鲁伊大婶浑身上下都透露出一种天生的厨师的神韵。

*强调 “a cook”，所以句子倒装，very 为形容词，起修饰强调作用。

2. He was a large, broad-chested, powerfully-made man, of a full glossy black, and a face whose truly African features were characterized by an expression of grave and steady good sense, united with much kindness and benevolence.

> 他身材魁梧，胸膛宽广，身体强壮，皮肤黝黑发亮，他的脸庞是典型的非洲式的，他脸上表情严肃、稳重，同时又流露出善良和仁慈。

*whose 定语从句修饰 “a face”；be characterized by... 意为具有…特征；be united with：和…合为一体。

3. and, as they sung, some laughed, and some cried, and some clapped hands, or shook hands rejoicingly with each other, as if they had fairly gained the other side of the river.

> 唱歌时，他们或欢笑，或痛哭，或击掌，或悠然握手，那情景就好像他们已经抵达约旦河彼岸似的。

* as if 引导非真实条件句。

4. After the expositions which the trader had previously given of his humane principles, Mr. Shelby did not feel particularly reassured by these declarations; but, as they were the best comfort the case admitted of, he allowed the trader to depart in silence, and betook himself to a solitary cigar.

> 尽管奴隶贩子已经说明了他的人道主义原则，希尔比先生还是不太相信他的话，但最好的安慰也不过如此罢了。于是他无声地打发走了奴隶贩子，接着就点燃雪茄，独自抽了起来。

*which 在后置的非限制性定语从句中代替上文出现的事物或情况。



名句大搜索

1. 用一位老黑奴的话来说，汤姆的祈祷就如天堂的福音一样。所以他祷告时的声音常被周围听众们虔诚的应对声所淹没。
2. 一张桌子摆在壁炉前，桌腿就像患了风湿病似的放不平稳，桌上铺着一张桌布，上面摆放着图案艳丽的茶杯托盘。
3. 尽管奴隶贩子已经说明了他的人道主义原则，希尔比先生还是不太相信他的话，但最好的安慰也不过如此罢了。
4. 小屋前有个小园子，在主人的精心栽培和浇灌下，每逢夏季，里面便长满了草莓、木莓，以及各种各样的水果蔬菜。园子的前面被错综交织的比格诺亚藤条和当地的多花玫瑰所覆盖，就连横放在园子前面的园木也被遮住了。这里，每到夏天，万寿菊、矮牵牛花和紫茉莉等鲜花就在园子的一个角落里竞相开放，所有这些无不令克鲁伊大婶喜悦和自豪。

Chapter 3 The Property Is Carried Off



第三章 黑奴伏首

中文导读

得知希尔比准备将他和哈利卖掉后，汤姆决定让伊丽莎带着小哈利逃走，自己跟赫利走。伊丽莎在强大母爱的支撑下变得异常勇敢，横跨俄亥俄河，摆脱了赫利等人，并得到了好心的参议员一家的救助，躲在一家农舍暂时安全。

而汤姆的处境更加痛苦，对于家的眷恋，对于未来的恐惧只能化作忧郁的目光，目送熟悉的家园渐渐消失，踏上了未知的旅程。

Chapter 3

The February morning looked gray and drizzling through the window of Uncle Tom's cabin. It looked on downcast faces, the images of mournful hearts. The little table stood out before the fire, covered with an ironing-cloth; a coarse but clean shirt or two, fresh from the iron^①, hung on the back of a chair by the fire, and Aunt Chloe had another spread out before her on the table. Carefully she rubbed and ironed every fold and every hem, with the most scrupulous exactness, every now and then raising her hand to her face to wipe off the tears that were coursing down her cheeks.

Tom sat by, with his Testament open on his knee^②, and

his head leaning upon his hand;—but neither spoke. It was yet early, and the children lay all asleep together in their little rude trundle-bed.

Tom, who had, to the full, the gentle, domestic heart, which woe for them! has been a peculiar characteristic of his unhappy race, got up and walked silently to look at his children.

“It’s the last time,” he said.

Aunt Chloe did not answer, only rubbed away over and over on the coarse shirt, already as smooth as hands could make it; and finally setting her iron suddenly down with a despairing plunge^③, she sat down to the table, and “lifted up her voice and wept.”

“S’pose we must be resigned; but oh Lord! how ken I? If I know’d anything whar you ’s goin’, or how they’d sarve you! Missis says she’ll try and ’deem ye, in a year or two;

but Lor! nobody never comes up that goes down thar! They kills ’em! I’ve hearn ’em tell how dey works ’em up on dem ar plantations.”

“There’ll be the same God there, Chloe, that there is

① iron ['aɪən]

n.

铁, 熨斗, 镣铐 (CET4)

② knee [ni:]

n.

膝, 膝盖, 膝部 (CET4)

③ plunge [plʌndʒ]

vi.

颠簸

vt.

vi.

(使)陷入

n.

投身入水 (CET4)

here.”

“Well,” said Aunt Chloe, “s’pose dere will; but de Lord lets drefful things happen, sometimes. I don’t seem to get no comfort dat way.”

“I’m in the Lord’s hands,” said Tom; “nothin’ can go no further than he lets it;—and thar’s one thing I can thank him for. It’s me that’s sold and going down, and not you nur the chil’en. Here you’re safe;—what comes will come only on me; and the Lord, he’ll help me,—I know he will.”

Ah, brave^①, manly heart,—smothering thine own sorrow, to comfort thy beloved ones! Tom spoke with a thick utterance, and with a bitter choking in his throat^②,—but he spoke brave and strong.

“Let’s think on our marcies!” he added, tremulously, as if he was quite sure he needed to think on them very hard indeed.

“Marcies!” said Aunt Chloe; “don’t see no marcy in ’t! ’tan’t right! tan’t right it should be so! Mas’r never ought ter left it so that ye could be took for his debts. Ye’ve arnt him all he gets for ye, twice over. He owed ye yer freedom, and ought ter gin ’t to yer years ago. Mebbe he can’t help himself now, but I feel it’s wrong. Nothing can’t beat that ar out o’ me. Sich a faithful^③ crittur as ye’ve been,—and allers sot his business ’fore yer own every way,—and reckoned on him more than yer own wife and chil’en! Them as sells heart’s love

and heart's blood, to get out thar scrapes, de Lord'll be up to'em!"

"Chloe! now, if ye love me, ye won't talk so, when perhaps jest the last time we'll ever have together! And I'll tell ye, Chloe, it goes agin me to hear one word agin Mas'r. Wan't he put in my arms a baby?—it's natur I should think a heap of him. And he couldn't be spected to think so much of poor Tom. Mas'rs is used to havin' all these yer things done for 'em, and nat'lly they don't think so much on 't. They can't be spected to, no way. Set him 'longside of other Mas'rs—who's had the treatment and livin' I've had? And he never would have let this yer come on me, if he could have seed it aforehand. I know he wouldn't."

"Wal, any way, thar's wrong about it somewhar," said Aunt Chloe, in whom a stubborn sense of justice was a predominant trait; "I can't jest make out whar 't is, but thar's wrong somewhar, I'm clar o' that."

"Yer ought ter look up to the Lord above—he's above all—thar don't a sparrow fall without him."

"It don't seem to comfort me, but I spect it orter," said Aunt Chloe. "But dar's no use talkin'; I'll jes wet up de corn-

① brave [breiv]

adj.

勇敢的, 大胆的 (CET4)

② throat [θrəʊt]

n.

咽喉, 嗓子 (CET4)

③ faithful ['feiθfʊl]

adj.

忠实的, 守信的; 如实的, 可靠的 (CET4)

cake, and get ye one good breakfast, 'cause nobody knows when you'll get another."

In order to appreciate the sufferings of the negroes sold south, it must be remembered that all the instinctive^① affections of that race are peculiarly strong. Their local attachments are very abiding. They are not naturally daring and enterprising^②, but home-loving and affectionate. Add to this all the terrors^③ with which ignorance invests the unknown,

and add to this, again, that selling to the south is set before the negro from childhood as the last severity of punishment. The threat that terrifies more than whipping or torture of any kind is the threat of being sent down river. We have ourselves heard this feeling expressed by them, and seen the unaffected horror with which they will sit in their gossiping hours, and tell frightful stories of that "down river," which to them is

"That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns."

A missionary figure among the fugitives in Canada told us that many of the fugitives confessed themselves to have escaped from comparatively kind masters, and that they were induced to brave the perils of escape, in almost every case, by the desperate horror with which they regarded being sold south,—a doom which was hanging either over themselves

or their husbands, their wives or children. This nerves the African, naturally patient, timid and unenterprising, with heroic courage, and leads him to suffer hunger, cold, pain, the perils of the wilderness, and the more dread penalties of recapture.

The simple morning meal now smoked on the table, for Mrs. Shelby had excused Aunt Chloe's attendance at the great house that morning. The poor soul had expended all her little energies on this farewell^④ feast,—had killed and dressed her choicest chicken, and prepared her corn-cake with scrupulous exactness, just to her husband's taste, and brought out certain mysterious jars on the mantel-piece, some preserves that were never produced except on extreme^⑤ occasions^⑥.

“Lor, Pete,” said Mose, triumphantly, “han’t we got a buster of a breakfast!” at the same time catching at a fragment of the chicken.

Aunt Chloe gave him a sudden box on the ear. “Thar now! crowing over the last breakfast yer poor daddy’s gwine

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- ① instinctive [in'stɪŋktɪv] **adj.** 凭本能的, 天生的, 直觉的 (CET4)
 ② enterprise ['entəpraɪz] **n.** 企业事业单位, 公司 (CET4)
 ③ terror ['terə] **n.** 恐怖; 恐怖活动 (CET4)
 ④ farewell ['fæw'wel] **n.** 告别, 欢送 (CET4)
 ⑤ extreme [iks'tri:m] **adj.** 尽头的, 末端的, 极度的, 极端的 (CET4)
 ⑥ occasion [ə'keɪʒən] **n.** 时刻, 时候, 特殊场合 (CET4)

to have to home!”

“O, Chloe!” said Tom, gently.

“Wal, I can’t help it,” said Aunt Chloe, hiding her face in her apron; “I ’s so tossed about it, it makes me act ugly.”

The boys stood quite still, looking first at their father and then at their mother, while the baby, climbing up her clothes, began an imperious, commanding cry.

“Thar!” said Aunt Chloe, wiping her eyes and taking up the baby; “now I’s done, I hope,—now do eat something. This yer’s my nicest chicken. Thar, boys, ye shall have some, poor critturs! Yer mammy’s been cross to yer.”

The boys needed no second invitation, and went in with great zeal for the eatables; and it was well they did so, as otherwise there would have been very little performed to any purpose by the party.

“Now,” said Aunt Chloe, bustling about after breakfast, “I must put up yer clothes. Jest like as not, he’ll take ’em all away. I know thar ways—mean as dirt, they is! Wal, now, yer flannels for rhumatis is in this corner; so be careful, ’cause there won’t nobody make ye no more. Then here’s yer old shirts, and these yer is new ones. I toed off these yer stockings^① last night, and put de ball in ’em to mend with. But Lor! who’ll ever mend for ye?” and Aunt Chloe, again overcome^②, laid her head on the box side, and sobbed. “To think on ’t! no crittur to do for ye, sick or well! I don’t rilly

think I ought ter be good now!”

The boys, having eaten everything there was on the breakfast-table, began now to take some thought of the case; and, seeing their mother crying, and their father looking very sad, began to whimper^③ and put their hands to their eyes.

Uncle Tom had the baby on his knee, and was letting her enjoy herself to the utmost extent, scratching his face and pulling his hair, and occasionally breaking out into clamorous explosions of delight, evidently arising out of her own internal reflections.

“Ay, crow away, poor crittur!” said Aunt Chloe; ye’ll have to come to it, too! ye’ll live to see yer husband sold, or mebbe be sold yerself; and these yer boys, they’s to be sold, I s’pose, too, jest like as not, when dey gets good for somethin’; an’t no use in niggers havin’ nothin’!”

Here one of the boys called out, “Thar’s Missis a-comin’ in!”

“She can’t do no good; what’s she coming for?” said Aunt Chloe.

Mrs. Shelby entered. Aunt Chloe set a chair for her in a manner decidedly gruff and crusty. She did not seem to

① stocking ['stɒkɪŋ] n. 长袜 (CET4)

② overcome [ˌəʊvə'kʌm] vt. 战胜, 克服, 使受不了 (CET4)

③ whimper ['hwɪmpə] vi. (微弱或惊恐地) 啜泣, 呜咽 (CET6)

notice either the action or the manner. She looked pale^① and anxious.

“Tom,” she said, “I come to—” and stopping suddenly, and regarding the silent group, she sat down in the chair, and, covering her face with her handkerchief^②, began to sob.

“Lor, now, Missis, don’t—don’t!” said Aunt Chloe, bursting out in her turn; and for a few moments they all wept in company. And in those tears they all shed together, the high and the lowly, melted away all the heart-burnings and anger of the oppressed. O, ye who visit the distressed, do ye know that everything your money can buy, given with a cold, averted face, is not worth one honest tear shed in real^③ sympathy?

“My good fellow,” said Mrs. Shelby, “I can’t give you anything to do you any good. If I give you money, it will only be taken from you. But I tell you solemnly, and before God, that I will keep trace of you, and bring you back as soon as I can command the money;—and, till then, trust in God!”

Here the boys called out that Mas’r Haley was coming, and then an unceremonious kick pushed open the door. Haley stood there in very ill humor, having ridden hard the night before, and being not at all pacified by his ill success in recapturing his prey.

“Come,” said he, “ye nigger, ye’r ready? Servant, ma’am!” said he, taking off his hat, as he saw Mrs. Shelby.

Aunt Chloe shut and corded the box, and, getting up,

looked gruffly on the trader, her tears seeming suddenly turned to sparks of fire.

Tom rose up meekly, to follow his new master, and raised up his heavy box on his shoulder. His wife took the baby in her arms to go with him to the wagon, and the children, still crying, trailed on behind.

Mrs. Shelby, walking up to the trader, detained him for a few moments, talking with him in an earnest manner; and while she was thus talking, the whole family party proceeded^④ to a wagon, that stood ready harnessed at the door. A crowd of all the old and young hands on the place stood gathered around it, to bid farewell to their old associate. Tom had been looked up to, both as a head servant and a Christian teacher, by all the place, and there was much honest sympathy^⑤ and grief about him, particularly among the women.

“Why, Chloe, you bar it better ’n we do!” said one of the women, who had been weeping freely, noticing the gloomy^⑥ calmness with which Aunt Chloe stood by the wagon.

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|-----------------------------|------|--------------------------|
| ① pale [peɪl] | adj. | 苍白的, 灰白的, 浅色的, 淡的 (CET4) |
| ② handkerchief ['hæŋkətʃɪf] | n. | 手帕; 纸巾 (CET4) |
| ③ real [riəl] | adj. | 真的; 真实的; 现实的 (CET4) |
| ④ proceed [prə'si:d] | vi. | 前进, 行进, 继续下去 (CET4) |
| ⑤ sympathy ['sɪmpəθi] | n. | 同情心, 同情 (CET4) |
| ⑥ gloomy ['glu:mi] | adj. | 黑暗的, 阴暗的, 令人沮丧的 (CET4) |

“I’s done my tears!” she said, looking grimly at the trader, who was coming up. “I does not feel to cry ’fore dat ar old limb, no how!”

“Get in!” said Haley to Tom, as he strode through the crowd of servants, who looked at him with lowering brows.

Tom got in, and Haley, drawing out from under the wagon seat a heavy pair of shackles, made them fast around each ankle.

A smothered groan of indignation ran through the whole circle, and Mrs. Shelby spoke from the verandah,— “Mr. Haley, I assure you that precaution is entirely unnecessary.”

“Don’ know, ma’am; I’ve lost one five hundred dollars from this yer place, and I can’t afford to run no more risks.”

“What else could she spect on him?” said Aunt Chloe, indignantly^①, while the two boys, who now seemed to comprehend at once their father’s destiny, clung to her gown, sobbing and groaning vehemently.

“I’m sorry,” said Tom, “that Mas’r George happened to be away.”

George had gone to spend two or three days with a companion on a neighboring estate, and having departed early in the morning, before Tom’s misfortune had been made public, had left without hearing of it.

“Give my love to Mas’r George,” he said, earnestly.

Haley whipped up the horse, and, with a steady,

mournful look, fixed to the last on the old place, Tom was whirled away.

Mr. Shelby at this time was not at home. He had sold Tom under the spur of a driving necessity, to get out of the power of a man whom he dreaded,—and his first feeling, after the consummation of the bargain^②, had been that of relief. But his wife's expostulations awoke his half-slumbering regrets; and Tom's manly disinterestedness increased the unpleasantness of his feelings. It was in vain that he said to himself that he had a right to do it,—that everybody did it,—and that some did it without even the excuse of necessity;—he could not satisfy his own feelings; and that he might not witness the unpleasant scenes^③ of the consummation, he had gone on a short business tour up the country, hoping that all would be over before he returned.

Tom and Haley rattled on along the dusty^④ road, whirling past every old familiar spot, until the bounds of the estate were fairly passed, and they found themselves out on the open pike. After they had ridden about a mile, Haley suddenly drew up at the door of a blacksmith's shop, when,

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- ① indignant [in'dignənt] **adj.** 愤怒的, 愤慨的, 义愤的^④
 ② bargain ['bɑ:ɡɪn] **n.** 协议, 交易, 特价商品 (CET4)
 ③ scene [si:n] **n.** (戏剧的) 一场, (电影、电视的) 一个镜头, (小说的) 一节 (CET4)
 ④ dusty ['dʌsti] **adj.** 满是灰土的 (CET4)

taking out with him a pair of handcuffs, he stepped into the shop, to have a little alteration in them.

“These yer ’s a little too small for his build,” said Haley, showing the fetters, and pointing out to Tom.

“Lor! now, if thar an’t Shelby’s Tom. He han’t sold him, now?” said the smith.

“Yes, he has,” said Haley.

“Now, ye don’t! well, reely,” said the smith, “who’d a thought it! Why, ye needn’t go to fetterin’ him up this yer way. He’s the faithfulest, best crittur—”

“Yes, yes,” said Haley; “but your good fellers are just the critturs to want ter run off. Them stupid ones, as doesn’t care whar they go, and shifless, drunken ones, as don’t care for nothin’, they’ll stick by, and like as not be rather pleased to be toted round; but these yer prime^① fellers, they hates it like sin^②. No way but to fetter ’em; got legs,—they’ll use ’em,—no mistake.”

“Well,” said the smith, feeling among his tools, “them plantations down thar, stranger, an’t jest the place a Kentuck nigger wants to go to; they dies thar tol’able fast, don’t they?”

“Wal, yes, tol’able fast, ther dying is; what with the ’climating and one thing and another, they dies so as to keep the market up pretty brisk,” said Haley.

“Wal, now, a feller can’t help thinkin’ it’s a mighty pity to have a nice, quiet, likely feller, as good un as Tom

is, go down to be fairly ground up on one of them ar sugar plantations.”

“Wal, he’s got a fa’r chance. I promised to do well by him. I’ll get him in house-servant in some good old family, and then, if he stands the fever and ’climating, he’ll have a berth good as any nigger ought ter ask for.”

“He leaves his wife and chil’en up here, s’pose?”

“Yes; but he’ll get another thar. Lord, thar’s women enough everywhar,” said Haley.

Tom was sitting very mournfully on the outside of the shop while this conversation^③ was going on. Suddenly he heard the quick, short click of a horse’s hoof behind him; and, before he could fairly awake from his surprise, young Master George sprang into the wagon, threw his arms tumultuously round his neck, and was sobbing and scolding with energy^④.

“I declare, it’s real mean! I don’t care what they say, any of ’em! It’s a nasty, mean shame! If I was a man, they shouldn’t do it,—they should not, so!” said George, with a kind of subdued howl.

① prime [praɪm]

adj. 首要的, 主要的 (CET4)

② sin [sɪn]

n. 罪恶, 罪孽, 违背宗教的恶行 (CET6)

③ conversation [ˌkɒnvə'seɪʃən]

n. 交谈, 谈话, 会话 (CET4)

④ energy ['enədʒi]

n. 活力, 干劲, 能力; 精力 (CET4)

“O! Mas’r George! this does me good!” said Tom. “I couldn’t bar to go off without seein’ ye! It does me real good, ye can’t tell!” Here Tom made some movement of his feet, and George’s eye fell on the fetters.

“What a shame!” he exclaimed, lifting his hands. “I’ll knock that old fellow down—I will!”

“No you won’t, Mas’r George; and you must not talk so loud. It won’t help me any, to anger him.”

“Well, I won’t, then, for your sake^①; but only to think of it—isn’t it a shame? They never sent for me, nor sent me any word, and, if it hadn’t been for Tom Lincon, I shouldn’t have heard it. I tell you, I blew ’em up well, all of ’em, at home!”

“That ar wasn’t right, I’m ’feard, Mas’r George.”

“Can’t help it! I say it’s a shame! Look here, Uncle Tom,” said he, turning his back to the shop, and speaking in a mysterious tone, “I’ve brought you my dollar!”

“O! I couldn’t think o’ takin’ on ’t, Mas’r George, no ways in the world!” said Tom, quite moved.

“But you shall take it!” said George; “look here—I told Aunt Chloe I’d do it, and she advised me just to make a hole in it, and put a string through, so you could hang it round your neck, and keep it out of sight; else this mean scamp would take it away. I tell ye, Tom, I want to blow him up! it would do me good!”

“No, don’t Mas’r George, for it won’t do me any good.”

“Well, I won’t, for your sake,” said George, busily tying his dollar round Tom’s neck; “but there, now, button your coat tight^② over it, and keep it, and remember, every time you see it, that I’ll come down after you, and bring you back. Aunt Chloe and I have been talking about it. I told her not to fear; I’ll see to it, and I’ll tease father^③’s life out, if he don’t do it.”

“O! Mas’r George, ye mustn’t talk so ’bout yer father!”

“Lor, Uncle Tom, I don’t mean anything bad.”

“And now, Mas’r George,” said Tom, “ye must be a good boy; ’member how many hearts is sot on ye. Al’ays keep close to yer mother. Don’t be gettin’ into any of them foolish^④ ways boys has of gettin’ too big to mind their mothers. Tell ye what, Mas’r George, the Lord gives good many things twice over; but he don’t give ye a mother but once. Ye’ll never see sich another woman, Mas’r George, if ye live to be a hundred years old. So, now, you hold on to her, and grow up, and be a comfort to her, thar’s my own good boy,—you will now, won’t ye?”

“Yes, I will, Uncle Tom,” said George seriously.

“And be careful of yer speaking, Mas’r George. Young boys, when they comes to your age, is wilful, sometimes—it is natur they should be. But real gentlemen, such as I hopes

① sake [seik] n. 缘故；理由（CET4）

② tight [tait] adj. 牢的，紧的，紧身的，紧贴的（CET4）

③ father ['fɑ:ðə] n. 父亲；祖先，先辈；创始人，奠基人（CET4）

④ foolish ['fu:liʃ] adj. 愚蠢的，笨的；傻瓜似的，笨拙的（CET4）

you'll be, never lets fall on words that isn't 'spectful to thar parents. Ye an't 'fended, Mas'r George?"

"No, indeed, Uncle Tom; you always did give me good advice^①."

"I's older, ye know," said Tom, stroking the boy's fine, curly head with his large, strong hand, but speaking in a voice as tender as a woman's, "and I sees all that's bound up in you. O, Mas'r George, you has everything,—l'arnin', privileges^②, readin', writin',—and you'll grow up to be a great, learned, good man and all the people on the place and your mother and father'll be so proud on ye! Be a good Mas'r, like yer father; and be a Christian, like yer mother. 'Member yer Creator in the days o' yer youth, Mas'r George."

"I'll be real good, Uncle Tom, I tell you," said George. "I'm going to be a first-rater; and don't you be discouraged. I'll have you back to the place, yet. As I told Aunt Chloe this morning, I'll build our house all over, and you shall have a room for a parlor with a carpet^③ on it, when I'm a man. O, you'll have good times yet!"

Haley now came to the door, with the handcuffs in his hands.

"Look here, now, Mister," said George, with an air of great superiority, as he got out, "I shall let father and mother know how you treat Uncle Tom!"

"You're welcome," said the trader.

“I should think you’d be ashamed to spend all your life buying men and women, and chaining them, like cattle! I should think you’d feel mean!” said George.

“So long as your grand folks wants to buy men and women, I’m as good as they is,” said Haley; “’tan’t any meaner sellin’ on ’em, that ’t is buyin’!”

“I’ll never do either, when I’m a man,” said George; “I’m ashamed, this day, that I’m a Kentuckian. I always was proud^④ of it before;” and George sat very straight on his horse, and looked round with an air, as if he expected the state would be impressed with his opinion.

“Well, good-by, Uncle Tom; keep a stiff upper lip,” said George.

“Good-by, Mas’r George,” said Tom, looking fondly and admiringly at him. “God Almighty bless you! Ah! Kentucky han’t got many like you!” he said, in the fulness of his heart, as the frank, boyish face was lost to his view. Away he went, and Tom looked, till the clatter of his horse’s heels died away, the last sound or sight of his home. But over his heart there seemed to be a warm spot, where those young hands had placed that precious dollar. Tom put up his hand,

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|--------------------------|------|------------------------|
| ① advice [əd'vaɪs] | n. | 劝告, 忠告, 意见 (CET4) |
| ② privilege ['prɪvɪlɪdʒ] | n. | 特权, 特别待遇, 特别荣幸 (CET4) |
| ③ carpet ['kɑ:pɪt] | n. | 地毯 (CET4) |
| ④ proud [praʊd] | adj. | 有自尊心的, 自豪的, 得意的 (CET4) |

and held it close to his heart.

“Now, I tell ye what, Tom,” said Haley, as he came up to the wagon, and threw in the handcuffs, “I mean to start fa’r with ye, as I gen’ally do with my niggers; and I’ll tell ye now, to begin with, you treat me fa’r, and I’ll treat you fa’r; I an’t never hard on my niggers. Calculates to do the best for ’em I can. Now, ye see, you’d better jest settle down^① comfortable, and not be tryin’ no tricks; because nigger’s tricks of all sorts I’m up to, and it’s no use. If niggers is quiet, and don’t try to get off, they has good times with me; and if they don’t, why, it’s thar fault, and not mine.”

Tom assured Haley that he had no present intentions^② of running off.

In fact, the exhortation seemed rather a superfluous one to a man with a great pair of iron fetters on his feet. But Mr. Haley had got in the habit of commencing^③ his relations with his stock with little exhortations of this nature, calculated, as he deemed, to inspire cheerfulness and confidence, and prevent the necessity of any unpleasant scenes.

And here, for the present, we take our leave of Tom, to pursue^④ the fortunes of other characters in our story.

① settle down

定居，过安定生活 (CET4)

② intention [in'tenʃən]

n.

意图，意向，目的，打算 (CET4)

③ commence [kə'mens]

vt.

开始 (CET6)

④ pursue [pə'su:]

vt.

追求；从事，经营 (CET4)

佳句赏析

1. Tom, who had, to the full, the gentle, domestic heart, which woe for them! has been a peculiar characteristic of his unhappy race.

> 汤姆具有不幸的黑种人的通病，那就是生来善良、和善、恋家，而这也正是他们的可悲之处。

*who 引导定语从句修饰“Tom”，“which woe for them”为插入语，which 指 who 从句；characteristic 是名词。

2. Tom and Haley rattled on along the dusty road, whirling past every old familiar spot, until the bounds of the estate were fairly passed, and they found themselves out on the open pike.

> 在一条脏乱的土路上，汤姆和赫利乘坐的马车在嘎吱吱地向前行进着。平日里所熟悉的景色逐渐被抛到了后面，最后，庄园也从视野中消失了。

*whirling... 为分词状语，起伴随作用。

3. If niggers is quiet, and don't try to get off, they has good times with me; and if they don't, why, it's thar fault, and not mine.

> 如果他们老实点，不是总想逃走，在我这儿就可以过几天好日子。否则，那就是自取灭亡，不能怪我了。

* 两个并列 if 从句。

4. I told Aunt Chloe I'd do it, and she advised me just to make a hole in it, and put a string through, so you could hang it round your neck, and keep it out of sight; else this mean scamp would take it away. I tell ye, Tom, I want to blow him up! it would do me good!

> 我告诉克鲁伊大婶说，我要送给你这块银元。她告诉我在银元中间打个洞，再穿上根线，这样你可以套在脖子上，别人就不会看到了。否则，那个可恶的家伙会拿走它的。告诉你，汤姆叔叔，我真想臭骂他一顿，这样我会感到好受一些！

*advise sb.(not)to do sth. 表示建议某人做某事。



名句大搜索

1. 非洲人天性能忍、胆子小、不思前进，但是他们一旦面临这样的危险，便会变得勇敢异常。
2. 他们会想尽办法逃亡，不惜忍饥挨饿，蒙受着巨大的痛苦，面对着田野中的多种危险以及被抓回去受到更加严厉的惩罚的苦难命运。
3. 到此，家乡的最后一点声响和最后一幅景象都消失了。但汤姆的心头还似留有一片温暖的地方，那就是乔治为他挂上那枚珍贵的银元的地方。
4. 老天爷也在低着头观察着地上的人们：他们脸色阴沉，内心非常痛苦。

5. 克鲁伊，如果你还爱我，你就不要说这种话。这或许就是我们的最后一次相聚了。
6. 被卖到河流的下游的威胁比其他形式的折磨和鞭打都要使人恐惧。

Chapter 4 Select Incident of Lawful Trade



第四章 在合法交易中的平常之事

中文导读

乔治无法忍受厂主的折磨，乔装成气宇轩昂的绅士从肯塔基逃出来，并遇到了同样对黑奴制度抱有强烈不满的威尔森，善良的威尔森给予乔治以慷慨的帮助。

汤姆在被赫利带往南方的途中，目睹了各种各样的人间惨剧：先是在法院门前的拍卖会，各式黑奴像商品一样在奴隶贩子挑剔的眼神中被生生拆散，一位名叫黑格的大妈，眼睁睁看着自己的孩子被出售却无能为力。拍卖会之后，赫利带着自己新买的三个黑奴坐上了一艘行驶在俄亥俄河上的轮船，他贪心不足，为了四十五元钱又将一个女奴的十个月大的孩子卖掉了，女奴伤心欲绝，投海自尽。

这是一个悲惨的世界，到处是妻离子散，黑奴无法享受同白人一样的自由平等，他们每天担惊受怕，愚昧、粗俗、卑贱是他们的代名词，汤姆看着这一切发生却无力改变，只能无言，从《圣经》里寻找着些微的寄托。

Chapter 4

“In Ramah there was a voice heard,—weeping, and lamentation, and great mourning^①; Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted.”

Mr. Haley and Tom jogged onward in their wagon, each, for a time, absorbed in his own reflections. Now, the reflections of two men sitting side by side are a curious thing,—seated on the same seat, having the same eyes, ears, hands and organs^② of all sorts, and having pass before their eyes the same objects,—it is wonderful what a variety we shall find in these same reflections!

As, for example, Mr. Haley: he thought first of Tom's

length, and breadth, and height, and what he would sell for, if he was kept fat and in good case till he got him into market. He thought of how he should make out his gang; he thought of the respective market value of certain supposititious men and women and children who were to compose it, and other kindred topics of the business; then he thought of himself, and how humane he was, that whereas other men chained their “niggers” hand and foot both, he only put fetters on the feet, and left Tom the use of his hands, as long as he behaved well; and he sighed to think how ungrateful human nature was, so that there was even room to doubt whether Tom appreciated^③ his mercies. He had been taken in so by “niggers” whom he had favored; but still he was astonished^④ to consider how good-natured he yet remained!

As to Tom, he was thinking over some words of an unfashionable old book, which kept running through his head, again and again, as follows: “We have here no continuing city, but we seek one to come; wherefore God himself is not ashamed to be called our God; for he hath prepared for us a city.” These words of an ancient volume,

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|----------------------------|-----|-------------------|
| ① mourning ['mɔ:nɪŋ] | n. | 悲痛, 丧服 (CET4) |
| ② organ ['ɔ:gən] | n. | 器官 (CET4) |
| ③ appreciate [ə'pri:ʃieɪt] | vt. | 感激, 感谢, 欣赏 (CET4) |
| ④ astonish [əs'tɒnɪʃ] | vt. | 使惊讶, 使大为吃惊 (CET4) |

got up principally by “ignorant and unlearned men,” have, through all time, kept up, somehow, a strange sort of power over the minds of poor, simple fellows, like Tom. They stir up the soul from its depths, and rouse, as with trumpet call, courage, energy, and enthusiasm, where before was only the blackness of despair.

Mr. Haley pulled out^① of his pocket sundry newspapers, and began looking over their advertisements, with absorbed interest. He was not a remarkably fluent reader, and was in the habit of reading in a sort of recitative half-aloud, by way of calling in his ears to verify the deductions of his eyes. In this tone he slowly recited the following paragraph:

“Executor’s Sale,—Negroes!—Agreeably to order of court, will be sold, on Tuesday, February 20, before the Court-house door, in the town of Washington, Kentucky, the following negroes: Hagar, aged 60; John, aged 30; Ben, aged 21; Saul, aged 25; Albert, aged 14. Sold for the benefit of the creditors and heirs of the estate of Jesse Blutchford,

Samuel Morris, Thomas Flint, Executors.”

“This yer I must look at,” said he to Tom, for want of somebody else to talk to.

“Ye see, I’m going to get up a prime gang to take down with ye, Tom; it’ll make it sociable^② and pleasant like,—good company will, ye know. We must drive right to Washington first and foremost^③, and then I’ll clap you into jail, while I

does the business.”

Tom received this agreeable intelligence quite meekly; simply wondering, in his own heart, how many of these doomed men had wives and children, and whether they would feel as he did about leaving them. It is to be confessed^④, too, that the naive, off-hand information that he was to be thrown into jail by no means produced an agreeable impression on a poor fellow who had always prided himself on a strictly honest and upright course of life. Yes, Tom, we must confess it, was rather proud of his honesty, poor fellow,—not having very much else to be proud of;—if he had belonged^⑤ to some of the higher walks of society, he, perhaps, would never have been reduced to such straits. However, the day wore on, and the evening saw Haley and Tom comfortably accommodated^⑥ in Washington, —the one in a tavern, and the other in a jail.

About eleven o'clock the next day, a mixed throng was gathered around the court-house steps,—smoking,

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|----------------------------|---------|--------------------------|
| ① pull out | | 火车驶出, 船划出, 退出, 拔出 (CET4) |
| ② sociable ['səʊʃəbl] | adj. | 随和的, 好交际的, 友善的 |
| ③ first and foremost | | 首要的 (CET4) |
| ④ confess [kən'fes] | vt. vi. | 承认, 供认, 听…忏悔 (CET4) |
| ⑤ belong [bi'lɒŋ] | vi. | 属于, 是…的成员 (CET4) |
| ⑥ accommodate [ə'kɒmədeɪt] | vt. | 容纳, 向…提供住处 (CET4) |

chewing, spitting, swearing, and conversing, according to their respective tastes and turns,—waiting for the auction to commence. The men and women to be sold sat in a group apart, talking in a low tone to each other. The woman who had been advertised by the name of Hagar was a regular African in feature and figure. She might have been sixty, but was older than that by hard work and disease, was partially blind, and somewhat crippled with rheumatism. By her side stood her only remaining son, Albert, a bright-looking little fellow of fourteen years. The boy was the only survivor of a large family, who had been successively sold away from her to a southern market. The mother held on to him with both her shaking hands, and eyed with intense trepidation every one who walked up to examine him.

“Don’t be feard, Aunt Hagar,” said the oldest of the men, “I spoke to Mas’r Thomas ’bout it, and he thought he might manage to sell you in a lot both together.”

“Dey needn’t call me worn out yet,” said she, lifting her shaking hands. “I can cook yet, and scrub, and scour,—I’m wuth a buying, if I do come cheap;—tell em dat ar,—you tell em,” she added, earnestly.

Haley here forced his way into the group, walked up to the old man, pulled his mouth open and looked in, felt of his teeth, made him stand and straighten himself, bend his back, and perform^① various evolutions to show his muscles^②;

and then passed on to the next, and put him through the same trial. Walking up last to the boy, he felt of his arms, straightened his hands, and looked at his fingers, and made him jump, to show his agility.

“He an’t gwine to be sold widout me!” said the old woman, with passionate eagerness; “he and I goes in a lot together; I ’s rail strong yet, Mas’r and can do heaps o’ work,—heaps on it, Mas’r.”

“On plantation?” said Haley, with a contemptuous glance. “Likely story!” and, as if satisfied with his examination, he walked out and looked, and stood with his hands in his pocket, his cigar in his mouth, and his hat cocked on one side, ready for action^③.

“What think of ’em?” said a man who had been following Haley’s examination, as if to make up his own mind from it.

“Wal,” said Haley, spitting, “I shall put in, I think, for the youngerly ones and the boy.”

“They want to sell the boy and the old woman together,” said the man.

“Find it a tight pull; —why, she’s an old rack o’ bones, —not worth her salt.”

① perform [pə'fɔ:m] vt. vi. 执行, 履行, 表演, 扮演 (CET4)

② muscle ['mʌsl] n. 肌肉 (CET4)

③ action ['ækʃən] n. 行动, 活动; 作用, 功能 (CET4)

“You wouldn’t then?” said the man.

“Anybody ’d be a fool ’t would. She’s half blind, crooked^① with rheumatis, and foolish to boot.”

“Some buys up these yer old critturs, and ses there’s a sight more wear in ’em than a body ’d think,” said the man, reflectively.

“No go, ’t all,” said Haley; “wouldn’t take her for a present,—fact,—I’ve seen, now.”

“Wal, ’t is kinder pity, now, not to buy her with her son,—her heart seems so sot on him,—s’pose they fling her in cheap.”

“Them that’s got money to spend that ar way, it’s all well enough. I shall bid off on that ar boy for a plantation-hand;—wouldn’t be bothered^② with her, no way, notif they’d give her to me,” said Haley.

“She’ll take on desp’t,” said the man.

“Nat’lly, she will,” said the trader, coolly.

The conversation was here interrupted^③ by a busy hum in the audience; and the auctioneer, a short, bustling, important fellow, elbowed his way into the crowd. The old woman drew in her breath, and caught in stinctively at her son.

“Keep close to yer mammy, Albert,—close,—dey’ll put us up togedder,” she said.

“O, mammy, I’m feard they won’t,” said the boy.

“Dey must, child; I can’t live, no ways, if they don’t”
said the old creature, vehemently.

The stentorian tones of the auctioneer, calling out to clear the way, now announced that the sale was about to commence. A place was cleared, and the bidding began. The different men on the list were soon knocked off at prices which showed a pretty brisk demand in the market; two of them fell to Haley.

“Come, now, young un,” said the auctioneer, giving the boy a touch with his hammer, “be up and show your springs, now.”

“Put us two up togedder, togedder,—do please, Mas’r,” said the old woman, holding fast to her boy.

“Be off,” said the man, gruffly, pushing her hands away; “you come last. Now, darkey, spring;” and, with the word, he pushed the boy toward the block, while a deep, heavy groan^④ rose behind him. The boy paused, and looked back; but there was no time to stay, and, dashing the tears from his large, bright eyes, he was up in a moment.

His fine figure, alert limbs, and bright face, raised an

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|--------------------------|---------|------------------------------|
| ① crooked ['kru:kɪd] | adj. | 畸形的, 弯曲的, 歪的 (CET4) |
| ② bother ['bɒðə] | n. | 麻烦, 不便, 忧虑 (CET4) |
| ③ interrupt [ˌɪntə'rʌpt] | vt. vi. | 打断 (CET4) |
| ④ groan [grəʊn] | vi. n. | 呻吟, 发牢骚, 抱怨
呻吟, 叹息 (CET4) |

instant competition, and half a dozen bids simultaneously met the ear of the auctioneer. Anxious, half-frightened, he looked from side to side, as he heard the clatter of contending bids,—now here, now there,—till the hammer fell. Haley had got him. He was pushed from the block toward his new master, but stopped one moment, and looked back, when his poor old mother, trembling in every limb, held out her shaking hands toward him.

“Buy me too, Mas’r, for de dear Lord’s sake!—buy me,—I shall die if you don’t!”

“You’ll die if I do, that’s the kink of it,” said Haley,—“no!” And he turned on his heel.

The bidding for the poor old creature was summary^①. The man who had addressed Haley, and who seemed not destitute^② of compassion, bought her for a trifle, and the spectators began to disperse.

The poor victims^③ of the sale, who had been brought up in one place together for years, gathered round the despairing old mother, whose agony was pitiful to see.

“Couldn’t dey leave me one? Mas’r allers said I should have one,—he did,” she repeated over and over, in heart-broken tones.

“Trust in the Lord, Aunt Hagar,” said the oldest of the men, sorrowfully.

“What good will it do?” said she, sobbing passionately.

“Mother, mother, —don’t! don’t!” said the boy. “They say you ’s got a good master.”

“I don’t care,—I don’t care. O, Albert! oh, my boy! you ’s my last baby. Lord, how ken I?”

“Come, take her off, can’t some of ye?” said Haley, dryly; “don’t do no good for her to go on that ar way.”

The old men of the company, partly by persuasion and partly by force, loosed the poor creature’s last despairing hold, and, as they led her off to her new master’s wagon, strove to comfort her.

“Now!” said Haley, pushing his three purchases^④ together, and producing a bundle of handcuffs, which he proceeded to put on their wrists; and fastening each handcuff to a long chain^⑤, he drove them before him to the jail.

A few days saw Haley, with his possessions, safely deposited on one of the Ohio boats. It was the commencement of his gang, to be augmented, as the boat moved on, by various other merchandise of the same kind, which he, or his agent, had stored for him in various points along shore.

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|---------------------------|-------------|---------------------------|
| ① summary ['sʌməri] | n. | 摘要, 概要 |
| | adj. | 概括的, 简要的 (CET4) |
| ② destitute ['destitju:t] | adj. | 赤贫的, 贫苦的; 没有的, 缺乏的 (CET6) |
| ③ victim ['viktɪm] | n. | 牺牲者, 受害者, 受灾者 (CET4) |
| ④ purchase ['pɜ:tʃəs] | n. | 购买, 购置, 买到的东西 (CET4) |
| ⑤ chain [tʃein] | n. | 链, 一系列的事物 (CET4) |

The La Belle Riviere, as brave and beautiful a boat as ever walked the waters of her namesake river, was floating gayly down the stream, under a brilliant sky, the stripes and stars of free America waving and fluttering^① over head; the guards crowded with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen walking and enjoying the delightful day. All was full of life, buoyant and rejoicing;—all but Haley's gang, who were stored, with other freight, on the lower deck, and who, somehow, did not seem to appreciate their various privileges, as they sat in a knot, talking to each other in low tones.

“Boys,” said Haley, coming up, briskly, “I hope you keep up good heart, and are cheerful. Now, no sulks, ye see; keep stiff^② upper lip, boys; do well by me, and I'll do well by you.”

The boys addressed responded the invariable “Yes, Mas'r,” for ages the watchword of poor Africa; but it's to be owned they did not look particularly cheerful; they had their various little prejudices in favor of wives, mothers, sisters, and children, seen for the last time,—and though “they that wasted them required^③ of them mirth,” it was not instantly forthcoming.

“I've got a wife,” spoke out the article enumerated as “John, aged thirty,” and he laid his chained hand on Tom's knee,— “and she don't know a word about this, poor girl!”

“Where does she live?” said Tom.

“In a tavern a piece down here,” said John; “I wish, now, I could see her once more in this world,” he added.

Poor John! It was rather natural; and the tears that fell, as he spoke, came as naturally as if he had been a white man. Tom drew a long breath from a sore heart, and tried, in his poor way, to comfort him.

And over head, in the cabin, sat fathers and mothers, husbands and wives; and merry, dancing children moved round among them, like so many little butterflies, and everything was going on quite easy and comfortable.

“O, mamma,” said a boy, who had just come up from below, “there’s a negro trader on board, and he’s brought four or five slaves down there.”

“Poor creatures!” said the mother, in a tone between grief^④ and indignation.

“What’s that?” said another lady.

“Some poor slaves below,” said the mother.

“And they’ve got chains on,” said the boy.

“What a shame to our country that such sights are to be seen!” said another lady.

“O, there’s a great deal to be said on both sides of the

① flutter ['flʌtə]

vi.

飘动, (心) 快速跳动 (CET4)

② stiff [stɪf]

adj.

不易弯曲的, 僵硬的 (CET4)

③ require [rɪ'kwaɪə]

vi.

必须, 必修 (CET4)

④ grief [gri:f]

n.

悲伤, 悲痛, 悲伤的事 (CET4)

subject,” said a genteel woman, who sat at her state-room door sewing, while her little girl and boy were playing round her. “I’ve been south, and I must say I think the negroes are better off than they would be to be free.”

“In some respects, some of them are well off, I grant,” said the lady to whose remark she had answered. “The most dreadful part of slavery, to my mind, is its outrages on the feelings and affections^①,—the separating of families, for example.”

“That is a bad thing, certainly,” said the other lady, holding up a baby’s dress she had just completed, and looking intently on its trimmings; “but then, I fancy, it don’t occur^② often.”

“O, it does,” said the first lady, eagerly; “I’ve lived many years in Kentucky and Virginia both, and I’ve seen enough to make any one’s heart sick. Suppose, ma’am, your two children, there, should be taken from you, and sold?”

“We can’t reason from our feelings to those of this class of persons,” said the other lady, sorting out some worsteds on her lap.

“Indeed, ma’am, you can know nothing of them, if you say so,” answered the first lady, warmly. “I was born and brought up^③ among them. I know they do feel, just as keenly,—even more so, perhaps,—as we do.”

The lady said “Indeed!” yawned, and looked out the

cabin window, and finally repeated, for a finale, the remark with which she had begun,— “After all, I think they are better off than they would be to be free.”

“It’s undoubtedly the intention of Providence that the African race should be servants,—kept in a low condition,” said a grave-looking gentleman in black, a clergyman, seated by the cabin door. “‘Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be,’ the scripture says.”

“I say, stranger, is that ar what that text means?” said a tall man, standing by.

“Undoubtedly. It pleased Providence, for some inscrutable reason, to doom the race to bondage, ages ago; and we must not set up our opinion against that.”

“Well, then, we’ll all go ahead and buy up niggers,” said the man, “if that’s the way of Providence,—won’t we, Squire?” said he, turning to Haley, who had been standing, with his hands in his pockets, by the stove^④ and intently^⑤ listening to the conversation.

“Yes,” continued the tall man, “we must all be resigned to the decrees of Providence. Niggers must be sold, and

① affection [ə'fekʃən]

n.

喜爱, 爱, 感情 (CET6)

② occur [ə'kɔ:]

vi.

发生, 举行, 存在 (CET4)

③ bring up

教育, 培养, 提出 (CET4)

④ stove [stəʊv]

n.

炉, 火炉 (CET4)

⑤ intently [in'tentli]

adv.

专心地, 专注地 (CET4)

trucked round, and kept under; it's what they's made for. 'Pears like this yer view 's quite refreshing, an't it, stranger?" said he to Haley.

"I never thought on 't," said Haley, "I couldn't have said as much, myself; I ha'nt no larning. I took up the trade just to make a living; if 'tan't right, I calculated to 'pent on 't in time, ye know."

"And now you'll save yerself the trouble, won't ye?" said the tall man. "See what 't is, now, to know scripture. If ye'd only studied yer Bible, like this yer good man, ye might have know'd it before, and saved ye a heap o' trouble. Ye could jist have said, 'Cussed be'—what's his name?— 'and 't would all have come right.'" And the stranger, who was no other than the honest drover whom we introduced to our readers in the Kentucky tavern, sat down, and began smoking, with a curious^① smile on his long, dry face.

A tall, slender young man, with a face expressive of great feeling and intelligence, here broke in, and repeated the words, "'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.' I suppose," he added, "that is scripture, as much as 'Cursed be Canaan.'"

"Wal, it seems quite as plain a text, stranger," said John the drover, "to poor fellows like us, now;" and John smoked on like a volcano^②.

The young man paused, looked as if he was going to say

more, when suddenly the boat stopped, and the company made the usual steamboat^③ rush, to see where they were landing.

“Both them ar chaps parsons?” said John to one of the men, as they were going out.

The man nodded.

As the boat stopped, a black woman came running wildly up the plank, darted into the crowd, flew up to where the slave gang sat, and threw her arms round that unfortunate piece of merchandise before enumerate— “John, aged thirty,” and with sobs and tears bemoaned him as her husband.

But what needs tell the story, told too oft,—every day told,—of heart-strings rent and broken,—the weak broken and torn for the profit and convenience of the strong! It needs not to be told;—every day is telling it,—telling it, too, in the ear of One who is not deaf, though he be long silent.

The young man who had spoken for the cause of humanity^④ and God before stood with folded arms, looking on this scene. He turned, and Haley was standing at his side. “My friend,” he said, speaking with thick utterance, “how

① curious ['kjuəriəs] **adj.** 好奇的, 好求知的 (CET4)

② volcano [vɒl'keɪnəʊ] **n.** 火山 (CET4)

③ steamboat ['sti:mbəʊt] **n.** 汽艇, 汽船 (CET4)

④ humanity [hju:'mæniti] **n.** 人, 人类, 人性, 人文学科 (CET6)

can you, how dare you, carry on a trade like this? Look at those poor creatures! Here I am, rejoicing in my heart that I am going home to my wife and child; and the same bell which is a signal to carry me onward towards them will part this poor man and his wife forever. Depend upon it, God will bring you into judgment^① for this.”

The trader turned away in silence.

“I say, now,” said the drover, touching his elbow, “there’s differences in parsons, an’t there? ‘Cussed be Canaan’ don’t seem to go down with this ’un, does it?”

Haley gave an uneasy growl.

“And that ar an’t the worst on ’t,” said John; “mabbee it won’t go down with the Lord, neither, when ye come to settle with Him, one o’ these days, as all on us must, I reckon^②.”

Haley walked reflectively to the other end of the boat.

“If I make pretty handsomely on one or two next gangs,” he thought, “I reckon I’ll stop off this yer; it’s really getting dangerous.” And he took out his pocket-book, and began adding over his accounts,—a process which many gentlemen besides Mr. Haley have found a specific for an uneasy conscience.

The boat swept proudly away from the shore, and all went on merrily, as before. Men talked, and loafed, and read, and smoked. Women sewed, and children played, and the boat passed on her way.

One day, when she lay to for a while at a small town in Kentucky, Haley went up into the place on a little matter of business.

Tom, whose fetters did not prevent his taking a moderate^③ circuit, had drawn near the side of the boat, and stood listlessly gazing over the railing. After a time, he saw the trader returning, with an alert step, in company with a colored woman, bearing in her arms a young child. She was dressed quite respectably^④, and a colored man followed her, bringing along a small trunk. The woman came cheerfully onward, talking, as she came, with the man who bore her trunk, and so passed up the plank into the boat. The bell rung, the steamer whizzed, the engine groaned and coughed, and away swept the boat down the river.

The woman walked forward among the boxes and bales of the lower deck, and, sitting down, busied herself with chirruping to her baby.

Haley made a turn or two about the boat, and then, coming up, seated himself near her, and began saying something to her in an indifferent undertone.

① judgment ['dʒʌdʒmənt] **n.** 判断 (CET4)

② reckon ['rekən] **vt.** 猜想, 估计, 考虑 (CET4)

③ moderate ['mɒdərit] **adj.** 中等的, 适度的, 温和的 (CET4)

④ respectable ['riːspektəbl] **adj.** 可敬的, 值得尊敬的 (CET4)

Tom soon noticed a heavy cloud passing over the woman's brow; and that she answered rapidly, and with great vehemence^①.

"I don't believe it,—I won't believe it!" he heard her say. "You're jist a foolin with me."

"If you won't believe it, look here!" said the man, drawing out a paper; "this yer's the bill of sale, and there's your master's name to it; and I paid down good solid cash for it, too, I can tell you,—so, now!"

"I don't believe Mas'r would cheat me so; it can't be true!" said the woman, with increasing agitation.

"You can ask any of these men here, that can read writing. Here!" he said, to a man that was passing by, "jist read this yer, won't you! This yer gal won't believe me, when I tell her what 't is."

"Why, it's a bill of sale, signed by John Fosdick," said the man, "making over to you the girl Lucy and her child. It's all straight enough, for aught I see."

The woman's passionate exclamations collected a crowd around her, and the trader briefly explained to them the cause of the agitation.

"He told me that I was going down to Louisville, to hire^② out as cook to the same tavern where my husband works,—that's what Mas'r told me, his own self; and I can't believe he'd lie to me," said the woman.

“But he has sold you, my poor woman, there’s no doubt about it,” said a good-natured looking man, who had been examining the papers; “he has done it, and no mistake.”

“Then it’s no account talking,” said the woman, suddenly growing quite calm; and, clasping her child tighter in her arms, she sat down on her box, turned her back round, and gazed^③ listlessly into the river.

“Going to take it easy, after all!” said the trader. “Gal’s got grit, I see.”

The woman looked calm, as the boat went on; and a beautiful soft summer breeze passed like a compassionate spirit over her head,—the gentle breeze, that never inquires^④ whether the brow is dusky or fair that it fans.

And she saw sunshine sparkling on the water, in golden ripples, and heard gay voices, full of ease and pleasure, talking around her everywhere; but her heart lay as if a great stone had fallen on it. Her baby raised himself up against her, and stroked her cheeks with his little hands; and, springing up and down, crowing and chatting^⑤, seemed determined to

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| ① vehemence ['vi:iməns] | n. | 热烈; 强烈; 猛烈; 愤怒 (CET6) |
| ② hire ['haɪə] | vt. | 雇佣, 租用 |
| | n. | 租金, 工钱 (CET4) |
| ③ gaze [geɪz] | vi. | 凝视, 注视 |
| | n. | 凝视, 端详 (CET4) |
| ④ inquire [in'kwaɪə] | vt. vi. | 打听, 询问 (CET4) |
| ⑤ chat [tʃæt] | n. | 闲谈, 聊天 (CET4) |

arouse her. She strained him suddenly and tightly in her arms, and slowly one tear after another fell on his wondering, unconscious face; and gradually she seemed, and little by little, to grow calmer, and busied herself with tending and nursing him.

The child, a boy of ten months, was uncommonly large and strong of his age, and very vigorous in his limbs. Never, for a moment, still, he kept his mother constantly busy in holding him, and guarding his springing activity.

“That’s a fine chap!” said a man, suddenly stopping opposite^① to him, with his hands in his pockets. “How old is he?”

“Ten months and a half,” said the mother.

The man whistled to the boy, and offered him part of a stick of candy, which he eagerly grabbed at, and very soon had it in a baby’s general depository, to wit, his mouth.

“Rum fellow!” said the man “Knows what’s what!” and he whistled, and walked on. When he had got to the other side of the boat, he came across Haley, who was smoking on top of a pile of boxes.

The stranger produced a match^②, and lighted a cigar, saying, as he did so,

“Decentish kind o’ wench you’ve got round there, stranger.”

“Why, I reckon she is tol’able fair,” said Haley, blowing

the smoke out of his mouth.

“Taking her down south?” said the man.

Haley nodded, and smoked on.

“Plantation hand?” said the man.

“Wal,” said Haley, “I’m fillin’ out an order for a plantation, and I think I shall put her in. They telled me she was a good cook; and they can use her for that, or set her at the cotton-picking. She’s got the right fingers for that; I looked at ’em. Sell well, either way;” and Haley resumed^③ his cigar.

“They won’t want the young ’un on the plantation,” said the man.

“I shall sell him, first chance I find,” said Haley, lighting another cigar.

“S’pose you’d be selling him tol’able cheap,” said the stranger, mounting the pile of boxes, and sitting down comfortably.

“Don’t know ’bout that,” said Haley; “he’s a pretty smart^④ young ’un, straight, fat, strong; flesh as hard as a

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| ① opposite ['ɒpəzɪt] | adj. | 对面的, 相反的, 对立的 |
| | n. | 对立面 (CET4) |
| ② match [mætʃ] | n. | 比赛, 竞赛; 对手, 敌手 (CET4) |
| ③ resume [ri'zju:m] | vt. | 重新开始, 恢复 (CET4) |
| ④ smart [smɑ:t] | adj. | 整洁漂亮的; 思维敏捷的, 伶俐的, 聪明的 (CET4) |

brick!”

“Very true, but then there’s the bother and expense of raisin’.”

“Nonsense!” said Haley; “they is raised as easy as any kind of critter there is going; they an’t a bit more trouble than pups. This yer chap will be running all around, in a month.”

“I’ve got a good place for raisin’, and I thought of takin’ in a little more stock,” said the man. “One cook lost a young’un last week,—got drowned in a washtub, while she was a hangin’ out the clothes,—and I reckon it would be well enough to set her to raisin’ this yer.”

Haley and the stranger smoked a while in silence, neither seeming willing to broach the test question of the interview^①. At last the man resumed:

“You wouldn’t think of wantin’ more than ten dollars for that ar chap, seeing you must get him off yer hand, any how?”

Haley shook his head, and spit impressively^②.

“That won’t do, no ways,” he said, and began his smoking again.

“Well, stranger, what will you take?”

“Well, now,” said Haley, “I could raise that ar chap myself, or get him raised; he’s uncommon likely and healthy, and he’d fetch a hundred dollars, six months hence; and, in a year or two, he’d bring two hundred, if I had him in the right

spot; I shan't take a cent less nor fifty for him now."

"O, stranger! that's ridiculous, altogether," said the man.

"Fact!" said Haley, with a decisive nod of his head.

"I'll give thirty for him," said the stranger, "but not a cent more."

"Now, I'll tell ye what I will do," said Haley, spitting again, with renewed decision. "I'll split the difference, and say forty-five; and that's the most I will do."

"Well, agreed!" said the man, after an interval^③.

"Done!" said Haley. "Where do you land?"

"At Louisville," said the man.

"Louisville," said Haley. "Very fair, we get there about dusk. Chap will be asleep,—all fair,—get him off quietly, and no screaming^④,—happens beautiful,—I like to do everything quietly,—I hates all kind of agitation and fluster." And so, after a transfer of certain bills had passed from the man's pocket-book to the trader's, he resumed his cigar.

It was a bright, tranquil evening when the boat stopped at the wharf at Louisville. The woman had been sitting with her baby in her arms, now wrapped in a heavy sleep. When

① interview ['intəvju:] **n.** 面谈, 面试; 采访, 交谈 (CET4)

② impressively [im'presivli] **adv.** 给人印象深刻地, 感人地 (CET4)

③ interval ['intəvəl] **n.** 间隔时间, 幕间休息 (CET4)

④ scream [skri:m] **vi.** 尖叫 (CET4)

she heard the name of the place called out, she hastily laid the child down in a little cradle formed by the hollow^① among the boxes, first carefully spreading under it her cloak; and then she sprung to the side of the boat, in hopes that, among the various hotel-waiters who thronged the wharf, she might see her husband. In this hope, she pressed forward to the front rails, and, stretching far over them, strained her eyes intently on the moving heads on the shore, and the crowd pressed in between her and the child.

“Now’s your time,” said Haley, taking the sleeping child up, and handing him to the stranger. “Don’t wake him up, and set him to crying, now; it would make a devil of a fuss with the gal.” The man took the bundle carefully, and was soon lost in the crowd that went up the wharf.

When the boat, creaking, and groaning, and puffing, had loosed from the wharf, and was beginning slowly to strain herself along, the woman returned to her old seat. The trader was sitting there,—the child was gone!

“Why, why,—where?” she began, in bewildered^② surprise.

“Lucy,” said the trader, “your child’s gone; you may as well know it first as last. You see, I know’d you couldn’t take him down south; and I got a chance to sell him to a first-rate family, that’ll raise him better than you can.”

The trader had arrived at that stage of Christian and

political perfection which has been recommended by some preachers and politicians of the north, lately, in which he had completely overcome every humane weakness and prejudice^③.

His heart was exactly where yours, sir, and mine could be brought, with proper effort and cultivation. The wild look of anguish and utter despair that the woman cast on him might have disturbed one less practised; but he was used to it. He had seen that same look hundreds of times. You can get used to such things, too, my friend; and it is the great object of recent efforts to make our whole northern community^④ used to them, for the glory of the Union. So the trader only regarded the mortal anguish which he saw working in those dark features, those clenched hands, and suffocating breathings, as necessary incidents of the trade, and merely calculated whether she was going to scream, and get up a commotion on the boat; for, like other supporters of our peculiar institution, he decidedly disliked agitation.

But the woman did not scream. The shot had passed too straight and direct through the heart, for cry or tear.

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| ① hollow ['hɒləʊ] | adj. 空的, 空洞的, 虚伪的 (CET4) |
| ② bewilder [bi'wɪldə] | vt. 使迷惑, 使难住 (CET4) |
| ③ prejudice ['predʒudis] | n. 成见, 偏见, 歧视 (CET4) |
| ④ community [kə'mju:nɪti] | n. 社区, 社会, 团体 (CET4) |
| ⑤ slack [slæk] | adj. 松弛的, 懈怠的, 马虎的 (CET4) |

Dizzily she sat down. Her slack^⑤ hands fell lifeless by her side. Her eyes looked straight forward, but she saw nothing. All the noise and hum of the boat, the groaning of the machinery, mingled dreamily to her bewildered ear; and the poor, dumb-stricken heart had neither cry nor tear to show for its utter misery. She was quite calm.

The trader, who, considering his advantages^①, was almost as humane as some of our politicians, seemed to feel called on to administer such consolation as the case admitted of.

“I know this yer comes kinder hard, at first, Lucy,” said he; “but such a smart, sensible gal as you are, won’t give way to it. You see it’s necessary, and can’t be helped!”

“O! don’t, Mas’r, don’t!” said the woman, with a voice like one that is smothering.

“You’re a smart wench, Lucy,” he persisted; “I mean to do well by ye, and get ye a nice place down river; and you’ll soon get another husband,—such a likely gal as you—”

“O! Mas’r, if you only won’t talk to me now,” said the woman, in a voice of such quick and living anguish that the trader felt that there was something at present in the case beyond his style of operation. He got up, and the woman turned away, and buried her head in her cloak.

The trader walked up and down for a time, and occasionally stopped and looked at her.

“Takes it hard, rather,” he soliloquized, “but quiet,

tho';—let her sweat a while; she'll come right, by and by!"

Tom had watched the whole transaction from first to last, and had a perfect understanding of its results. To him, it looked like something unutterably horrible and cruel, because, poor, ignorant black soul! he had not learned to generalize, and to take enlarged views. If he had only been instructed^② by certain ministers of Christianity, he might have thought better of it, and seen in it an every-day incident of a lawful trade; a trade which is the vital suport of an institution which an American divine³ tells us has "no evils but such as are inseparable from any other relations in social and domestic^③ life." But Tom, as we see, being a poor, ignorant fellow, whose reading had been confined entirely to the New Testament, could not comfort and solace himself with views like these. His very soul bled within him for what seemed to him the wrongs of the poor suffering thing that lay like a crushed reed on the boxes; the feeling, living, bleeding, yet immortal^④ thing, which American state law coolly classes with the bundles, and bales, and boxes, among which she is lying.

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- ① advantage [əd'vɑ:ntidʒ] **n.** 有利条件, 有利因素, 益处, 利益 (CET4)
- ② instruct [in'strʌkt] **vt.** 指示, 指导 (CET4)
- ③ domestic [də'mestik] **adj.** 本国的, 国内的; 家庭的, 家用的 (CET4)
- ④ immortal [i'mɔ:tl] **adj.** 不朽的; 流芳百世的 (CET4)

Tom drew near, and tried to say something; but she only groaned. Honestly, and with tears running down his own cheeks, he spoke of a heart of love in the skies, of a pitying Jesus, and an eternal home; but the ear was deaf with anguish, and the palsied heart could not feel.

Night came on,—night calm^①, unmoved, and glorious, shining down with her innumerable and solemn angel eyes, twinkling, beautiful, but silent. There was no speech nor language, no pitying voice or helping hand, from that distant sky. One after another, the voices of business or pleasure died away; all on the boat were sleeping, and the ripples at the prow were plainly heard. Tom stretched himself out on a box, and there, as he lay, he heard, ever and anon, a smothered sob or cry from the prostrate creature,—“O! what shall I do? O Lord! O good Lord, do help me!” and so, ever and anon, until the murmur died away in silence.

At midnight, Tom waked, with a sudden start. Something black passed quickly by him to the side of the boat, and he heard a splash in the water. No one else saw or heard anything. He raised his head,—the woman's place was vacant! He got up, and sought about him in vain. The poor bleeding heart was still, at last, and the river rippled and dimpled just as brightly as if it had not closed above it.

Patience! patience! ye whose hearts swell indignant at wrongs like these. Not one throb of anguish, not one tear of

the oppressed, is forgotten by the Man of Sorrows, the Lord of Glory. In his patient, generous bosom he bears the anguish of a world. Bear thou, like him, in patience, and labor in love; for sure as he is God, “the year of his redeemed shall come.”

The trader waked up bright and early, and came out to see to his live stock. It was now his turn to look about in perplexity.

“Where alive is that gal?” he said to Tom.

Tom, who had learned the wisdom^② of keeping counsel^③, did not feel called upon to state his observations and suspicions, but said he did not know.

“She surely couldn’t have got off in the night at any of the landings, for I was awake, and on the lookout, whenever the boat stopped. I never trust these yer things to other folks.”

This speech was addressed to Tom quite confidentially, as if it was something that would be specially interesting to him. Tom made no answer.

The trader searched the boat from stem to stern, among boxes, bales and barrels, around the machinery, by the chimneys, in vain.

“Now, I say, Tom, be fair about this yer,” he said, when, after a fruitless search, he came where Tom was standing.

① calm [kɑ:m] **adj.** 平静的, 无风的; 镇定的, 沉着的 (CET4)

② wisdom ['wɪzdəm] **n.** 智慧, 知识, 学问 (CET4)

③ counsel ['kaʊnsəl] **n.** 忠告, 劝告, 建议 (CET4)

“You know something about it, now. Don’t tell me,—I know you do. I saw the gal stretched out here about ten o’clock, and ag’in at twelve, and ag’in between one and two; and then at four she was gone, and you was a sleeping right there all the time. Now, you know something,—you can’t help it.”

“Well, Mas’r,” said Tom, “towards morning something brushed by me, and I kinder half woke; and then I hearn a great splash, and then I clare woke up, and the gal was gone. That’s all I know on ’t.”

The trader was not shocked nor amazed; because, as we said before, he was used to a great many things that you are not used to. Even the awful presence of Death struck no solemn chill upon him. He had seen Death many times,—met him in the way of trade, and got acquainted with him,—and he only thought of him as a hard customer, that embarrassed his property^① operations very unfairly; and so he only swore that the gal was a baggage^②, and that he was devilish unlucky, and that, if things went on in this way, he should not make a cent on the trip. In short, he seemed to consider himself an ill-used man, decidedly; but there was no help for it, as the woman had escaped into a state which never will give up a fugitive,—not even at the demand of the whole glorious^③ Union. The trader, therefore, sat discontentedly down, with his little account-book, and put down the missing body and soul under the head of losses!

“He’s a shocking creature, isn’t he,—this trader? so unfeeling! It’s dreadful, really!”

“O, but nobody thinks anything of these traders! They are universally despised,—never received into any decent^④ society.”

But who, sir, makes the trader? Who is most to blame? The enlightened, cultivated, intelligent man, who supports the system of which the trader is the inevitable result, or the poor trader himself? You make the public statement that calls for his trade, that debauches and depraves him, till he feels no shame in it; and in what are you better than he?

Are you educated and he ignorant, you high and he low, you refined and he coarse, you talented and he simple?

In the day of a future judgment, these very considerations^⑤ may make it more tolerable for him than for you.

In concluding these little incidents of lawful trade, we must beg the world not to think that American legislators are entirely destitute of humanity, as might, perhaps, be unfairly

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| ① property ['prɒpəti] | n. 财产, 资产, 所有物 (CET4) |
| ② baggage ['bæɡɪdʒ] | n. 行李 (CET4) |
| ③ glorious ['ɡlɔːriəs] | adj. 荣誉的, 光荣的; 辉煌的, 壮丽的 (CET4) |
| ④ decent ['diːsnt] | adj. 正派的, 合乎礼仪的, 得体的 (CET4) |
| ⑤ consideration [kənsɪdə'reɪʃən] | n. 体贴, 关心; 考虑的事 (CET4) |

inferred from the great efforts made in our national body to protect and perpetuate this species of traffic.

Who does not know how our great men are outdoing themselves, in declaiming against the foreign slave-trade. There are a perfect host of Clarksons and Wilberforces⁴ risen up among us on that subject, most edifying to hear and behold. Trading negroes^① from Africa, dear reader, is so horrid! It is not to be thought of! But trading them from Kentucky,—that's quite another thing!



① negro ['ni:grəu]

n.

黑种人，黑人；

adj.

黑人的 (CET4)

佳句赏析

1. Tom received this agreeable intelligence quite meekly; simply wondering, in his own heart, how many of these doomed men had wives and children, and whether they would feel as he did about leaving them.

> 汤姆和颜悦色地听着这令人高兴的消息，心中暗想，这批可怜的黑人里，不知又会有多少人要妻离子散，在他们离别时，会不会和他一样伤心欲绝？

* “wondering...” 为分词短语，起补充作用，how many... 从句和 whether 从句都是 wonder 的宾语从句。

2. A brilliant sky, the stripes and stars of free America waving and fluttering over head; the guards crowded with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen walking and enjoying the delightful day.

> 万里晴空，阳光明媚，船桅上的美利坚星条旗随风飘扬，穿戴考究的绅士淑女们在甲板上悠闲地散着步，尽情享受美好时光。

* 名词 + 分词短语作独立结构，三个并列分词短语为 waving..., crowded with... 和 walking and enjoying...。

3. Tom, who had learned the wisdom of keeping counsel, did not feel called upon to state his observations and suspicions,

but said he did not know.

> 汤姆只说自己不知道，他认为保持沉默才是明智之举。他没有必要把自己昨晚看见的和心里的想法告诉这个人。

*who 引导定语从句修饰 Tom。

4. Who is most to blame? The enlightened, cultivated, intelligent man, who supports the system of which the trader is the inevitable result, or the poor trader himself?

> 是谁更应当承担罪责？是那些奴隶贩子，还是那些有教养、有文化的文明人？事实上，奴隶贩子只是奴隶制度的必然产物，而有教养的人正是这种制度的极力维护者。

*which 是关系代词，在这里放在介词后面作介词的宾语，引导定语从句。

名句大搜索

1. 夜幕降临，宁静的夜空中闪烁着无数颗明亮的星星，它们看上去庄严肃穆，宁静美丽。
2. 荣耀的上帝，不会忘记苦难的人们，不会忘记他们所遭受的苦难和他们流的每一滴泪水，上帝的胸怀宽广得能包容人世间一切苦难。
3. 像上帝那样学会忍耐吧，用爱心去做善事吧。因为上帝应允过：“教赎我民之年必将来到。”
4. 这个时候，赫利好不容易挤到这群人中间，走到那个老头面前，用手扳开他的嘴，往里瞧了瞧，又试了试他的牙齿，让他站起来，伸伸背，弯弯腰，还做了几个动作，看他的肌肉还结不结实。

5. 几天后，赫利带着他的奴隶，坐上了一条行驶在俄亥俄河上的轮船。
6. 难道仅仅因为你们有文化，他们愚昧；你们高贵，他们卑贱；你们文雅，他们粗俗；你们聪明，他们愚蠢吗？

Chapter 5 Of Tom's New Master, and Various Other Matters



第五章 汤姆的新主人及其他

中文导读

艾莉查躲到了宁静的教友村，这里的人品性淳良，充满了爱心和善念，为艾莉查的逃亡之路提供了一个安全的场所。当她得知自己的丈夫从主人家逃出来跟她团聚时，更是幸福得昏厥。

汤姆在船上认识了一位绅士，并且搭救了他的女儿伊娃，汤姆的老实温和很快博得了天使般圣洁美丽的姑娘的好感，便央求其父亲将他买下，这样汤姆就拥有了自己的新东家。

圣克莱尔出身名门，家道富有，为人善良慷慨，不幸的是，他的太太玛丽是一个吹毛求疵、自私冷酷的角色，加上重病缠身，于是圣克莱尔请来了自己的堂姐奥菲利亚来料理一切，圣克莱尔的住房富丽堂皇，汤姆显然被其精美华丽震撼了，于是，汤姆开始了他人生的又一段旅程，但平静安宁的生活里藏着巨大的黑洞，盛着死亡和分离，汤姆的考验才刚刚开始。

Chapter 5

Since the thread^① of our humble hero's life has now become interwoven with that of higher ones, it is necessary to give some brief introduction to them.

Augustine St. Clare was the son of a wealthy planter of Louisiana. The family had its origin in Canada. Of two brothers, very similar in temperament^② and character, one had settled on a flourishing farm in Vermont, and the other became an opulent planter in Louisiana. The mother of Augustine was a Huguenot French lady, whose family had emigrated to Louisiana during the days of its early settlement. Augustine and another brother were the only children of

their parents. Having inherited from his mother an exceeding delicacy of constitution, he was, at the instance of physicians, during many years of his boyhood, sent to the care of his uncle in Vermont, in order that his constitution might, be strengthened by the cold of a more bracing climate^③.

In childhood, he was remarkable for an extreme and marked sensitiveness of character, more akin to the softness of woman than the ordinary hardness of his own sex. Time, however, overgrew this softness with the rough bark of manhood, and but few knew how living and fresh it still lay at the core. His talents were of the very first order, although his mind showed a preference always for the ideal and the aesthetic, and there was about him that repugnance to the actual business of life which is the common result of this balance of the faculties^④. Soon after the completion of his college course, his whole nature was kindled into one intense and passionate effervescence of romantic passion. His hour came,—the hour that comes only once; his star rose in the horizon,—that star that rises so often in vain, to be remembered only as a thing of dreams; and it rose for him in

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| ① thread [θred] | n. | 线, 细线; 线路, 思路 (CET4) |
| ② temperament [tempərəmənt] | n. | 性格, 性情, 气质 (CET4) |
| ③ climate ['klaɪmɪt] | n. | 气候 (CET4) |
| ④ faculty ['fækəlti] | n. | 能力, 才能; 院, 系, 部门 (CET4) |

vain. To drop the figure,—he saw and won the love of a high-minded and beautiful woman, in one of the northern states, and they were affianced.

He returned south to make arrangements for their marriage, when, most unexpectedly, his letters were returned to him by mail, with a short note from her guardian, stating to him that ere this reached him the lady would be the wife of another. Stung to madness, he vainly hoped, as many another has done, to fling the whole thing from his heart by one desperate^① effort. Too proud to supplicate or seek explanation, he threw himself at once into a whirl of fashionable society, and in a fortnight^② from the time of the fatal letter was the accepted lover of the reigning belle of the season; and as soon as arrangements could be made, he became the husband of a fine figure, a pair of bright dark eyes, and a hundred thousand dollars; and, of course, everybody thought him a happy fellow.

The married couple were enjoying their honeymoon, and entertaining^③ a brilliant circle of friends in their splendid villa, near Lake Pontchartrain, when, one day, a letter was brought to him in that well-remembered writing. It was handed to him while he was in full tide of gay and successful conversation, in a whole room-full of company. He turned deadly pale when he saw the writing, but still preserved his composure, and finished the playful warfare of badinage

which he was at the moment carrying on with a lady opposite; and, a short time after, was missed from the circle. In his room, alone, he opened and read the letter, now worse than idle and useless to be read. It was from her, giving a long account of a persecution to which she had been exposed by her guardian's family, to lead her to unite herself with their son: and she related how, for a long time, his letters had ceased^④ to arrive; how she had written time and again, till she became weary and doubtful; how her health had failed under her anxieties, and how, at last, she had discovered the whole fraud which had been practised on them both. The letter ended with expressions of hope and thankfulness, and professions of undying affection, which were more bitter than death to the unhappy young man. He wrote to her immediately:

“I have received yours,—but too late. I believed all I heard. I was desperate. I am married, and all is over. Only forget,—it is all that remains for either of us.”

And thus ended the whole romance and ideal of life for Augustine St. Clare. But the real remained,—the real, like the flat, bare, oozy tide-mud, when the blue sparkling wave, with

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| ① desperate ['despəɪt] | adj. | 不顾一切的, 拼命的 (CET4) |
| ② fortnight ['fɔ:təɪt] | n. | 两星期, 十四天 (CET4) |
| ③ entertaining [enta'teɪnɪŋ] | adj. | 有趣的, 娱乐的, 使人愉快的 (CET4) |
| ④ cease [si:s] | vt. vi. | 停止, 终止, 结束 (CET4) |

all its company of gliding boats and white-winged ships, its music of oars and chiming waters, has gone down, and there it lies, flat, slimy, bare,—exceedingly real.

Of course, in a novel, people's hearts break, and they die, and that is the end of it; and in a story this is very convenient^①. But in real life we do not die when all that makes life bright dies to us. There is a most busy and important round of eating, drinking, dressing, walking, visiting, buying, selling, talking, reading, and all that makes up what is commonly called living, yet to be gone through; and this yet remained to Augustine. Had his wife been a whole woman, she might yet have done something—as woman can—to mend the broken threads of life, and weave again into a tissue of brightness. But Marie St. Clare could not even see that they had been broken. As before stated, she consisted of a fine figure, a pair of splendid eyes, and a hundred thousand dollars; and none of these items were precisely^② the ones to minister to a mind diseased.

When Augustine, pale as death, was found lying on the sofa, and pleaded^③ sudden sick-headache as the cause of his distress, she recommended to him to smell of hartshorn; and when the paleness and headache came on week after week, she only said that she never thought Mr. St. Clare was sickly; but it seems he was very liable to sick-headaches, and that it was a very unfortunate thing for her, because he didn't enjoy going into company with her, and it seemed odd to go so

much alone, when they were just married. Augustine was glad in his heart that he had married so undiscerning a woman; but as the glosses and civilities of the honeymoon wore away, he discovered that a beautiful young woman, who has lived all her life to be caressed and waited on, might prove quite a hard mistress in domestic life.

Marie never had possessed much capability^④ of affection, or much sensibility^⑤, and the little that she had, had been merged into a most intense and unconscious selfishness; a selfishness the more hopeless, from its quiet obtuseness, its utter ignorance of any claims but her own. From her infancy, she had been surrounded with servants, who lived only to study her caprices; the idea that they had either feelings or rights had never dawned upon her, even in distant perspective. Her father, whose only child she had been, had never denied her anything that lay within the compass of human possibility; and when she entered life, beautiful, accomplished, and an heiress, she had, of course, all the eligibles and non-eligibles of the other sex sighing at her feet, and she had no doubt that Augustine was a most fortunate

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| ① convenient [kən'vinjənt] | adj. | 方便的, 便利的, 合适的 (CET4) |
| ② precisely [pri'saisli] | adv. | 精确地, 恰好, 细心地 (CET4) |
| ③ plead [pli:d] | vt. & vi. | 恳求, 请求, 提出...为借口 (CET4) |
| ④ capability [ˌkeɪpə'bɪlɪti] | n. | 能做某事的素质, 能力 (CET4) |
| ⑤ sensibility [ˌsensɪ'bɪlɪti] | n. | 识别力, 敏感性, 灵敏性 (CET6) |

man in having obtained her. It is a great mistake to suppose that a woman with no heart will be an easy creditor in the exchange of affection. There is not on earth a more merciless exactor of love from others than a thoroughly selfish woman; and the more unlovely she grows, the more jealously and scrupulously she exacts love, to the uttermost^① farthing. When, therefore, St. Clare began to drop off those gallantries and small attentions which flowed at first through the habitude of courtship, he found his sultana no way ready to resign her slave; there were abundance of tears, poutings, and small tempests, there were discontents, pinings, upbraidings. St. Clare was good-natured and self-indulgent, and sought to buy off with presents and flatteries; and when Marie became mother to a beautiful daughter, he really felt awakened, for a time, to something like tenderness.

St. Clare's mother had been a woman of uncommon elevation and purity of character, and he gave to his child his mother's name, fondly fancying that she would prove a reproduction of her image. The thing had been remarked with petulant jealousy by his wife, and she regarded her husband's absorbing devotion to the child with suspicion^② and dislike;

all that was given to her seemed so much taken from herself. From the time of the birth of this child, her health gradually^③ sunk. A life of constant inaction, bodily and

boat, where we have introduced them to our readers.

And now, while the distant domes and spires of New Orleans rise to our view, there is yet time for an introduction to Miss Ophelia.

Whoever has travelled in the New England States will remember, in some cool village, the large farmhouse, with its clean-swept grassy yard, shaded by the dense and massive foliage of the sugar maple; and remember the air of order and stillness, of perpetuity and unchanging repose, that seemed to breathe over the whole place. Nothing lost, or out of order; not a picket loose in the fence, not a particle^① of litter in the turfy yard, with its clumps of lilac bushes growing up under the windows. Within, he will remember wide, clean rooms, where nothing ever seems to be doing or going to be done, where everything is once and forever rigidly in place, and where all household arrangements move with the punctual exactness of the old clock in the corner. In the family “keeping-room,” as it is termed, he will remember the staid, respectable old book-case, with its glass doors, where Rollin’s History, Milton’s Paradise Lost, Bunyan’s Pilgrim’s Progress, and Scott’s Family Bible, stand side by side in decorous order, with multitudes^② of other books, equally solemn and respectable. There are no servants in the house, but the lady in the snowy cap, with the spectacles, who sits sewing every afternoon among her daughters, as if nothing ever had been

done, or were to be done,—she and her girls, in some long-forgotten fore part of the day, “did up the work,” and for the rest of the time, probably, at all hours when you would see them, it is “done up.” The old kitchen floor never seems stained or spotted; the tables, the chairs, and the various cooking utensils, never seem deranged or disordered; though three and sometimes four meals a day are got there, though the family washing and ironing is there performed, and though pounds of butter and cheese are in some silent and mysterious^③ manner there brought into existence.

On such a farm, in such a house and family, Miss Ophelia had spent a quiet existence of some forty-five years, when her cousin invited her to visit his southern mansion. The eldest of a large family, she was still considered by her father and mother as one of “the children,” and the proposal that she should go to Orleans was a most momentous one to the family circle. The old gray-headed father took down Morse’s Atlas out of the book-case, and looked out the exact latitude^④ and longitude; and read Flint’s Travels in the South and West, to make up his own mind as to the nature of the country.

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|----------------------------|------|-------------------|
| ① particle ['pɑ:tɪkl] | n. | 微粒, 颗粒 (CET4) |
| ② multitude ['mʌltɪtju:d] | n. | 大量, 许多 (CET6) |
| ③ mysterious [mis'tɪəriəs] | adj. | 神秘的, 难以理解的 (CET4) |
| ④ latitude ['lætɪtju:d] | n. | 纬度 (CET6) |

The good mother inquired, anxiously, “if Orleans wasn’t an awful wicked place,” saying, “that it seemed to her most equal^① to going to the Sandwich Islands, or anywhere among the heathen.”

It was known at the minister’s and at the doctor’s, and at Miss Peabody’s milliner shop, that Ophelia St. Clare was “talking about” going away down to Orleans with her cousin; and of course the whole village could do no less than help this very important process of taking about the matter. The minister, who inclined strongly to abolitionist views, was quite doubtful whether such a step might not tend somewhat to encourage the southerners in holding on to their slaves;

while the doctor, who was a staunch colonizationist, inclined to the opinion that Miss Ophelia ought to go, to show the Orleans people that we don’t think hardly of them, after all. He was of opinion, in fact, that southern people needed encouraging. When however, the fact that she had resolved to go was fully before the public mind, she was solemnly invited out to tea by all her friends and neighbors for the space of a fortnight, and her prospects and plans duly canvassed and inquired into. Miss Moseley, who came into the house to help to do the dress-making, acquired daily accessions of importance from the developments with regard to Miss Ophelia’s wardrobe which she had been enabled to make. It was credibly ascertained that Squire Sinclair, as his

name was commonly contracted in the neighborhood, had counted out fifty dollars, and given them to Miss Ophelia, and told her to buy any clothes she thought best; and that two new silk dresses, and a bonnet, had been sent for from Boston. As to the propriety of this extraordinary outlay, the public mind was divided,—some affirming^② that it was well enough, all things considered, for once in one's life, and others stoutly affirming that the money had better have been sent to the missionaries; but all parties agreed that there had been no such parasol seen in those parts as had been sent on from New York, and that she had one silk dress that might fairly^③ be trusted to stand alone, whatever might be said of its mistress. There were credible rumors, also, of a hemstitched pocket-handkerchief; and report even went so far as to state that Miss Ophelia had one pocket-handkerchief with lace all around it,—it was even added that it was worked in the corners; but this latter point was never satisfactorily ascertained, and remains, in fact, unsettled to this day.

Miss Ophelia, as you now behold her, stands before you, in a very shining brown linen travelling-dress, tall, square-formed, and angular. Her face was thin, and rather sharp

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|-------------------|---------|---------------------------|
| ① equal ['i:kwəl] | adj. | 相等的, 同样的; 平等的 (CET4) |
| ② affirm [ə'fɜ:m] | vt. vi. | 断言, 证实 (CET6) |
| ③ fairly ['feəli] | adv. | 公平地, 诚实地; 相当地, 适度地 (CET4) |

in its outlines; the lips compressed^①, like those of a person who is in the habit of making up her mind definitely on all subjects; while the keen, dark eyes had a peculiarly searching, advised movement, and travelled over everything, as if they were looking for something to take care of.

All her movements were sharp, decided, and energetic; and, though she was never much of a talker, her words were remarkably direct, and to the purpose, when she did speak.

In her habits, she was a living impersonation of order, method, and exactness. In punctuality, she was as inevitable as a clock, and as inexorable as a railroad engine; and she held in most decided contempt and abomination anything of a contrary character.

The great sin of sins, in her eyes,—the sum of all evils^②,—was expressed by one very common and important word in her vocabulary—“shiftlessness.” Her finale and ultimatum of contempt consisted in a very emphatic pronunciation of the word “shiftless;” and by this she characterized all modes of procedure^③ which had not a direct and inevitable^④ relation to accomplishment of some purpose then definitely had in mind. People who did nothing, or who did not know exactly what they were going to do, or who did not take the most direct way to accomplish what they set their hands to, were objects of her entire contempt,—a contempt shown less frequently by anything she said, than by a kind of

stony grimness, as if she scorned to say anything about the matter.

As to mental cultivation,—she had a clear, strong, active mind, was well and thoroughly read in history and the older English classics, and thought with great strength within certain narrow limits. Her theological tenets were all made up, labelled in most positive and distinct forms, and put by, like the bundles in her patch trunk; there were just so many of them, and there were never to be any more. So, also, were her ideas with regard to most matters of practical life,—such as housekeeping in all its branches, and the various political relations of her native village. And, underlying all, deeper than anything else, higher and broader, lay the strongest principle of her being—conscientiousness. Nowhere is conscience so dominant and all-absorbing as with New England women. It is the granite formation, which lies deepest, and rises out, even to the tops of the highest mountains.

Miss Ophelia was the absolute bond-slave of the “ought.” Once make her certain that the “path of duty,” as she commonly phrased^⑤ it, lay in any given direction,

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|---------------------------|------|-----------------------------|
| ① compress [kəm'pres] | vt. | 压紧, 压缩 (CET6) |
| ② evil ['i:vəl] | adj. | 邪恶的, 坏的; 讨厌的, 使人不舒服的 (CET4) |
| ③ procedure [prə'si:dʒə] | n. | 程序, 步骤 (CET4) |
| ④ inevitable [in'evitəbl] | adj. | 不可避免的, 必然发生的 (CET4) |
| ⑤ phrase [freiz] | n. | 短语, 词组, 成语 (CET4) |

and fire and water could not keep her from it. She would walk straight down into a well, or up to a loaded cannon's mouth, if she were only quite sure that there the path lay. Her standard of right was so high, so all-embracing, so minute, and making so few concessions to human frailty, that, though she strove with heroic ardor to reach it, she never actually did so, and of course was burdened with a constant and often harassing sense of deficiency;—this gave a severe and somewhat gloomy cast^① to her religious character.

But, how in the world can Miss Ophelia get along with Augustine St. Clare,—gay, easy, unpunctual, unpractical, sceptical,—in short,—walking with impudent and nonchalant freedom over every one of her most cherished habits and opinions?

To tell the truth, then, Miss Ophelia loved him. When a boy, it had been hers to teach him his catechism, mend his clothes, comb his hair, and bring him up generally in the way he should go; and her heart having a warm side to it, Augustine had, as he usually did with most people, monopolized a large share of it for himself, and therefore it was that he succeeded very easily in persuading her that the “path of duty” lay in the direction of New Orleans, and that she must go with him to take care of Eva, and keep everything from going to wreck^② and ruin during the frequent illnesses of his wife. The idea of a house without anybody to take care of it went to her heart; then she loved the lovely little girl, as

few could help doing; and though she regarded Augustine as very much of a heathen, yet she loved him, laughed at his jokes, and forbore with his failings, to an extent which those who knew him thought perfectly incredible. But what more or other is to be known of Miss Ophelia our reader must discover by a personal acquaintance.

There she is, sitting now in her state-room, surrounded by a mixed multitude of little and big carpet-bags, boxes, baskets, each containing some separate responsibility^③ which she is tying, binding up, packing, or fastening, with a face of great earnestness.

“Now, Eva, have you kept count of your things? Of course you haven’t,—children never do: there’s the spotted carpet-bag and the little blue band-box with your best bonnet,—that’s two; then the India rubber satchel is three; and my tape and needle box is four; and my band-box, five; and my collar-box; and that little hair trunk, seven. What have you done with your sunshade? Give it to me, and let me put a paper round it, and tie it to my umbrella with my shade;—there, now.”

① cast [kɑːst]

vt. & vi. 投, 掷, 扔;
类型; (CET6)

② wreck [rek]

vt. 毁坏某物 (CET4)

③ responsibility [rɪspɒnsəˈbɪlɪti]

n. 责任; 责任感, 可
信赖性; 职责, 所
负责任的事 (CET4)

“Why, aunty, we are only going up home;—what is the use?”

“To keep it nice, child; people must take care of their things, if they ever mean to have anything; and now, Eva, is your thimble^① put up?”

“Really, aunty, I don’t know.”

“Well, never mind; I’ll look your box over,—thimble, wax, two spools, scissors, knife, tape-needle; all right,—put it in here. What did you ever do, child, when you were coming on with only your papa. I should have thought you’d a lost everything you had.” “Well, aunty, I did lose a great many; and then, when we stopped anywhere, papa would buy some more of whatever it was.”

“Mercy on us, child,—what a way!”

“It was a very easy way, aunty,” said Eva.

“It’s a dreadful shiftless one,” said aunty.

“Why, aunty, what’ll you do now?” said Eva; “that trunk is too full to be shut down.”

“It must shut down,” said aunty, with the air of a general, as she squeezed the things in, and sprung upon the lid^②;—still a little gap remained about the mouth of the trunk.

“Get up here, Eva!” said Miss Ophelia, courageously; “what has been done can be done again. This trunk has got to be shut and locked—there are no two ways about it.”

And the trunk, intimidated, doubtless, by this resolute statement, gave in. The hasp snapped sharply in its hole, and Miss Ophelia turned the key, and pocketed it in triumph.

“Now we’re ready. Where’s your papa? I think it time this baggage^③ was set out. Do look out, Eva, and see if you see your papa.”

“O, yes, he’s down the other end of the gentlemen’s cabin, eating an orange.”

“He can’t know how near we are coming,” said aunty; “hadn’t you better run and speak to him?”

“Papa never is in a hurry about anything,” said Eva, “and we haven’t come to the landing. Do step on the guards, aunty. Look! there’s our house, up that street!”

The boat now began, with heavy groans, like some vast, tired monster, to prepare to push up among the multiplied steamers at the levee. Eva joyously pointed out the various spires, domes, and way-marks, by which she recognized her native city.

“Yes, yes, dear; very fine,” said Miss Ophelia. “But mercy^④ on us! the boat has stopped! where is your father?”

① thimble ['θimbl]

n.

(缝纫用的)顶针, 针箍;
套筒; 套管 (CET6)

② lid [lid]

n.

盖, 盖子 (CET4)

③ baggage ['bæɡɪdʒ]

n.

行李 (CET4)

④ mercy ['mɜːsi]

n.

宽容, 怜悯, 仁慈 (CET4)

And now ensued the usual turmoil of landing—waiters running twenty ways at once—men tugging trunks, carpet-bags, boxes—women anxiously calling to their children, and everybody crowding in a dense mass to the plank towards the landing.

Miss Ophelia seated herself resolutely on the lately vanquished trunk, and marshalling all her goods and chattels in fine military^① order, seemed resolved to defend them to the last.

“Shall I take your trunk, ma’am?” “Shall I take your baggage?” “Let me ’tend to your baggage, Missis?” “Shan’t I carry out these yer, Missis?” rained down upon her unheeded.

She sat with grim determination^②, upright as a darning-needle stuck in a board, holding on her bundle of umbrella and parasols, and replying with a determination that was enough to strike dismay even into a hackman, wondering to Eva, in each interval, “what upon earth her papa could be thinking of; he couldn’t have fallen over, now,—but something must have happened;” —and just as she had begun to work herself into a real distress, he came up, with his usually careless motion, and giving Eva a quarter of the orange he was eating, said,

“Well, Cousin Vermont, I suppose you are all ready.”

“I’ve been ready, waiting, nearly an hour,” said Miss

Ophelia; “I began to be really concerned about you.

“That’s a clever fellow, now,” said he. “Well, the carriage is waiting, and the crowd are now off, so that one can walk out in a decent and Christian manner, and not be pushed and shoved. Here,” he added to a driver who stood behind him, “take these things.”

“I’ll go and see to his putting them in,” said Miss Ophelia.

“O, pshaw, cousin, what’s the use?” said St. Clare.

“Well, at any rate, I’ll carry this, and this, and this,” said Miss Ophelia, singling out three boxes and a small carpet-bag.

“My dear Miss Vermont, positively you mustn’t come the Green Mountains over us that way. You must adopt at least a piece of a southern principle, and not walk out under all that load. They’ll take you for a waiting-maid; give them to this fellow^③; he’ll put them down as if they were eggs, now.”

Miss Ophelia looked despairingly as her cousin took all her treasures from her, and rejoiced to find herself once more in the carriage with them, in a state of preservation^④.

“Where’s Tom?” said Eva.

① military ['militəri]

adj.

军事的, 军用的; 军人的
(CET4)

② determination [di:tə'mi'neiʃən]

n.

决心, 决定 (CET4)

③ fellow ['feləu]

n.

男子, 小伙子, 家伙 (CET4)

④ preservation [ˌprezə'veiʃən]

n.

保存, 保藏, 储藏, 保持
(CET4)

“O, he’s on the outside, Pussy. I’m going to take Tom up to mother for a peace-offering, to make up for that drunken fellow that upset the carriage.”

“O, Tom will make a splendid driver, I know,” said Eva; “he’ll never get drunk.”

The carriage stopped in front of an ancient mansion, built in that odd mixture of Spanish and French style, of which there are specimens in some parts of New Orleans. It was built in the Moorish fashion,—a square building enclosing a court-yard, into which the carriage drove through an arched gateway. The court, in the inside, had evidently been arranged to gratify a picturesque and voluptuous ideality^①. Wide galleries ran all around the four sides, whose Moorish arches, slender pillars, and arabesque ornaments, carried the mind back, as in a dream, to the reign of oriental^② romance in Spain. In the middle of the court, a fountain threw high its silvery water, falling in a never-ceasing spray into a marble basin, fringed with a deep border of fragrant violets. The water in the fountain, pellucid as crystal, was alive with myriads of gold and silver fishes, twinkling and darting through it like so many living jewels. Around the fountain ran a walk, paved with a mosaic of pebbles, laid in various fanciful patterns; and this, again, was surrounded by turf, smooth as green velvet, while a carriage-drive enclosed the whole. Two large orange-trees, now fragrant with blossoms^③,

threw a delicious shade; and, ranged in a circle round upon the turf, were marble vases of arabesque sculpture, containing the choicest flowering plants of the tropics. Huge pomegranate trees, with their glossy leaves and flame-colored flowers, dark-leaved Arabian jessamines, with their silvery stars, geraniums, luxuriant roses bending beneath their heavy abundance of flowers, golden jessamines, lemon-scented verbenum, all united their bloom and fragrance, while here and there a mystic old aloe, with its strange, massive leaves, sat looking like some old enchanter, sitting in weird grandeur among the more perishable bloom and fragrance around it.

The galleries that surrounded the court were festooned with a curtain of some kind of Moorish stuff, and could be drawn down at pleasure, to exclude the beams of the sun. On the whole, the appearance^④ of the place was luxurious and romantic.

As the carriage^⑤ drove in, Eva seemed like a bird ready to burst from a cage, with the wild eagerness of her delight.

“O, isn't it beautiful, lovely! my own dear, darling

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|--------------------------|-------------|-------------------------|
| ① ideality [ˌaɪdɪˈæləti] | n. | 理想 (CET6) |
| ② oriental [ˌɔːriˈentl] | adj. | 东方的, 东方人的, 东方文化的 (CET4) |
| ③ blossom ['blɒsəm] | n. | 花, 花丛 |
| | vi. | 植物开花; 发展, 长成 (CET4) |
| ④ appearance [ə'piərəns] | n. | 出现, 显露; 外观, 外貌 (CET4) |
| ⑤ carriage ['kærɪdʒ] | n. | 四轮马车, 车辆 (CET4) |

home!” she said to Miss Ophelia. “Isn’t it beautiful?”

“’T is a pretty place,” said Miss Ophelia, as she alighted; “though it looks rather old and heathenish to me.”

Tom got down from the carriage, and looked about with an air of calm, still enjoyment. The negro, it must be remembered, is an exotic of the most gorgeous and superb countries of the world, and he has, deep in his heart, a passion for all that is splendid, rich, and fanciful; a passion which, rudely indulged^① by an untrained taste, draws on them the ridicule of the colder and more correct white race.

St. Clare, who was in heart a poetical voluptuary, smiled as Miss Ophelia made her remark on his premises, and, turning to Tom, who was standing looking round, his beaming black face perfectly radiant with admiration, he said,

“Tom, my boy, this seems to suit you.”

“Yes, Mas’r, it looks about the right thing,” said Tom.

All this passed in a moment, while trunks were being hustled off, hackman paid, and while a crowd, of all ages and sizes,—men, women, and children,—came running through the galleries, both above and below to see Mas’r come in. Foremost among them was a highly-dressed young mulatto man, evidently a very distingue personage, attired in the ultra extreme of the mode, and gracefully waving a scented cambric handkerchief in his hand.

This personage had been exerting himself, with great

alacrity, in driving all the flock of domestics to the other end of the verandah.

“Back! all of you. I am ashamed^② of you,” he said, in a tone of authority^③. “Would you intrude on Master’s domestic relations, in the first hour of his return?”

All looked abashed at this elegant speech, delivered with quite an air, and stood huddled together at a respectful distance, except two stout porters, who came up and began conveying away the baggage.

Owing to Mr. Adolph’s systematic arrangements, when St. Clare turned round from paying the hackman, there was nobody in view but Mr. Adolph himself, conspicuous^④ in satin vest, gold guard-chain, and white pants, and bowing with inexpressible grace and suavity.

“Ah, Adolph, is it you?” said his master, offering his hand to him; “how are you, boy?” while Adolph poured forth, with great fluency, an extemporary speech, which he had been preparing, with great care, for a fortnight before.

“Well, well,” said St. Clare, passing on, with his usual air of negligent drollery, “that’s very well got up, Adolph. See

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| ① indulge [in'dʌldʒ] | vt. | 放纵, 满足 (CET6) |
| ② ashamed [ə'ʃeɪmd] | adj. | 惭愧的, 羞耻的, 害臊的 (CET4) |
| ③ authority [ə'θɔ:riti] | n. | 权力, 职权; 权威, 当局 (CET4) |
| ④ conspicuous [kən'spɪkjʊəs] | adj. | 显眼的, 明显的 (CET6) |

that the baggage is well bestowed. I'll come to the people in a minute;" and, so saying, he led Miss Ophelia to a large parlor that opened on the verandah.

While this had been passing, Eva had flown like a bird, through the porch and parlor, to a little boudoir opening likewise on the verandah.

A tall, dark-eyed, sallow woman, half rose from a couch on which she was reclining.

"Mamma!" said Eva, in a sort of a rapture, throwing herself on her neck, and embracing her over and over again.

"That'll do,—take care, child,—don't, you make my head ache," said the mother, after she had languidly kissed her.

St. Clare came in, embraced his wife in true, orthodox, husbandly fashion, and then presented to her his cousin. Marie lifted her large eyes on her cousin with an air of some curiosity, and received her with languid politeness. A crowd of servants now pressed to the entry door, and among them a middle-aged mulatto woman, of very respectable appearance, stood foremost, in a tremor of expectation and joy, at the door.

"O, there's Mammy!" said Eva, as she flew across the room; and, throwing herself into her arms, she kissed her repeatedly^①.

This woman did not tell her that she made her head ache, but, on the contrary, she hugged her, and laughed, and

cried, till her sanity was a thing to be doubted of; and when released from her, Eva flew from one to another, shaking hands and kissing, in a way that Miss Ophelia afterwards declared fairly turned her stomach^②.

“Well!” said Miss Ophelia, “you southern children can do something that I couldn’t.”

“What, now, pray?” said St. Clare.

“Well, I want to be kind to everybody, and I wouldn’t have anything hurt; but as to kissing—”

“Niggers,” said St. Clare, “that you’re not up to,—hey?”

“Yes, that’s it. How can she?”

St. Clare laughed, as he went into the passage. “Halloa, here, what’s to pay out here? Here, you all—Mammy, Jimmy, Polly, Sukey—glad to see Mas’r?” he said, as he went shaking hands from one to another. “Look out for the babies!” he added, as he stumbled over a sooty little urchin, who was crawling upon all fours. “If I step upon anybody, let ’em mention^③ it.”

There was an abundance of laughing and blessing Mas’r, as St. Clare distributed small pieces of change among them.

“Come, now, take yourselves off, like good boys and girls,” he said; and the whole assemblage, dark and light,

① repeat [riˈpi:t]

vt.

复述, 背诵 (CET4)

② stomach [ˈstʌmək]

n.

胃; 腹部; 食欲, 胃口; 欲望 (CET4)

③ mention [ˈmenʃən]

vt.

提到, 说起;

n.

提及, 说起 (CET4)

disappeared through a door into a large verandah, followed by Eva, who carried a large satchel, which she had been filling with apples, nuts, candy, ribbons, laces, and toys of every description, during her whole homeward journey.

As St. Clare turned to go back his eye fell upon Tom, who was standing uneasily, shifting from one foot to the other, while Adolph stood negligently leaning against the banisters, examining Tom through an opera-glass, with an air that would have done credit^① to any dandy living.

“Puh! you puppy,” said his master, striking down the opera glass; “is that the way you treat your company? Seems to me, Dolph,” he added, laying his finger on the elegant figured satin vest that Adolph was sporting, “seems to me that’s my vest.”

“O! Master, this vest all stained with wine; of course, a gentleman in Master’s standing never wears a vest like this. I understood I was to take it. It does for a poor nigger-fellow, like me.”

And Adolph tossed his head, and passed his fingers through his scented hair, with a grace.

“So, that’s it, is it?” said St. Clare, carelessly. “Well, here, I’m going to show this Tom to his mistress, and then you take him to the kitchen; and mind you don’t put on any of your airs to him. He’s worth two such puppies as you.”

“Master always will have his joke,” said Adolph,

laughing. “I’m delighted to see Master in such spirits.”

“Here, Tom,” said St. Clare, beckoning.

Tom entered the room. He looked wistfully on the velvet carpets^②, and the before unimagined splendors of mirrors, pictures, statues, and curtains, and, like the Queen of Sheba before Solomon, there was no more spirit in him. He looked afraid even to set his feet down.

“See here, Marie,” said St. Clare to his wife, “I’ve bought you a coachman, at last, to order. I tell you, he’s a regular hearse for blackness and sobriety, and will drive you like a funeral^③, if you want. Open your eyes, now, and look at him. Now, don’t say I never think about you when I’m gone.”

Marie opened her eyes, and fixed them on Tom, without rising.

“I know he’ll get drunk,” she said.

“No, he’s warranted a pious and sober article^④.”

“Well, I hope he may turn out well,” said the lady; “it’s more than I expect, though.”

“Dolph,” said St. Clare, “show Tom down stairs; and, mind yourself,” he added; “remember what I told you.”

① credit ['kredit]

n.

赊购；存款 (CET6)

② carpet ['kɑ:pɪt]

n.

地毯 (CET4)

③ funeral ['fju:nərəl]

n.

葬礼，丧礼 (CET4)

④ article ['ɑ:tɪkl]

n.

物品，物件 (CET4)

Adolph tripped gracefully^① forward, and Tom, with lumbering tread, went after.

“He’s a perfect behemoth!” said Marie.

“Come, now, Marie,” said St. Clare, seating himself on a stool beside her sofa, “be gracious, and say something pretty to a fellow.”

“You’ve been gone a fortnight beyond the time,” said the lady, pouting.

“Well, you know I wrote you the reason.”

“Such a short, cold letter!” said the lady.

“Dear me! the mail was just going, and it had to be that or nothing.”

“That’s just the way, always,” said the lady; “always something to make your journeys long, and letters short.”

“See here, now,” he added, drawing an elegant velvet case out of his pocket, and opening it, “here’s a present I got for you in New York.”

It was a daguerreotype, clear and soft as an engraving, representing Eva and her father sitting hand in hand.

Marie looked at it with a dissatisfied air.

“What made you sit in such an awkward^② position?” she said.

“Well, the position may be a matter of opinion; but what do you think of the likeness?”

“If you don’t think anything of my opinion in one case,

I suppose you wouldn't in another," said the lady, shutting the daguerreotype.

"Hang the woman!" said St. Clare, mentally; but aloud he added, "Come, now, Marie, what do you think of the likeness? Don't be nonsensical, now."

"It's very inconsiderate of you, St. Clare," said the lady, "to insist on my talking and looking at things. You know I've been lying all day with the sick-headache; and there's been such a tumult made ever since you came, I'm half dead."

"You're subject to the sick-headache, ma'am!" said Miss Ophelia, suddenly rising from the depths of the large arm-chair, where she had sat quietly, taking an inventory of the furniture, and calculating its expense^③.

"Yes, I'm a perfect martyr to it," said the lady.

"Juniper-berry tea is good for sick-headache," said Miss Ophelia; "at least, Auguste, Deacon Abraham Perry's wife, used to say so; and she was a great nurse."

"I'll have the first juniper-berries that get ripe in our garden by the lake brought in for that special purpose," said St. Clare, gravely pulling the bell as he did so; "meanwhile, cousin, you must be wanting to retire^④ to your apartment,

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|------------------------|---------|------------------|
| ① graceful ['greɪsfəl] | adj. | 优美的, 文雅的 (CET4) |
| ② awkward ['ɔ:kwəd] | adj. | 笨拙的, 不灵活的 (CET4) |
| ③ expense [ɪks'pens] | n. | 消耗, 花费 (CET4) |
| ④ retire [rɪ'taɪə] | vt. vi. | 退职, 退役 (CET4) |

and refresh^① yourself a little, after your journey. Dolph,” he added, “tell Mammy to come here.” The decent mulatto woman whom Eva had caressed so rapturously soon entered; she was dressed neatly^②, with a high red and yellow turban on her head, the recent gift of Eva, and which the child had been arranging on her head. “Mammy,” said St. Clare, “I put this lady under your care; she is tired, and wants rest; take her to her chamber, and be sure she is made comfortable,” and Miss Ophelia disappeared in the rear of Mammy.



① refresh [ri'freʃ]

vt.

使恢复, 使振作 (CET4)

② neat [ni:t]

adj.

整洁的, 爱整洁的 (CET4)

佳句赏析

1. His hour came,—the hour that comes only once; his star rose in the horizon,—that star that rises so often in vain, to be remembered only as a thing of dreams; and it rose for him in vain. To drop the figure.

> 生命中只降临一次的时刻来临了——他的命运之星在天际升起了——人们的命运之星经常是徒劳升起，到头来只是一场梦，仅仅在记忆中留下美好的回忆。

* 两个同位语 the hour 和 that star，排比。

2. But the real remained,—the real, like the flat, bare, oozy tide-mud, when the blue sparkling wave, with all its company of gliding boats and white-winged ships, its music of oars and chiming waters, has gone down, and there it lies, flat, slimy, bare,—exceedingly real.

> 现实却摆在他的面前，这现实如同潮水退去后那平坦、空旷的海滩，全是黏稠的稀泥。当海浪带着点点白帆和迎风荡漾的轻舟，在桨声和波涛声中退去之后，剩下的就是烂泥。平坦、空旷、黏稠的烂泥，简直现实到了极至。

* 句中 flat, slimy, bare 和 exceedingly real 作谓语动词 lie 的状态修饰。

3. Too proud to supplicate or seek explanation, he threw himself at once into a whirl of fashionable society.

> 由于生性高傲，他不肯向对方寻求解释，不久之后，他便投入到社交场合中寻求心灵的慰藉。

*too...to...: 太…而不…, throw oneself into...: 投身于…。

4. The decent mulatto woman whom Eva had caressed so rapturously soon entered; she was dressed neatly, with a high red and yellow turban on her head, the recent gift of Eva, and which the child had been arranging on her head.

> 她就是伊娃抱住热烈拥吻的那个混血女人。她仪态端庄，衣着整洁，头上高高地裹着红黄两色的头巾，那是伊娃送给她的礼物，并亲手为她缠好。

* 正式用法中，whom 是宾格，在句子中作及物动词的宾语或介词的宾语。在这里 whom 是关系代词，引导宾语从句。



名句大搜索

1. 院子四周的回廊边垂挂着用非洲红布做的窗帘，可以随意放下，用来遮挡阳光。总之，这座宅子看起来豪华、气派而富有浪漫色彩。
2. 那丝绒地毯、镜子、油画、塑像、窗帘，都是些他想都不敢想的奢华东西。他惊奇得几乎有些魂不守舍，就如同站在所罗门大帝跟前的示巴女王一样。他那抬起的脚都不敢往地上放了。
3. 阿道夫风度优雅，步伐轻快地走在前头，汤姆拖着沉重的步子跟在后面。
4. 由于受到母亲的遗传，奥古斯丁从小体质就不好，经常生病，于是遵照医生的建议，家里在他还是小孩子的时候，就把他送到弗蒙特州伯父家住了好几年，希望他在北方寒冷干爽的气候下，体质能够被锻炼得更强壮一些。

5. 在小说中，人们完全可以因为悲痛心碎而死去，随之一切都将告之结束。在故事中这样很方便，然而在现实生活中，我们不会因为生活中的一切美好失去了而一下子死去。



Chapter 6 Miss Ophelia's Experiences and Opinions



第六章 奥菲利亚的经历及见解

中文导读

乔治和艾莉查并没有迎来他们的幸福和宁静，厂主和奴隶贩子仍在不断地追击他们，追求自由的道路上布满了荆棘和磨难。

当家人奥菲利亚被种种苦恼所困扰，它具有卓越的管理才能和教育手段，当她大刀阔斧地整顿家务的时候，却触犯了手艺高超的厨师黛娜，两人为了维护自己的权威争执不已，虽然她将家里的一切都管理得井井有条，但固执的方式似乎很不合大家的口味。

随着日子一天一天过去，汤姆的忠心耿耿和一丝不苟越来越受到东家的器重，圣克莱尔逐渐将家里的一切供应、采购事项全部托付给他，但是汤姆却为他的恣意饮酒、无度享乐感到深深的担忧。同时，汤姆想家的心情也是越来越迫切，他托圣克莱尔写了一封家书来寄托自己遥远的思念。

本章最为精彩的就是圣克莱尔同奥菲利亚关于奴隶制度的一段对话，你来我往，丝丝入扣，引出了全书的主题。

Chapter 6

Our friend Tom, in his own simple^① musings, often compared his more fortunate lot, in the bondage into which he was cast, with that of Joseph in Egypt; and, in fact, as time went on, and he developed more and more under the eye of his master, the strength of the parallel increased.

St. Clare was indolent and careless of money. Hitherto the providing and marketing had been principally done by Adolph, who was, to the full, as careless and extravagant as his master; and, between them both, they had carried on the dispersing process with great alacrity. Accustomed, for many years, to regard his master's property as his own care, Tom

saw, with an uneasiness he could scarcely repress, the wasteful expenditure of the establishment; and, in the quiet, indirect way which his class often acquire^②, would sometimes make his own suggestions.

St. Clare at first employed him occasionally^③; but, struck with his soundness of mind and good business capacity, he confided in him more and more, till gradually all the marketing and providing for the family were intrusted to him.

“No, no, Adolph,” he said, one day, as Adolph was deprecating the passing of power out of his hands; “let Tom alone. You only understand what you want; Tom understands cost and come to; and there may be some end to money, bye and bye if we don’t let somebody do that.”

Trusted to an unlimited extent by a careless master, who handed him a bill without looking at it,

and pocketed the change without counting it, Tom had every facility and temptation to dishonesty; and nothing but an impregnable simplicity of nature, strengthened by Christian faith, could have kept him from it. But, to that nature, the very unbounded trust reposed in him was bond

① simple ['simpl]

adj.

简单的, 容易的; 朴素的, 简朴的 (CET4)

② acquire [ə'kwaɪə]

vt.

获得, 得到, 养成 (CET4)

③ occasionally [ə'keɪzənəli]

adv.

偶尔, 间或 (CET4)

and seal for the most scrupulous accuracy.

With Adolph the case had been different. Thoughtless and self-indulgent, and unrestrained by a master who found it easier to indulge than to regulate, he had fallen into an absolute^① confusion as to meum tuum with regard to himself and his master, which sometimes troubled even St. Clare. His own good sense taught him that such a training of his servants was unjust and dangerous. A sort of chronic remorse went with him everywhere, although not strong enough to make any decided change in his course; and this very remorse reacted again into indulgence. He passed lightly over the most serious faults, because he told himself that, if he had done his part, his dependents had not fallen into them.

Tom regarded his gay, airy, handsome young master with an odd mixture of fealty, reverence^②, and fatherly solicitude. That he never read the Bible; never went to church; that he jested and made free with any and every thing that came in the way of his wit; that he spent his Sunday evenings at the opera or theatre; that he went to wine parties, and clubs, and suppers, oftener than was at all expedient^③,—were all things that Tom could see as plainly as anybody, and on which he based a conviction that “Mas’r wasn’t a Christian;” —a conviction, however, which he would have been very slow to express to any

one else, but on which he founded many prayers, in his own simple fashion, when he was by himself in his little dormitory^④.

Not that Tom had not his own way of speaking his mind occasionally, with something of the tact often observable in his class; as, for example, the very day after the Sabbath we have described, St. Clare was invited out to a convivial party of choice spirits, and was helped home, between one and two o'clock at night, in a condition when the physical had decidedly attained the upper hand of the intellectual. Tom and Adolph assisted to get him composed for the night, the latter in high spirits, evidently regarding the matter as a good joke, and laughing heartily at the rusticity of Tom's horror, who really was simple enough to lie awake most of the rest of the night, praying for his young master.

"Well, Tom, what are you waiting for?" said St. Clare, the next day, as he sat in his library, in dressing-gown and slippers. St. Clare had just been entrusting Tom with some money, and various commissions. "Isn't all right there, Tom?" he added, as Tom still stood waiting.

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|----------------------------|------|---------------------|
| ① absolute ['æbsəlu:t] | adj. | 绝对的, 完全的 (CET4) |
| ② reverence ['revərəns] | n. | 尊敬, 崇敬 (CET6) |
| ③ expedient [iks'pi:diənt] | adj. | 应急有效的, 权宜之计的 (CET6) |
| ④ dormitory ['dɔ:mitri] | n. | 集体宿舍 (CET4) |

“I’m ’fraid not, Mas’r,” said Tom, with a grave face.

St. Clare laid down his paper, and set down his coffee-cup, and looked at Tom.

“Why Tom, what’s the case? You look as solemn as a coffin.”

“I feel very bad, Mas’r. I allays have thought that Mas’r would be good to everybody.”

“Well, Tom, haven’t I been? Come, now, what do you want? There’s something you haven’t got, I suppose^①, and this is the preface.”

“Mas’r allays been good to me. I haven’t nothing to complain^② of on that head. But there is one that Mas’r isn’t good to.”

“Why, Tom, what’s got into you? Speak out; what do you mean?”

“ night, between one and two, I thought so. I studied upon the matter then. Mas’r isn’t good to himself.”

Tom said this with his back to his master, and his hand on the door-knob. St. Clare felt his face flush crimson, but he laughed.

“O, that’s all, is it?” he said, gayly.

“All!” said Tom, turning suddenly round and falling on his knees. “O, my dear young Mas’r; I’m ’fraid it will be loss of all—all—body and soul. The good Book says, ‘it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder!’ my dear Mas’r!”

Tom's voice choked, and the tears ran down his cheeks.

“You poor, silly fool!” said St. Clare, with tears in his own eyes. “Get up, Tom. I'm not worth crying over.”

But Tom wouldn't rise, and looked imploring.

“Well, I won't go to any more of their cursed^③ nonsense, Tom,” said St. Clare; “on my honor, I won't. I don't know why I haven't stopped long ago. I've always despised it, and myself for it,—so now, Tom, wipe up your eyes, and go about your errands. Come, come,” he added, “no blessings. I'm not so wonderfully good, now,” he said, as he gently pushed Tom to the door. “There, I'll pledge my honor to you, Tom, you don't see me so again,” he said; and Tom went off, wiping his eyes, with great satisfaction.

“I'll keep my faith with him, too,” said St. Clare, as he closed the door.

And St. Clare did so,—for gross sensualism, in any form, was not the peculiar temptation^④ of his nature.

But, all this time, who shall detail^⑤ the tribulations manifold of our friend Miss Ophelia, who had begun the

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|----------------------------|---------|------------------------------|
| ① suppose [sə'pəuz] | vt. | 料想, 猜想, 以为;
假定, 假设 (CET4) |
| ② complain [kəm'plein] | vt. vi. | 抱怨, 诉苦; 投诉 (CET4) |
| ③ cursed ['kɑ:sɪd] | adj. | 被诅咒的, 邪恶的 (CET4) |
| ④ temptation [temp'teɪʃən] | n. | 诱惑, 引诱 (CET4) |
| ⑤ detail ['di:teɪl] | n. | 细节, 小事 (CET4) |

labors of a Southern housekeeper?

There is all the difference in the world in the servants of Southern establishments, according to the character and capacity of the mistresses who have brought them up.

South as well as north, there are women who have an extraordinary^① talent for command, and tact in educating. Such are enabled, with apparent ease, and without severity, to subject to their will, and bring into harmonious and systematic order, the various members of their small estate,—to regulate their peculiarities, and so balance and compensate the deficiencies of one by the excess of another, as to produce a harmonious and orderly system.

Such a housekeeper was Mrs. Shelby, whom we have already described; and such our readers may remember to have met with. If they are not common at the South, it is because they are not common in the world. They are to be found there as often as anywhere; and, when existing, find in that peculiar state of society a brilliant^② opportunity to exhibit their domestic talent.

Such a housekeeper Marie St. Clare was not, nor her mother before her. Indolent and childish, unsystematic and improvident, it was not to be expected that servants trained under her care should not be so likewise; and she had very justly described to Miss Ophelia the state of confusion she would find in the family, though she had not ascribed it to the

proper cause.

The first morning of her regency, Miss Ophelia was up at four o'clock; and having attended to all the adjustments of her own chamber, as she had done ever since she came there, to the great amazement of the chambermaid, she prepared for a vigorous onslaught on the cupboards and closets of the establishment^③ of which she had the keys.

The store-room, the linen-presses, the china-closet, the kitchen and cellar, that day, all went under an awful review. Hidden things of darkness were brought to light to an extent that alarmed all the principalities and powers of kitchen and chamber, and caused many wonderings and murmurings about “dese yer northern ladies” from the domestic cabinet.

Old Dinah, the head cook, and principal of all rule and authority in the kitchen department, was filled with wrath at what she considered an invasion of privilege^④. No feudal baron in Magna Charta times could have more thoroughly resented some incursion of the crown^⑤.

Dinah was a character in her own way, and it would be injustice to her memory not to give the reader a little idea of

① extraordinary [iks'trɔ:dnri] **adj.** 非常奇怪的, 非同寻常的 (CET4)

② brilliant ['briljənt] **adj.** 闪光的, 明亮的 (CET4)

③ establishment [is'tæblɪʃmənt] **n.** 建立, 确立; 企业, 机构 (CET4)

④ privilege ['privilidʒ] **n.** 特权, 特别待遇 (CET4)

⑤ crown [kraun] **n.** 王冠, 冕; 王权 (CET4)

her. She was a native^① and essential cook, as much as Aunt Chloe,—cooking being an indigenous talent of the African race; but Chloe was a trained and methodical one, who moved in an orderly domestic harness, while Dinah was a self-taught genius, and, like geniuses in general, was positive, opinionated and erratic, to the last degree.

Like a certain class of modern philosophers, Dinah perfectly scorned logic and reason in every shape, and always took refuge in intuitive certainty; and here she was perfectly impregnable. No possible amount of talent, or authority, or explanation, could ever make her believe that any other way was better than her own, or that the course she had pursued in the smallest matter could be in the least modified. This had been a conceded point with her old mistress, Marie's mother; and "Miss Marie," as Dinah always called her young mistress, even after her marriage, found it easier to submit than contend; and so Dinah had ruled supreme. This was the easier, in that she was perfect mistress of that diplomatic art which unites the utmost subservience of manner with the utmost inflexibility as to measure.

Dinah was mistress of the whole art and mystery of excuse-making, in all its branches. Indeed, it was an axiom with her that the cook can do no wrong; and a cook in a Southern kitchen finds abundance of heads and shoulders on which to lay off every sin and frailty, so as to maintain her own immaculateness

entire. If any part of the dinner was a failure, there were fifty indisputably good reasons for it; and it was the fault undeniably of fifty other people, whom Dinah berated with unsparing zeal.

But it was very seldom that there was any failure in Dinah's last results.

Though her mode of doing everything was peculiarly^② meandering and circuitous, and without any sort of calculation as to time and place,—though her kitchen generally looked as if it had been arranged by a hurricane blowing through it, and she had about as many places for each cooking utensil as there were days in the year,—yet, if one would have patience to wait her own good time, up would come her dinner in perfect order, and in a style of preparation with which an epicure could find no fault.

It was now the season of incipient^③ preparation for dinner. Dinah, who required large intervals of reflection and repose, and was studious of ease in all her arrangements, was seated on the kitchen floor, smoking a short, stumpy pipe, to which she was much addicted, and which she always kindled up, as a sort of censer, whenever she felt the need of an inspiration in her arrangements. It was Dinah's mode of invoking the domestic Muses.

① native ['neitiv] **adj.** 出生地的, 故乡的, 本国的 (CET4)

② peculiarly [pi'kju:ljəli] **adv.** 异常地, 尤其地; 古怪地 (CET4)

③ incipient [in'sipiənt] **adj.** 开始的, 初期的 (CET6)

Seated around her were various members of that rising race with which a Southern household abounds, engaged in shelling peas, peeling potatoes, picking pin-feathers out of fowls, and other preparatory arrangements,—Dinah every once in a while interrupting^① her meditations to give a poke, or a rap on the head, to some of the young operators, with the pudding-stick that lay by her side. In fact, Dinah ruled over the woolly heads of the younger members with a rod of iron, and seemed to consider them born for no earthly purpose but to “save her steps,” as she phrased it. It was the spirit of the system under which she had grown up, and she carried it out to its full extent.

Miss Ophelia, after passing on her reformatory tour through all the other parts of the establishment, now entered the kitchen. Dinah had heard, from various sources, what was going on, and resolved to stand on defensive and conservative ground,—mentally determined to oppose and ignore every new measure, without any actual observable contest.

The kitchen was a large brick-floored apartment, with a great old-fashioned fireplace stretching along one side of it,—an arrangement which St. Clare had vainly tried to persuade Dinah to exchange for the convenience of a modern cook-stove. Not she. No Puseyite,¹ or conservative of any school, was ever more inflexibly^② attached to time-honored inconveniences than Dinah.

When St. Clare had first returned from the north, impressed with the system and order of his uncle's kitchen arrangements, he had largely provided his own with an array of cupboards, drawers, and various apparatus, to induce systematic regulation^③, under the sanguine illusion that it would be of any possible assistance^④ to Dinah in her arrangements. He might as well have provided them for a squirrel or a magpie. The more drawers and closets there were, the more hiding-holes could Dinah make for the accommodation of old rags, hair-combs, old shoes, ribbons, cast-off artificial flowers, and other articles of vertu, wherein her soul delighted.

When Miss Ophelia entered the kitchen Dinah did not rise, but smoked on in sublime tranquillity, regarding her movements obliquely out of the corner of her eye, but apparently intent only on the operations around her.

Miss Ophelia commenced opening a set of drawers.

“What is this drawer for, Dinah?” she said.

“It's handy for most anything, Missis,” said Dinah. So it appeared to be. From the variety it contained, Miss Ophelia pulled out first a fine damask table-cloth stained with blood,

① interrupt [ɪntə'rʌpt] vt. & vi. 打断 (CET4)

② inflexibly [ɪn'fleksəbli] adv. 僵硬地, 不可弯曲地 (CET4)

③ regulation [regju'leɪʃən] n. 管理, 控制; 规章, 规则 (CET4)

④ assistance [ə'sɪstəns] n. 援助, 帮助 (CET4)

having evidently been used to envelop some raw meat.

“What’s this, Dinah? You don’t wrap up meat in your mistress’ best table-cloths?”

“O Lor, Missis, no; the towels was all a missin’—so I jest did it. I laid out to wash that a,—that’s why I put it thar.”

“Shif’less!” said Miss Ophelia to herself, proceeding to tumble over the drawer, where she found a nutmeg-grater and two or three nutmegs, a Methodist hymn-book, a couple of soiled Madras handkerchiefs, some yarn and knitting-work, a paper of tobacco and a pipe, a few crackers, one or two gilded china-saucers with some pomade in them, one or two thin old shoes, a piece of flannel carefully pinned up enclosing some small white onions, several damask table-napkins, some coarse crash towels^①, some twine and darning-needles, and several broken papers, from which sundry sweet herbs were sifting into the drawer.

“Where do you keep your nutmegs, Dinah?” said Miss Ophelia, with the air of one who prayed for patience.

“Most anywhar, Missis; there’s some in that cracked tea-cup, up there, and there’s some over in that ar cupboard.”

“Here are some in the grater,” said Miss Ophelia, holding them up.

“Laws, yes, I put ’em there this morning,—I likes to keep my things handy,” said Dinah. “You, Jake! what are you stopping for! You’ll cotch it! Be still, thar!” she added, with a

dive of her stick at the criminal ^②.

“What’s this?” said Miss Ophelia, holding up the saucer of pomade ^③.

“Laws, it’s my har grease;—I put it thar to have it handy.”

“Do you use your mistress’ best saucers for that?”

“Law! it was cause I was driv, and in sich a hurry;—I was gwine to change it this very day.”

“Here are two damask table-napkins.”

“Them table-napkins I put thar, to get ’em washed out, some day.”

“Don’t you have some place here on purpose for things to be washed?”

“Well, Mas’r St. Clare got dat ar chest ^④, he said, for dat; but I likes to mix up biscuit and hev my things on it some days, and then it an’t handy a liftin’ up the lid.”

“Why don’t you mix your biscuits on the pastry-table, there?”

“Law, Missis, it gets sot so full of dishes, and one thing and another, der an’t no room, noway—”

① towel ['tauəl]

n. 毛巾, 手巾, 纸巾 (CET4)

② criminal ['kriminal]

n. 罪犯, 犯人

adj. 刑事的, 犯罪的 (CET4)

③ pomade [pə'mɑ:d/pəu'mɑ:d]

n. 润发油 (CET6)

④ chest [tʃest]

n. 胸部, 胸腔 (CET4)

“But you should wash your dishes, and clear them away.”

“Wash my dishes!” said Dinah, in a high key, as her wrath began to rise over her habitual respect of manner; “what does ladies know ’bout work, I want to know? When ’d Mas’r ever get his dinner, if I vas to spend all my time a washin’ and a puttin’ up dishes? Miss Marie never telled me so, nohow.”

“Well, here are these onions.”

“Laws, yes!” said Dinah; “thar is whar I put ’em, now. I couldn’t ’member. Them ’s particular onions I was a savin’ for dis yer very stew. I’d forgot they was in dat ar old flannel^①.”

Miss Ophelia lifted out the sifting papers of sweet herbs.

“I wish Missis wouldn’t touch dem ar. I likes to keep my things where I knows whar to go to ’em,” said Dinah, rather decidedly.

“But you don’t want these holes in the papers.”

“Them ’s handy for siftin’ on ’t out,” said Dinah.

“But you see it spills all over the drawer^②.”

“Laws, yes! if Missis will go a tumblin’ things all up so, it will. Missis has spilt lots dat ar way,” said Dinah, coming uneasily to the drawers. “If Missis only will go up stars till my clarin’ up time comes, I’ll have everything right; but I can’t do nothin’ when ladies is round, a henderin’. You, Sam, don’t you gib the baby dat ar sugar-bowl! I’ll crack ye over, if ye

don't mind!"

"I'm going through the kitchen, and going to put everything in order, once, Dinah; and then I'll expect you to keep it so."

"Lor, now! Miss Phelia; dat ar an't no way for ladies to do. I never did see ladies doin' no sich; my old Missis nor Miss Marie never did, and I don't see no kinder need on 't;" and Dinah stalked indignantly^③ about, while Miss Ophelia piled and sorted dishes, emptied dozens of scattering bowls of sugar into one receptacle, sorted napkins, table-cloths, and towels, for washing; washing, wiping, and arranging with her own hands, and with a speed and alacrity which perfectly amazed Dinah.

"Lor now! if dat ar de way dem northern ladies do, dey an't ladies, nohow," she said to some of her satellites, when at a safe hearing distance. "I has things as straight as anybody, when my clarin' up times comes; but I don't want ladies round, a henderin', and getting my things all where I can't find 'em."

To do Dinah justice, she had, at irregular periods^④, paroxysms of reformation and arrangement, which she called

① flannel ['flænəl]

n.

法兰绒 (CET6)

② drawer [drɔ:ə]

n.

抽屉 (CET4)

③ indignant [in'dignənt]

adj.

愤怒的, 愤慨的 (CET4)

④ period ['piəriəd]

n.

时期, 时代 (CET4)

“clarin’ up times,” when she would begin with great zeal, and turn every drawer and closet wrong side outward, on to the floor or tables, and make the ordinary confusion seven-fold more confounded. Then she would light her pipe, and leisurely go over her arrangements, looking things over, and discoursing upon them; making all the young fry scour most vigorously on the tin things, and keeping up for several hours a most energetic state of confusion^①, which she would explain to the satisfaction of all inquirers, by the remark that she was a “clarin’ up.” “She couldn’t hev things a gwine on so as they had been, and she was gwine to make these yer young ones keep better order;” for Dinah herself, somehow, indulged the illusion that she, herself, was the soul of order, and it was only the young uns, and the everybody else in the house, that were the cause of anything that fell short of perfection in this respect.

When all the tins were scoured^②, and the tables scrubbed snowy white, and everything that could offend tucked out of sight in holes and corners, Dinah would dress herself up in a smart dress, clean apron, and high, brilliant Madras turban, and tell all marauding “young uns” to keep out of the kitchen, for she was gwine to have things kept nice. Indeed, these periodic seasons were often an inconvenience to the whole household; for Dinah would contract such an immoderate attachment to her scoured tin, as to insist upon it

that it shouldn't be used again for any possible purpose,—at least, till the ardor of the “clarin' up” period abated.

Miss Ophelia, in a few days, thoroughly reformed^③ every department of the house to a systematic pattern; but her labors in all departments that depended on the cooperation of servants were like those of Sisyphus or the Danaides. In despair, she one day appealed to St. Clare.

“There is no such thing as getting anything like a system in this family!”

“To be sure, there isn't,” said St. Clare.

“Such shiftless management, such waste, such confusion, I never saw!”

“I dare say you didn't.”

“You would not take it so coolly, if you were housekeeper.”

“My dear cousin, you may as well understand, once for all, that we masters are divided into two classes, oppressors and oppressed. We who are good-natured and hate severity make up our minds to a good deal of inconvenience. If we will keep a shambling, loose, untaught set in the community, for our convenience, why, we must take the consequence^④.

① confusion [kən'fju:ʒən] **n.** 困惑, 糊涂; 混淆, 混同 (CET4)

② scour ['skauə] **vt.** 走遍(某地)搜寻(人或物) (CET6)

③ reform [ri'fɔ:m] **n.** 改革, 改良, 改造 (CET4)

④ consequence ['kɒnsɪkwəns] **n.** 结果, 后果 (CET4)

Some rare cases I have seen, of persons, who, by a peculiar tact, can produce order and system without severity; but I'm not one of them,—and so I made up my mind, long ago, to let things go just as they do. I will not have the poor devils thrashed and cut to pieces, and they know it,—and, of course, they know the staff^① is in their own hands.”

“But to have no time, no place, no order,—all going on in this shiftless way!”

“My dear Vermont, you natives up by the North Pole set an extravagant value on time! What on earth is the use of time to a fellow who has twice as much of it as he knows what to do with? As to order and system, where there is nothing to be done but to lounge on the sofa and read, an hour sooner or later in breakfast or dinner isn't of much account. Now, there's Dinah gets you a capital dinner,—soup, ragout, roast fowl, dessert, ice-creams and all,—and she creates it all out of chaos and old night down there, in that kitchen. I think it really sublime^②, the way she manages. But, Heaven bless us! if we are to go down there, and view all the smoking and squatting about, and hurryscurryation of the preparatory process, we should never eat more! My good cousin, absolve yourself from that! It's more than a Catholic penance, and does no more good. You'll only lose your own temper, and utterly confound Dinah. Let her go her own way.”

But, Augustine, you don't know how I found things.”

“Don’t I? Don’t I know that the rolling-pin is under her bed, and the nutmeg-grater in her pocket with her tobacco,—that there are sixty-five different sugar-bowls, one in every hole in the house,—that she washes dishes with a dinner-napkin one day, and with a fragment^③ of an old petticoat the next? But the upshot is, she gets up glorious dinners, makes superb coffee; and you must judge her as warriors and statesmen are judged, by her success.”

“But the waste,—the expense!”

“O, well! Lock everything you can, and keep the key. Give out by driblets, and never inquire for odds and ends,—it isn’t best.”

“That troubles me, Augustine. I can’t help feeling as if these servants^④ were not strictly honest. Are you sure they can be relied on?”

Augustine laughed immoderately at the grave and anxious face with which Miss Ophelia propounded the question.

“O, cousin, that’s too good,—honest!—as if that’s a thing to be expected! Honest!—why, of course, they arn’t. Why should they be? What upon earth is to make them so?”

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- ① **staff** [sta:f] **n.** 全体职员；教职员 (CET4)
 ② **sublime** [sə'blaim] **adj.** 伟大的，令人赞叹的，令人崇敬的 (CET6)
 ③ **fragment** ['frægmənt] **n.** 碎片，片段 (CET6)
 ④ **servant** ['sə:vənt] **n.** 仆人，佣人；雇员，公务人员 (CET4)

“Why don’t you instruct?”

“Instruct! O, fiddlestick! What instructing do you think I should do? I look like it! As to Marie, she has spirit enough, to be sure, to kill off a whole plantation, if I’d let her manage; but she wouldn’t get the cheater out of them.”

“Are there no honest ones?”

“Well, now and then one, whom Nature makes so impracticably simple, truthful and faithful, that the worst possible influence^① can’t destroy it. But, you see, from the mother’s breast the colored child feels and sees that there are none but underhand ways open to it. It can get along no other way with its parents, its mistress, its young master and missie play-fellows. Cunning and deception become necessary^②, inevitable habits. It isn’t fair to expect anything else of him. He ought not to be punished for it. As to honesty, the slave is kept in that dependent, semi-childish state, that there is no making him realize the rights of property, or feel that his master’s goods are not his own, if he can get them. For my part, I don’t see how they can be honest. Such a fellow as Tom, here, is,—is a moral miracle!”

“And what becomes of their souls?” said Miss Ophelia.

“That isn’t my affair, as I know of,” said St. Clare; “I am only dealing in facts of the present life. The fact is, that the whole race are pretty generally understood to be turned over to the devil, for our benefit, in this world, however it may

turn out in another!”

“This is perfectly horrible!” said Miss Ophelia; you ought to be ashamed of yourselves!”

“I don’t know as I am. We are in pretty good company, for all that,” said St. Clare, “as people in the broad road generally are. Look at the high and the low, all the world over, and it’s the same story,—the lower class used up, body, soul and spirit, for the good of the upper. It is so in England; it is so everywhere; and yet all Christendom stands aghast, with virtuous indignation, because we do the thing in a little different shape from what they do it.”

“It isn’t so in Vermont.”

“Ah, well, in New England, and in the free States, you have the better of us, I grant. But there’s the bell; so, Cousin, let us for a while lay aside our sectional prejudices, and come out to dinner.”

As Miss Ophelia was in the kitchen in the latter part of the afternoon, some of the sable children called out, “La, sakes! thar’s Prue a coming, grunting along like she allers does.”

A tall, bony colored woman now entered the kitchen,

① influence ['ɪnfluəns] **n.** 影响；感化力；势力，权势（CET4）

② necessary ['nesisəri] **adj.** 必要的；必需的；必然的；
不可避免的（CET4）

bearing^① on her head a basket of rusks and hot rolls.

“Ho, Prue! you’ve come,” said Dinah.

Prue had a peculiar scowling expression of countenance, and a sullen, grumbling voice. She set down her basket, squatted herself down, and resting her elbows on her knees said,

“O Lord! I wish’t I ’s dead!”

“Why do you wish you were dead?” said Miss Ophelia.

“I’d be out o’ my misery,” said the woman, gruffly, without taking her eyes from the floor.

“What need you getting drunk, then, and cutting up, Prue?” said a spruce quadroon^② chambermaid, dangling, as she spoke, a pair of coral ear-drops.

The woman looked at her with a sour surly glance.

“Maybe you’ll come to it, one of these yer days. I’d be glad to see you, I would; then you’ll be glad of a drop, like me, to forget your misery^③.”

“Come, Prue,” said Dinah, “let’s look at your rusks. Here’s Missis will pay for them.”

Miss Ophelia took out a couple of dozen.

“Thar’s some tickets in that ar old cracked jug on the top shelf,” said Dinah. “You, Jake, climb up and get it down.”

“Tickets,—what are they for?” said Miss Ophelia.

“We buy tickets of her Mas’r, and she gives us bread for’em.”

“And they counts my money and tickets, when I gets home, to see if I ’s got the change; and if I han’t, they half kills me.”

“And serves you right,” said Jane, the pert chambermaid, “if you will take their money to get drunk on. That’s what she does, Missis.”

“And that’s what I will do,—I can’t live no other ways,—drink and forget my misery.”

“You are very wicked and very foolish^④,” said Miss Ophelia, “to steal your master’s money to make yourself a brute with.”

“It’s mighty likely, Missis; but I will do it,—yes, I will. O Lord! I wish I ’s dead, I do,—I wish I ’s dead, and out of my misery!” and slowly and stiffly the old creature rose, and got her basket on her head again; but before she went out, she looked at the quadroon girt, who still stood playing with her ear-drops.

“Ye think ye’re mighty fine with them ar, a frolickin’ and a tossin’ your head, and a lookin’ down on everybody. Well, never mind,—you may live to be a poor, old, cut-up crittur,

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|-------------------------|------|-------------------------------------|
| ① bearing ['bɛərɪŋ] | n. | 举止, 风度 (CET6) |
| ② quadroon [kwɔː'dru:n] | n. | 白人与半白人之混血儿, (黑人血统占) 四分之一的混血儿 (CET6) |
| ③ misery ['mɪzəri] | n. | 痛苦, 苦恼, 苦难 (CET4) |
| ④ foolish ['fu:lɪʃ] | adj. | 愚蠢的, 笨的 (CET4) |

like me. Hope to the Lord ye will, I do;

then see if ye won't drink,—drink,—drink,—yerself into torment; and sarve ye right, too—ugh!" and, with a malignant howl, the woman left the room.

"Disgusting old beast!" said Adolph, who was getting his master's shaving-water. "If I was her master, I'd cut her up worse than she is."

"Ye couldn't do that ar, no ways," said Dinah. "Her back's a far sight now,—she can't never get a dress together over it."

"I think such low creatures ought not to be allowed to go round to genteel families," said Miss Jane. "What do you think, Mr. St. Clare?" she said, coquettishly tossing her head at Adolph.

It must be observed that, among other appropriations^① from his master's stock, Adolph was in the habit of adopting^② his name and address; and that the style under which he moved, among the colored circles of New Orleans, was that of Mr. St. Clare.

"I'm certainly of your opinion, Miss Benoir," said Adolph.

Benoir was the name of Marie St. Clare's family, and Jane was one of her servants.

"Pray, Miss Benoir, may I be allowed to ask if those drops are for the ball, tomorrow night? They are certainly

bewitching!”

“I wonder, now, Mr. St. Clare, what the impudence of you men will come to!” said Jane, tossing her pretty head til the ear-drops twinkled again. “I shan’t dance with you for a whole evening, if you go to asking me any more questions.”

“O, you couldn’t be so cruel, now! I was just dying to know whether you would appear in your pink tarletane,” said Adolph.

“What is it?” said Rosa, a bright, piquant little quadroon who came skipping down stairs at this moment.

“Why, Mr. St. Clare’s so impudent^③!”

“On my honor,” said Adolph, “I’ll leave it to Miss Rosa now.”

“I know he’s always a saucy creature,” said Rosa, poisoning herself on one of her little feet, and looking maliciously at Adolph. “He’s always getting me so angry with him.”

“O! ladies, ladies, you will certainly break my heart, between you,” said Adolph. “I shall be found dead in my bed, some morning, and you’ll have it to answer for.”

“Do hear the horrid creature talk!” said both ladies,

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|-----------------------------------|-----|-----------------------|
| ① appropriation [əˌprəʊpri'eɪʃən] | n. | 拨款 (CET6) |
| ② adopt [ə'dɒpt] | vt. | 收养, 采用, 采纳, 采取 (CET4) |
| ③ impudent ['ɪmpjʊdənt] | a. | 粗鲁的, 无礼的 (CET6) |

laughing immoderately^①.

“Come,—clar out, you! I can’t have you cluttering up the kitchen,” said Dinah; “in my way, foolin’ round here.”

“Aunt Dinah’s glum, because she can’t go to the ball,” said Rosa.

“Don’t want none o’ your light-colored balls,” said Dinah; “cuttin’ round, makin’ b’lieve you’s white folks. Arter all, you’s niggers, much as I am.”

“Aunt Dinah greases her wool stiff^②, every day, to make it lie straight,” said Jane.

“And it will be wool, after all,” said Rosa, maliciously shaking down her long, silky curls.

“Well, in the Lord’s sight, an’t wool as good as bar, any time?” said Dinah. “I’d like to have Missis say which is worth the most,—a couple such as you, or one like me. Get out wid ye, ye trumpery,—I won’t have ye round!”

Here the conversation was interrupted in a two-fold manner. St. Clare’s voice was heard at the head of the stairs, asking Adolph if he meant to stay all night with his shaving-water; and Miss Ophelia, coming out of the dining-room, said,

“Jane and Rosa, what are you wasting your time for, here? Go in and attend to your muslins.”

Our friend Tom, who had been in the kitchen during the conversation with the old rusk-woman, had followed her

out into the street. He saw her go on, giving every once in a while a suppressed groan. At last she set her basket down on a doorstep^③, and began arranging the old, faded shawl which covered her shoulders.

“I’ll carry your basket a piece,” said Tom, compassionately.

“Why should ye?” said the woman. “I don’t want no help.”

“You seem to be sick, or in trouble, or somethin’,” said Tom.

“I an’t sick,” said the woman, shortly.

“I wish,” said Tom, looking at her earnestly,— “I wish I could persuade you to leave off drinking. Don’t you know it will be the ruin of ye, body and soul?”

“I knows I’m gwine to torment^④,” said the woman, sullenly. “Ye don’t need to tell me that ar. I’s ugly, I’s wicked,— I’s gwine straight to torment. O, Lord! I wish I’s thar!”

Tom shuddered^⑤ at these frightful words, spoken with a sullen, impassioned^⑥ earnestness.

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|---------------------------|-----------|---------------------------|
| ① immoderate [i'mɒdərit] | adj. | 过度的, 无节制的 (CET6) |
| ② stiff [stif] | adj. | 不易弯曲的, 硬的; 稠的; 僵硬的 (CET4) |
| ③ doorstep ['dɔː,step] | n. | 门阶 (CET4) |
| ④ torment ['tɔːment] | n. | 折磨, 痛苦 (CET6) |
| ⑤ shudder ['ʃʌdə] | vi. & vt. | 战栗, 发抖; |
| | n. | 颤动, 打颤 (CET6) |
| ⑥ impassioned [im'pæʃənd] | adj. | 充满激情的, 热烈的 (CET6) |

“O, Lord have mercy on ye! poor crittur. Han’t ye never heard of Jesus Christ?”

“Jesus Christ,—who’s he?”

“Why, he’s the Lord,” said Tom.

“I think I’ve hearn tell o’ the Lord, and the judgment and torment. I’ve heard o’ that.”

“But didn’t anybody ever tell you of the Lord Jesus, that loved us poor sinners, and died for us?”

“Don’t know nothin’ ’bout that,” said the woman; “nobody han’t never loved me, since my old man died.”

“Where was you raised?” said Tom.

“Up in Kentuck. A man kept me to breed chil’en for market, and sold ’em as fast as they got big enough; last of all, he sold me to a speculator, and my Mas’r got me o’ him.”

“What set you into this bad way of drinkin’?”

“To get shet o’ my misery. I had one child after I come here; and I thought then I’d have one to raise, cause Mas’r wasn’t a speculator. It was de peartest little thing! and Missis she seemed to think a heap on ’t, at first; it never cried,—it was likely and fat. But Missis tuck sick^①, and I tended her; and I tuck the fever, and my milk all left me, and the child it pined to skin and bone, and Missis wouldn’t buy milk for it. She wouldn’t hear to me, when I telled her I hadn’t milk. She said she knowed I could feed it on what other folks eat; and the child kinder pined, and cried, and cried, and cried,

day and night, and got all gone to skin and bones, and Missis got sot agin it and she said 't wan't nothin' but crossness. She wished it was dead, she said; and she wouldn't let me have it o' nights, cause, she said, it kept me awake, and made me good for nothing. She made me sleep in her room; and I had to put it away off in a little kind o' garret, and thar it cried itself to death, one night. It did; and I tuck to drinkin', to keep its crying out of my ears! I did,—and I will drink! I will, if I do go to torment^② for it! Mas'r says I shall go to torment, and I tell him I've got thar now!”

“O, ye poor crittur!” said Tom, “han't nobody never telled ye how the Lord Jesus loved ye, and died for ye? Han't they telled ye that he'll help ye, and ye can go to heaven, and have rest, at last?”

“I looks like gwine to heaven,” said the woman; “an't thar where white folks is gwine? S'pose they'd have me thar? I'd rather go to torment, and get away from Mas'r and Missis. I had so,” she said, as with her usual groan, she got her basket on her head, and walked sullenly away.

Tom turned, and walked sorrowfully back to the house. In the court he met little Eva,—a crown of tuberose on her

① sick [sik] **adj.** 舒服的；有病的，患病的（CET4）

② torment ['tɔ:ment] **n.** （肉体或精神上的）折磨，痛苦（CET6）

head, and her eyes radiant^① with delight.

“O, Tom! here you are. I’m glad I’ve found you. Papa says you may get out the ponies, and take me in my little new carriage,” she said, catching his hand. “But what’s the matter Tom?—you look sober.”

“I feel bad, Miss Eva,” said Tom, sorrowfully. “But I’ll get the horses for you.”

“But do tell me, Tom, what is the matter. I saw you talking to cross old Prue.”

Tom, in simple, earnest phrase, told Eva the woman’s history. She did not exclaim or wonder, or weep, as other children do. Her cheeks grew pale, and a deep, earnest shadow passed over her eyes. She laid both hands on her bosom, and sighed heavily.

“Tom, you needn’t get me the horses. I don’t want to go,” she said.

“Why not, Miss Eva?”

“These things sink into my heart, Tom,” said Eva,— “they sink^② into my heart,” she repeated, earnestly. “I don’t want to go;” and she turned from Tom, and went into the house.

A few days after, another woman came, in old Prue’s place, to bring the rusk; Miss Ophelia was in the kitchen^③.

“Lor!” said Dinah, “what’s got Prue?”

“Prue isn’t coming any more,” said the woman, mysteriously^④.

“Why not?” said Dinah. “she an’t dead, is she?”

“We doesn’t exactly know. She’s down cellar,” said the woman, glancing at Miss Ophelia.

After Miss Ophelia had taken the rusks, Dinah followed the woman to the door.

“What has got Prue, any how?” she said.

The woman seemed desirous, yet reluctant, to speak, and answered, in low, mysterious tone.

“Well, you mustn’t tell nobody, Prue, she got drunk agin,—and they had her down cellar,—and thar they left her all day,—and I hearn ’em saying that the flies had got to her,—and she’s dead!”

Dinah held up her hands, and, turning, saw close by her side the spirit-like form of Evangeline, her large, mystic eyes dilated with horror, and every drop of blood driven from her lips and cheeks.

“Lor bless us! Miss Eva’s gwine to faint^⑤ away! What go

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|----------------------------|-----------|-----------------------------|
| ① radiant ['redjənt] | adj. | 放热的, 发光的; 喜悦的, 容光焕发的 (CET6) |
| ② sink [sɪŋk] | n. | 水池, 水槽; |
| | vt. & vi. | 使下沉, 使沉没 (CET4) |
| ③ kitchen ['kitʃɪn] | n. | 厨房 (CET4) |
| ④ mysterious [mi'stiəriəs] | adj. | 神秘的; 难以理解的; 诡秘的 (CET4) |
| ⑤ faint [feɪnt] | adj. | 微弱的, 模糊的, 无力的, 虚弱的 (CET4) |

us all, to let her har such talk? Her pa'll be rail mad."

"I shan't faint, Dinah," said the child, firmly; "and why shouldn't I hear it? It an't so much for me to hear it, as for poor Prue to suffer it."

"Lor sakes! it isn't for sweet, delicate young ladies, like you,—these yer stories isn't; it's enough to kill 'em!"

Eva sighed again, and walked up stairs with a slow and melancholy step.

Miss Ophelia anxiously inquired the woman's story. Dinah gave a very garrulous version of it, to which Tom added the particulars which he had drawn from her that morning.

"An abominable business,—perfectly horrible^①!" she exclaimed, as she entered the room where St. Clare lay reading his paper.

"Pray, what iniquity^② has turned up now?" said he.

"What now? why, those folks have whipped Prue to death!" said Miss Ophelia, going on, with great strength of detail, into the story, and enlarging on its most shocking particulars.

"I thought it would come to that, some time," said St. Clare, going on with his paper.

"Thought so!—an't you going to do anything about it?" said Miss Ophelia. "Haven't you got any selectmen, or anybody, to interfere^③ and look after such matters?"

“It’s commonly supposed that the property interest is a sufficient guard in these cases. If people choose to ruin their own possessions, I don’t know what’s to be done. It seems the poor creature was a thief and a drunkard; and so there won’t be much hope to get up sympathy for her.”

“It is perfectly outrageous,—it is horrid, Augustine! It will certainly bring down vengeance upon you.”

“My dear cousin, I didn’t do it, and I can’t help it; I would, if I could. If low-minded, brutal people will act like themselves, what am I to do? they have absolute control; they are irresponsible despots. There would be no use in interfering; there is no law that amounts to anything practically, for such a case. The best we can do is to shut our eyes and ears, and let it alone. It’s the only resource left us.”

“How can you shut your eyes and ears? How can you let such things alone?”

“My dear child, what do you expect? Here is a whole class,—debased, uneducated, indolent^④, provoking,—put, without any sort of terms or conditions, entirely into the hands of such people as the majority in our world are; people who have neither consideration nor self-control, who haven’t

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|-------------------------|------|-----------------------|
| ① horrible ['hɒrəbl] | n. | 可怕的, 令人恐惧的 (CET4) |
| ② iniquity ['iːnikwɪti] | n. | 邪恶; 极不公正 (CET6) |
| ③ interfere [ɪntə'fɪə] | vi. | 干预, 调停; 妨碍 (CET4) |
| ④ indolent ['ɪndələnt] | adj. | 懒惰的, 懒散的, 不活跃的 (CET6) |

even an enlightened regard to their own interest,—for that's the case with the largest half of mankind. Of course, in a community^① so organized, what can a man of honorable and humane feelings do, but shut his eyes all he can, and harden his heart?

I can't buy every poor wretch I see. I can't turn knight-errant, and undertake to redress every individual case of wrong in such a city as this. The most I can do is to try and keep out of the way of it."

St. Clare's fine countenance was for a moment overcast; he said,

"Come, cousin, don't stand there looking like one of the Fates; you've only seen a peep through the curtain,—a specimen of what is going on, the world over, in some shape or other. If we are to be prying and spying into all the dismals of life, we should have no heart to anything. 'T is like looking too close into the details of Dinah's kitchen;" and St. Clare lay back on the sofa, and busied himself with his paper.

Miss Ophelia sat down, and pulled out her knitting-work, and sat there grim with indignation. She knit and knit, but while she mused the fire burned; at last she broke out—"I tell you, Augustine, I can't get over things so, if you can. It's a perfect abomination for you to defend such a system,—that's my mind!"

"What now?" said St. Clare, looking up. "At it again,

hey?”

“I say it's perfectly abominable for you to defend such a system^②!” said Miss Ophelia, with increasing warmth.

“I defend it, my dear lady? Who ever said I did defend it?” said St. Clare.

“Of course, you defend it,—you all do,—all you Southerners. What do you have slaves for, if you don't?”

“Are you such a sweet innocent^③ as to suppose nobody in this world ever does what they don't think is right? Don't you, or didn't you ever, do anything that you did not think quite right?”

“If I do, I repent of it, I hope,” said Miss Ophelia, rattling her needles with energy.

“So do I,” said St. Clare, peeling his orange; “I'm repenting^④ of it all the time.”

“What do you keep on doing it for?”

“Didn't you ever keep on doing wrong, after you'd repented, my good cousin?”

“Well, only when I've been very much tempted,” said Miss Ophelia.

① community [kə'mju:niti] **n.** 社区, 社会, 团体 (CET4)

② system ['sistəm] **n.** 系统, 体系; 制度, 体制 (CET4)

③ innocent ['inəsnt] **adj.** 清白的, 无辜的, 无害的; 无害的, 没有恶意的 (CET4)

④ repent [ri'pent] **vi.** 为自己所做的感到懊悔或忏悔 (CET6)

“Well, I’m very much tempted,” said St. Clare; “that’s just my difficulty.”

“But I always resolve I won’t and I try to break off^①.”

“Well, I have been resolving I won’t, off and on, these ten years,” said St. Clare; “but I haven’t, some how, got clear. Have you got clear of all your sins, cousin^②?”

“Cousin Augustine,” said Miss Ophelia, seriously, and laying down her knitting-work, “I suppose I deserve that you should reprove my short-comings. I know all you say is true enough; nobody else feels them more than I do; but it does seem to me, after all, there is some difference between me and you. It seems to me I would cut off my right hand sooner than keep on, from day to day, doing what I thought was wrong. But, then, my conduct is so inconsistent with my profession^③, I don’t wonder you reprove me.”

“O, now, cousin,” said Augustine, sitting down on the floor, and laying his head back in her lap, “don’t take on so awfully serious! You know what a good-for-nothing, saucy boy I always was. I love to poke you up,—that’s all,—just to see you get earnest. I do think you are desperately, distressingly good; it tires me to death to think of it.”

“But this is a serious subject, my boy, Auguste,” said Miss Ophelia, laying her hand on his forehead.

“Dismally so,” said he; “and I—well, I never want to talk seriously in hot weather. What with mosquitos and all, a

fellow can't get himself up to any very sublime moral flights; and I believe," said St. Clare, suddenly rousing himself up, "there's a theory^④, now! I understand now why northern nations are always more virtuous than southern ones,—I see into that whole subject."

"O, Augustine, you are a sad rattle-brain!"

"Am I? Well, so I am, I suppose; but for once I will be serious, now; but you must hand me that basket of oranges;—you see, you'll have to 'stay me with flagons and comfort me with apples,' if I'm going to make this effort. Now," said Augustine, drawing the basket up, "I'll begin: When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a fellow to hold two or three dozen of his fellow-worms in captivity, a decent regard to the opinions of society requires—"

"I don't see that you are growing more serious," said Miss Ophelia.

"Wait,—I'm coming on,—you'll hear. The short of the matter is, cousin," said he, his handsome face suddenly settling into an earnest and serious expression, "on this abstract^⑤ question of slavery there can, as I think, be but

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| ① break off | | 打破, 打碎 (CET4) |
| ② cousin ['kʌzn] | n. | 堂(表)兄弟(姊妹)(CET4) |
| ③ profession [prə'feʃən] | n. | 职业, 自由职业 (CET4) |
| ④ theory ['θi:əri] | n. | 学说, 理论, 原理 (CET4) |
| ⑤ abstract ['æbstrækt] | adj. | 抽象的 |
| | n. | 抽象概念 (CET4) |

one opinion. Planters, who have money to make by it,—clergymen, who have planters to please,—politicians, who want to rule by it,—may warp and bend language and ethics^① to a degree that shall astonish the world at their ingenuity; they can press nature and the Bible, and nobody knows what else, into the service; but, after all, neither they nor the world believe in it one particle the more. It comes from the devil, that's the short of it;—and, to my mind, it's a pretty respectable specimen of what he can do in his own line.”

Miss Ophelia stopped her knitting, and looked surprised, and St. Clare, apparently enjoying her astonishment, went on.

“You seem to wonder; but if you will get me fairly at it, I'll make a clean breast of it. This cursed business, accursed of God and man, what is it? Strip it of all its ornament, run it down to the root and nucleus of the whole, and what is it? Why, because my brother Quashy is ignorant and weak, and I am intelligent and strong,—because I know how, and can do it,—therefore, I may steal all he has, keep it, and give him only such and so much as suits my fancy. Whatever is too hard, too dirty, too disagreeable, for me, I may set Quashy to doing. Because I don't like work, Quashy shall work. Because the sun burns me, Quashy shall stay in the sun. Quashy shall earn the money, and I will spend it. Quashy shall lie down in every puddle, that I may walk over dry-shod. Quashy shall do

my will, and not his, all the days of his mortal^② life, and have such chance of getting to heaven, at last, as I find convenient. This I take to be about what slavery is. I defy anybody on earth to read our slave-code, as it stands in our law-books, and make anything else of it. Talk of the abuses of slavery! Humbug! The thing itself is the essence of all abuse! And the only reason why the land don't sink under it, like Sodom and Gomorrah, is because it is used in a way infinitely better than it is. For pity's sake, for shame's sake, because we are men born of women, and not savage beasts, many of us do not, and dare not,—we would scorn to use the full power which our savage laws put into our hands. And he who goes the furthest, and does the worst, only uses within limits the power that the law gives him.”

St. Clare had started up, and, as his manner was when excited, was walking, with hurried steps, up and down the floor. His fine face, classic^③ as that of a Greek statue, seemed actually^④ to burn with the fervor of his feelings. His large blue eyes flashed, and he gestured with an unconscious eagerness. Miss Ophelia had never seen him in this mood before, and

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| ① ethics ['eθiks] | n. | 伦理学, 道德规范 (CET6) |
| ② mortal ['mɔ:tɪl] | adj. | 终有一死的, 致命的 (CET6) |
| ③ classic ['klæsɪk] | n. | 文学名著, 经典作品; |
| | adj. | 典型的, 标准的 (CET4) |
| ④ actually ['æktʃu:əli] | adv. | 实际上; 实实在在地 (CET4) |

she sat perfectly silent.

“I declare to you,” said he, suddenly stopping before his cousin “(It’s no sort of use to talk or to feel on this subject), but I declare to you, there have been times when I have thought, if the whole country would sink, and hide all this injustice and misery from the light, I would willingly sink with it. When I have been travelling up and down on our boats, or about on my collecting tours, and reflected that every brutal, disgusting, mean, low-lived fellow I met, was allowed by our laws to become absolute despot of as many men, women and children, as he could cheat, steal, or gamble money enough to buy,—when I have seen such men in actual ownership of helpless children, of young girls and women,—I have been ready to curse my country, to curse the human race!”

“Augustine! Augustine!” said Miss Ophelia, “I’m sure you’ve said enough. I never, in my life, heard anything like this, even at the North.”

“At the North!” said St. Clare, with a sudden change of expression, and resuming something of his habitual careless tone. “Pooh! your northern folks are cold-blooded; you are cool in everything! You can’t begin to curse up hill and down as we can, when we get fairly at it.”

“Well, but the question is,” said Miss Ophelia.

“O, yes, to be sure, the question is,—and a deuce of a question it is! How came you in this state of sin and misery?

Well, I shall answer in the good old words you used to teach me, Sundays. I came so by ordinary^① generation. My servants were my father's, and, what is more, my mother's; and now they are mine, they and their increase, which bids fair to be a pretty considerable^② item. My father, you know, came first from New England; and he was just such another man as your father,—a regular old Roman,—upright, energetic, noble-minded, with an iron will. Your father settled down in New England, to rule over rocks and stones, and to force an existence out of Nature; and mine settled in Louisiana, to rule over men and women, and force existence^③ out of them. My mother,”

said St. Clare, getting up and walking to a picture at the end of the room, and gazing upward with a face fervent with veneration^④, “she was divine! Don't look at me so!—you know what I mean! She probably was of mortal birth; but, as far as ever I could observe, there was no trace of any human weakness or error about her; and everybody that lives to remember her, whether bond or free, servant, acquaintance, relation, all say the same. Why, cousin, that mother has been all that has stood

① ordinary ['ɔ:dnri]

adj. 普通的，平常的；平庸的，
平淡的 (CET4)

② considerable [kən'sidərəbl]

adj. 相当大（或多）的 (CET4)

③ existence [ig'zistəns]

n. 存在，生存，生活方式 (CET4)

④ veneration [,venə'reiʃən]

n. 尊敬 (CET6)

between me and utter unbelief for years. She was a direct embodiment and personification of the New Testament,—a living fact, to be accounted for, and to be accounted for in no other way than by its truth. O, mother! mother!” said St. Clare, clasping his hands, in a sort of transport; and then suddenly checking himself, he came back, and seating himself on an ottoman, he went on:

“My brother and I were twins; and they say, you know, that twins ought to resemble each other; but we were in all points a contrast. He had black, fiery eyes, coal-black hair, a strong, fine Roman profile, and a rich brown complexion. I had blue eyes, golden hair, a Greek outline, and fair complexion. He was active and observing, I dreamy and inactive. He was generous to his friends and equals, but proud, dominant, overbearing, to inferiors, and utterly unmerciful to whatever set itself up against him. Truthful we both were; he from pride and courage, I from a sort of abstract ideality. We loved each other about as boys generally do,—off and on, and in general^①;—he was my father’s pet, and I my mother’s.

“There was a morbid sensitiveness and acuteness of feeling in me on all possible subjects, of which he and my father had no kind of understanding, and with which they could have no possible sympathy. But mother did; and so, when I had quarreled with Alfred, and father looked sternly on me, I used to go off to mother’s room, and sit by her. I remember just how

she used to look, with her pale cheeks, her deep, soft, serious eyes, her white dress,—she always wore white; and I used to think of her whenever I read in Revelations about the saints^② that were arrayed in fine linen, clean and white. She had a great deal of genius of one sort and another, particularly in music; and she used to sit at her organ, playing fine old majestic music of the Catholic church, and singing with a voice more like an angel than a mortal woman; and I would lay my head down on her lap, and cry, and dream, and feel,—oh, immeasurably!—things that I had no language to say!

“In those days, this matter of slavery had never been canvassed as it has now; nobody dreamed of any harm in it.

“My father was a born aristocrat. I think, in some preexistent state, he must have been in the higher circles of spirits, and brought all his old court pride along with him; for it was ingrain, bred in the bone, though he was originally of poor and not in any way of noble family. My brother was begotten in his image^③.

“Now, an aristocrat, you know, the world over, has no human sympathies, beyond a certain line in society. In England the line is in one place, in Burmah in another, and

① in general 一般而言, 总的来说, 从总体上看 (CET4)

② saint [seint] n. 圣徒, 圣人; 道德崇高的人 (CET4)

③ image ['imidʒ] n. 形象, 概念; 镜像, 影像 (CET4)

in America in another; but the aristocrat of all these countries never goes over it. What would be hardship and distress and injustice in his own class, is a cool matter of course in another one. My father's dividing line was that of color. Among his equals, never was a man more just and generous; but he considered the negro, through all possible gradations of color, as an intermediate link between man and animals, and graded all his ideas of justice or generosity on this hypothesis^①. I suppose, to be sure, if anybody had asked him, plump and fair, whether they had human immortal souls, he might have hemmed and hawed, and said yes. But my father was not a man much troubled with spiritualism; religious sentiment he had none, beyond a veneration for God, as decidedly the head of the upper classes.

“Well, my father worked some five hundred negroes; he was an inflexible, driving, punctilious business man; everything was to move by system,—to be sustained with unfailing accuracy^② and precision. Now, if you take into account that all this was to be worked out by a set of lazy, twaddling, shiftless laborers, who had grown up, all their lives, in the absence of every possible motive to learn how to do anything but ‘shirk,’ as you Vermonters say, and you’ll see that there might naturally be, on his plantation, a great many things that looked horrible^③ and distressing to a sensitive child, like me.

“Besides all, he had an overseer,—great, tall, slab-sided, two-fisted renegade son of Vermont—(begging your pardon),—who had gone through a regular apprenticeship in hardness and brutality and taken his degree to be admitted to practice. My mother never could endure him, nor I; but he obtained an entire ascendancy over my father; and this man was the absolute despot of the estate.

“I was a little fellow then, but I had the same love that I have now for all kinds of human things,—a kind of passion for the study of humanity, come in what shape it would. I was found in the cabins and among the field-hands a great deal, and, of course, was a great favorite; and all sorts of complaints and grievances were breathed in my ear; and I told them to mother, and we, between us, formed a sort of committee^④ for a redress of grievances. We hindered and repressed a great deal of cruelty, and congratulated ourselves on doing a vast deal of good, till, as often happens, my zeal overacted. Stubbs complained to my father that he couldn't manage the hands, and must resign his position. Father was a fond, indulgent husband, but a man that never flinched from anything that he thought necessary; and so he put down his foot, like a rock, between us and the field-

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| ① hypothesis [hai'pəθisis] | n. | 假说, 假设, 前提 (CET6) |
| ② accuracy ['ækjurəsi] | n. | 精确性, 准确性 (CET4) |
| ③ horrible ['hɒrəbl] | adj. | 可怕的, 令人恐惧的 (CET4) |
| ④ committee [kə'miti] | n. | 委员会, 全体委员 (CET4) |

hands. He told my mother, in language perfectly respectful and deferential, but quite explicit, that over the house-servants she should be entire mistress, but that with the field-hands he could allow no interference. He revered and respected her above all living beings; but he would have said it all the same to the virgin^① Mary herself, if she had come in the way of his system.

“I used sometimes to hear my mother reasoning cases with him,—endeavoring to excite his sympathies. He would listen to the most pathetic^② appeals with the most discouraging politeness and equanimity. ‘It all resolves itself into this,’ he would say; ‘must I part with Stubbs, or keep him? Stubbs is the soul of punctuality, honesty, and efficiency,—a thorough business hand, and as humane as the general run. We can’t have perfection; and if I keep him, I must sustain his administration as a whole, even if there are, now and then, things that are exceptionable.

All government includes some necessary hardness. General rules will bear hard on particular cases.’ This last maxim my father seemed to consider a settler in most alleged cases of cruelty. After he had said that, he commonly drew up his feet on the sofa, like a man that has disposed of a business, and betook himself to a nap, or the newspaper, as the case might be.

“The fact is my father showed the exact^③ sort of talent for a statesman. He could have divided Poland as easily as an

orange, or trod on Ireland as quietly and systematically as any man living. At last my mother gave up, in despair. It never will be known, till the last account, what noble and sensitive natures like hers have felt, cast, utterly helpless, into what seems to them an abyss of injustice and cruelty, and which seems so to nobody about them. It has been an age of long sorrow of such natures, in such a hell-begotten sort of world as ours. What remained for her, but to train her children in her own views and sentiments? Well, after all you say about training, children will grow up substantially what they are by nature, and only that. From the cradle^④, Alfred was an aristocrat; and as he grew up, instinctively, all his sympathies and all his reasonings were in that line, and all mother's exhortations went to the winds. As to me, they sunk deep into me. She never contradicted, in form, anything my father said, or seemed directly to differ from him; but she impressed, burnt into my very soul, with all the force of her deep, earnest nature, an idea of the dignity^⑤ and worth of the meanest human soul. I have looked in her face with solemn awe, when

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| ① virgin ['və:dʒɪn] | n. | 处女； |
| | adj. | 处女的，纯洁的（CET4） |
| ② pathetic [pə'θetɪk] | adj. | 凄惨的，可怜的（CET6） |
| ③ exact [ɪg'zækt] | adj. | 准确的，确切的，精确的（CET4） |
| ④ cradle ['kreɪdl] | n. | 摇篮；发源地，发祥地（CET4） |
| ⑤ dignity ['dɪɡnɪti] | n. | 庄严，端庄，尊严（CET4） |

she would point up to the stars in the evening, and say to me, ‘See there, Auguste! the poorest, meanest soul on our place will be living, when all these stars are gone forever,—will live as long as God lives!’

“She had some fine old paintings; one, in particular, of Jesus healing a blind man. They were very fine, and used to impress me strongly.

‘See there, Auguste,’ she would say; ‘the blind man was a beggar, poor and loathsome; therefore, he would not heal him afar off! He called him to him, and put his hands on him! Remember this, my boy.’ If I had lived to grow up under her care, she might have stimulated me to I know not what of enthusiasm. I might have been a saint, reformer, martyr,—but, alas! alas! I went from her when I was only thirteen, and I never saw her again!”

St. Clare rested his head on his hands, and did not speak for some minutes. After a while, he looked up, and went on:

“What poor, mean trash this whole business of human virtue^① is! A mere matter, for the most part, of latitude and longitude, and geographical position, acting with natural temperament. The greater part is nothing but an accident! Your father, for example, settles in Vermont, in a town where all are, in fact, free and equal; becomes a regular church member and deacon, and in due time joins an Abolition society, and thinks us all little better than heathens. Yet he is,

for all the world, in constitution and habit, a duplicate of my father. I can see it leaking out in fifty different ways,—just the same strong, overbearing, dominant spirit. You know very well how impossible it is to persuade some of the folks in your village that Squire Sinclair does not feel above them. The fact is, though he has fallen on democratic^② times, and embraced a democratic theory, he is to the heart an aristocrat, as much as my father, who ruled over five or six hundred slaves.”

Miss Ophelia felt rather disposed to cavil at this picture, and was laying down her knitting to begin, but St. Clare stopped her.

“Now, I know every word you are going to say. I do not say they were alike, in fact. One fell into a condition where everything acted against the natural tendency, and the other where everything acted for it; and so one turned out a pretty wilful, stout, overbearing old democrat^③, and the other a wilful, stout old despot. If both had owned plantations in Louisiana, they would have been as like as two old bullets cast in the same mould.”

“What an undutiful boy you are!” said Miss Ophelia.

“I don’t mean them any disrespect,” said St. Clare. “You

① virtue ['vɜ:tʃu:] **n.** 美德，德行；优点，长处 (CET4)

② democratic [,demə'krætɪk] **adj.** 民主的，有民主精神或作风的 (CET4)

③ democrat ['deməkræt] **n.** 民主主义者，民主人士 (CET4)

know reverence is not my forte. But, to go back to my history:

“When father died, he left the whole property to us twin boys, to be divided as we should agree. There does not breathe on God’s earth a nobler-souled, more generous fellow, than Alfred, in all that concerns his equals; and we got on admirably with this property question, without a single unbrotherly word or feeling. We undertook to work the plantation together; and Alfred, whose outward life and capabilities had double the strength of mine, became an enthusiastic planter, and a wonderfully successful one. “But two years’ trial satisfied me that I could not be a partner in that matter. To have a great gang of seven hundred, whom I could not know personally, or feel any individual^① interest in, bought and driven, housed, fed, worked like so many horned cattle, strained up to military precision,—the question of how little of life’s commonest enjoyments would keep them in working order being a constantly recurring problem,—the necessity of drivers and overseers,—the ever-necessary whip, first, last, and only argument,—the whole thing was insufferably disgusting and loathsome to me; and when I thought of my mother’s estimate of one poor human soul, it became even frightful!

“It’s all nonsense^② to talk to me about slaves enjoying all this! To this day, I have no patience with the unutterable trash that some of your patronizing Northerners have made

up, as in their zeal to apologize^③ for our sins. We all know better. Tell me that any man living wants to work all his days, from day-dawn till dark, under the constant eye of a master, without the power of putting forth one irresponsible volition, on the same dreary, monotonous, unchanging toil, and all for two pairs of pantaloons and a pair of shoes a year, with enough food and shelter to keep him in working order! Any man who thinks that human beings can, as a general thing, be made about as comfortable that way as any other, I wish he might try it. I'd buy the dog, and work him, with a clear conscience!”

“I always have supposed,” said Miss Ophelia, “that you, all of you, approved of these things, and thought them right—according to Scripture.”

“Humbug! We are not quite reduced to that yet. Alfred who is as determined a despot as ever walked, does not pretend to this kind of defence;—no, he stands, high and haughty, on that good old respectable ground, the right of the strongest; and he says, and I think quite sensibly, that the American planter is ‘only doing, in another form, what the English aristocracy and capitalists are doing by the

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| ① individual [ˌɪndɪˈvɪdʒuəl] | adj. | 个别的, 单独的, 个人的 (CET4) |
| ② nonsense ['nɒnsens] | n. | 胡说, 废话 (CET4) |
| ③ apologize [əˈpɒlədʒaɪz] | vt. vi. | 道歉 (CET4) |

lower classes;’ that is, I take it, appropriating them, body and bone, soul and spirit, to their use and convenience. He defends both,—and I think, at least, consistently. He says that there can be no high civilization^① without enslavement of the masses, either nominal or real. There must, he says, be a lower class, given up to physical toil and confined to an animal nature; and a higher one thereby acquires leisure^② and wealth for a more expanded intelligence and improvement, and becomes the directing soul of the lower. So he reasons, because, as I said, he is born an aristocrat;—so I don’t believe, because I was born a democrat.”

“How in the world can the two things be compared?” said Miss Ophelia. “The English laborer is not sold, traded, parted from his family, whipped.”

“He is as much at the will of his employer as if he were sold to him. The slave-owner can whip his refractory slave to death,—the capitalist^③ can starve him to death. As to family security, it is hard to say which is the worst,—to have one’s children sold, or see them starve to death at home.”

“But it’s no kind of apology for slavery, to prove that it isn’t worse than some other bad thing.”

“I didn’t give it for one,—nay, I’ll say, besides, that ours is the more bold and palpable infringement of human rights; actually buying a man up, like a horse,—looking at his teeth, cracking his joints, and trying his paces and then

paying down for him,—having speculators, breeders, traders, and brokers in human bodies and souls,—sets the thing before the eyes of the civilized world in a more tangible form, though the thing done be, after all, in its nature, the same; that is, appropriating one set of human beings to the use and improvement of another without any regard to their own.”

“I never thought of the matter in this light,” said Miss Ophelia.

“Well, I’ve travelled in England some, and I’ve looked over a good many documents as to the state of their lower classes; and I really think there is no denying^④ Alfred, when he says that his slaves are better off than a large class of the population of England. You see, you must not infer, from what I have told you, that Alfred is what is called a hard master; for he isn’t. He is despotic, and unmerciful to insubordination; he would shoot a fellow down with as little remorse as he would shoot a buck, if he opposed him. But, in general, he takes a sort of pride^⑤ in having his slaves comfortably fed and accommodated^⑥.

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- ① civilization [ˌsɪvɪlaɪˈzeɪʃən] **n.** 文明, 文化 (CET4)
 ② leisure ['li:ʒə] **n.** 空闲时间, 闲暇 (CET4)
 ③ capitalist ['kæpɪtəlɪst] **n.** 资本家; 资本主义者; 有钱人, 富翁 (CET4)
 ④ deny [diˈnaɪ] **vt.** 否认, 知情 (CET4)
 ⑤ pride [praɪd] **n.** 得意, 自豪; 骄傲, 傲慢 (CET4)
 ⑥ accommodate [əˈkɒmədeɪt] **vt.** 容纳, 向…提供住处 (CET4)

“When I was with him, I insisted that he should do something for their instruction; and, to please me, he did get a chaplain, and used to have them catechized Sunday, though, I believe, in his heart, that he thought it would do about as much good to set a chaplain over his dogs and horses.

And the fact is, that a mind stupefied and animalized by every bad influence from the hour of birth, spending the whole of every week-day in unreflecting toil, cannot be done much with by a few hours on Sunday. The teachers of Sunday-schools among the manufacturing population of England, and among plantation-hands in our country, could perhaps testify to the same result, there and here. Yet some striking exceptions there are among us, from the fact that the negro is naturally more impressible to religious sentiment^① than the white.”

“Well,” said Miss Ophelia, “how came you to give up your plantation life?”

“Well, we jogged on together some time, till Alfred saw plainly that I was no planter. He thought it absurd, after he had reformed, and altered, and improved everywhere, to suit my notions, that I still remained unsatisfied. The fact was, it was, after all, the THING that I hated—the using these men and women, the perpetuation of all this ignorance, brutality and vice,—just to make money for me!

“Besides, I was always interfering in the details^②. Being

myself one of the laziest of mortals, I had altogether too much fellow-feeling for the lazy; and when poor, shiftless dogs put stones at the bottom of their cotton-baskets to make them weigh heavier, or filled their sacks with dirt, with cotton at the top, it seemed so exactly like what I should do if I were they, I couldn't and wouldn't have them flogged for it. Well, of course, there was an end of plantation discipline^③; and Alf and I came to about the same point that I and my respected father did, years before. So he told me that I was a womanish sentimentalist, and would never do for business life; and advised me to take the bank-stock and the New Orleans family mansion, and go to writing poetry, and let him manage the plantation. So we parted, and I came here.”

“But why didn't you free your slaves?”

“Well, I wasn't up to that. To hold them as tools for money-making, I could not;—have them to help spend money, you know, didn't look quite so ugly to me. Some of them were old house-servants, to whom I was much attached; and the younger ones were children to the old. All were well satisfied to be as they were.” He paused^④, and walked reflectively up and down the room.

① sentiment ['sentimənt] n. 柔懦情感

② detail ['di:teɪl] n. 细节, 小事, 详情 (CET4)

③ discipline ['disiplin] n. 训练, 锻炼, 训导; 纪律 (CET4)

④ pause [pɔ:z] n. 停顿, 暂停 (CET4)

“There was,” said St. Clare, “a time in my life when I had plans and hopes of doing something in this world, more than to float^① and drift. I had vague, indistinct yearnings to be a sort of emancipator,—to free my native land from this spot and stain. All young men have had such fever-fits, I suppose, some time,—but then—”

“Why didn’t you?” said Miss Ophelia;— “you ought not to put your hand to the plough, and look back.”

“O, well, things didn’t go with me as I expected, and I got the despair of living that Solomon did. I suppose it was a necessary incident to wisdom in us both; but, some how or other, instead of being actor and regenerator in society, I became a piece of driftwood, and have been floating and eddying about, ever since. Alfred scolds^② me, every time we meet; and he has the better of me, I grant,—for he really does something; his life is a logical result of his opinions and mine is a contemptible non sequitur.”

“My dear cousin, can you be satisfied with such a way of spending your probation?”

“Satisfied! Was I not just telling you I despised it? But, then, to come back to this point,—we were on this liberation business. I don’t think my feelings about slavery are peculiar. I find many men who, in their hearts, think of it just as I do. The land groans under it; and, bad as it is for the slave, it is worse, if anything, for the master. It takes no spectacles to see

that a great class of vicious, improvident, degraded people, among us, are an evil to us, as well as to themselves.

The capitalist and aristocrat of England cannot feel that as we do, because they do not mingle with the class they degrade as we do. They are in our homes; they are the associates of our children, and they form their minds faster than we can; for they are a race that children always will cling to and assimilate with. If Eva, now, was not more angel than ordinary, she would be ruined. We might as well allow the small-pox to run among them, and think our children would not take it, as to let them be uninstructed and vicious, and think our children will not be affected by that. Yet our laws positively and utterly forbid any efficient general educational system, and they do it wisely, too; for, just begin and thoroughly educate one generation, and the whole thing would be blown sky high. If we did not give them liberty, they would take it.”

“And what do you think will be the end of this?” said Miss Ophelia.

“I don’t know. One thing is certain,—that there is a mustering among the masses, the world over; and there is a dies irae coming on, sooner or later. The same thing is

① float [flaʊt]

vt.

vi

漂浮, 浮动 (CET4)

② scold [skəʊld]

vt.

vi

责骂, 斥责 (CET4)

working in Europe, in England, and in this country. My mother used to tell me of a millennium that was coming, when Christ should reign, and all men should be free and happy. And she taught me, when I was a boy, to pray, ‘thy kingdom^① come.’ Sometimes I think all this sighing, and groaning, and stirring among the dry bones foretells^② what she used to tell me was coming. But who may abide the day of His appearing?”

“Augustine, sometimes I think you are not far from the kingdom,” said Miss Ophelia, laying down her knitting, and looking anxiously^③ at her cousin.

“Thank you for your good opinion, but it’s up and down with me,—up to heaven’s gate in theory, down in earth’s dust in practice. But there’s the teabell,—do let’s go,—and don’t say, now, I haven’t had one downright serious talk, for once in my life.”

At table, Marie alluded to the incident of Prue. “I suppose you’ll think, cousin,” she said, “that we are all barbarians.”

“I think that’s a barbarous thing,” said Miss Ophelia, “but I don’t think you are all barbarians.”

“Well, now,” said Marie, “I know it’s impossible to get along with some of these creatures. They are so bad they ought not to live. I don’t feel a particle of sympathy for such cases. If they’d only behave themselves, it would not

happen.”

“But, mamma,” said Eva, “the poor creature was unhappy; that’s what made her drink.”

“O, fiddlestick! as if that were any excuse^④! I’m unhappy, very often. I presume,” she said, pensively, “that I’ve had greater trials than ever she had. It’s just because they are so bad. There’s some of them that you cannot break in by any kind of severity. I remember father had a man that was so lazy he would run away just to get rid^⑤ of work, and lie round in the swamps, stealing and doing all sorts of horrid things. That man was caught and whipped, time and again, and it never did him any good; and the last time he crawled off, though he couldn’t but just go, and died in the swamp. There was no sort of reason for it, for father’s hands were always treated kindly.”

“I broke a fellow in, once,” said St. Clare, “that all the overseers and masters had tried their hands on in vain.”

“You!” said Marie; “well, I’d be glad to know when you ever did anything of the sort.”

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|-------------------------|-------------|--------------------|
| ① kingdom ['kɪŋdəm] | n. | 王国, 界, 领域 (CET4) |
| ② foretell [fɔ:'tel] | vt. | 预言; 预示 (CET4) |
| ③ anxiously ['æŋkʃəsli] | adv. | 焦急地; 担忧地 (CET4) |
| ④ excuse [iks'kju:z] | vt. | 原谅, 宽恕 |
| | n. | 原谅, 宽恕 (CET4) |
| ⑤ rid [rid] | vt. | 使摆脱, 解除…的负担 (CET4) |

“Well, he was a powerful, gigantic fellow,—a native-born African; and he appeared to have the rude instinct^① of freedom in him to an uncommon degree. He was a regular African lion. They called him Scipio.

Nobody could do anything with him; and he was sold round from overseer to overseer, till at last Alfred bought him, because he thought he could manage him. Well, one day he knocked down the overseer, and was fairly off into the swamps. I was on a visit to Alf's plantation, for it was after we had dissolved partnership. Alfred was greatly exasperated; but I told him that it was his own fault, and laid him any wager that I could break the man; and finally it was agreed that, if I caught him, I should have him to experiment on. So they mustered out a party of some six or seven, with guns and dogs, for the hunt. People, you know, can get up as much enthusiasm in hunting a man as a deer, if it is only customary; in fact, I got a little excited myself, though I had only put in as a sort of mediator, in case he was caught.

“Well, the dogs bayed and howled, and we rode and scampered, and finally we started him. He ran and bounded like a buck, and kept us well in the rear for some time; but at last he got caught in an impenetrable thicket of cane; then he turned to bay, and I tell you he fought the dogs right gallantly. He dashed them to right and left, and actually killed three of them with only his naked^② fists, when a shot from a

gun brought him down, and he fell, wounded and bleeding, almost at my feet. The poor fellow looked up at me with manhood and despair^③ both in his eye. I kept back the dogs and the party, as they came pressing up, and claimed him as my prisoner. It was all I could do to keep them from shooting him, in the flush of success; but I persisted in my bargain^④, and Alfred sold him to me. Well, I took him in hand, and in one fortnight I had him tamed down as submissive and tractable as heart could desire.”

“What in the world did you do to him?” said Marie.

“Well, it was quite a simple process. I took him to my own room, had a good bed made for him, dressed his wounds, and tended him myself, until he got fairly on his feet again. And, in process of time, I had free papers made out for him, and told him he might go where he liked.”

“And did he go?” said Miss Ophelia.

“No. The foolish fellow tore the paper in two, and absolutely refused to leave me. I never had a braver, better fellow,—trusty and true as steel. He embraced Christianity afterwards, and became as gentle as a child. He used to oversee my place on the lake, and did it capitally, too. I lost

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- ① **instinct** ['ɪnstɪŋkt] **n.** 本能, 天性, 直觉 (CET4)
 ② **naked** ['neɪkɪd] **adj.** 裸露的, 赤裸裸的 (CET4)
 ③ **despair** [dɪs'peə] **n.** 绝望; 使人绝望的人(或事物)(CET4)
 ④ **bargain** ['bɑ:ɡɪn] **n.** 协议, 交易; 特价商品 (CET4)

him the first cholera season. In fact, he laid down his life for me. For I was sick, almost to death; and when, through the panic, everybody else fled, Scipio worked for me like a giant, and actually brought me back into life again. But, poor fellow! he was taken, right after, and there was no saving him. I never felt anybody's loss more."

Eva had come gradually nearer and nearer to her father, as he told the story,—her small lips apart, her eyes wide and earnest with absorbing^① interest.

As he finished, she suddenly threw her arms around his neck, burst into tears, and sobbed convulsively.

"Eva, dear child! what is the matter?" said St. Clare, as the child's small frame trembled and shook with the violence of her feelings. "This child," he added, "ought not to hear any of this kind of thing,—she's nervous."

"No, papa, I'm not nervous," said Eva, controlling herself, suddenly, with a strength of resolution singular^② in such a child. "I'm not nervous^③, but these things sink into my heart."

"What do you mean, Eva?"

"I can't tell you, papa, I think a great many thoughts. Perhaps some day I shall tell you."

"Well, think away, dear,—only don't cry and worry your papa," said St. Clare, "Look here,—see what a beautiful peach I have got for you."

Eva took it and smiled, though there was still a nervous twiching about the corners of her mouth.

“Come, look at the gold-fish,” said St. Clare, taking her hand and stepping on to the verandah. A few moments, and merry^④ laughs were heard through the silken curtains, as Eva and St. Clare were pelting each other with roses, and chasing each other among the alleys^⑤ of the court.

There is danger that our humble friend Tom be neglected amid the adventures of the higher born; but, if our readers will accompany us up to a little loft over the stable, they may, perhaps, learn a little of his affairs. It was a decent room, containing a bed, a chair, and a small, rough stand, where lay Tom's Bible and hymn-book; and where he sits, at present, with his slate before him, intent on something that seems to cost him a great deal of anxious thought.

The fact was, that Tom's home-yearnings had become so strong that he had begged^⑥ a sheet of writing-paper of Eva, and, mustering up all his small stock of literary attainment

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| ① absorbing [əb'sɔ:biŋ] | adj. | 吸引人的, 非常有趣的 (CET6) |
| ② singular ['siŋgjʊlə] | adj. | 〈语〉单数的; 〈正〉突出的, 卓越的, 非凡的 (CET6) |
| ③ nervous ['nə:vəs] | adj. | 神经系统的, 神经性的; 紧张的 (CET4) |
| ④ merry ['meri] | adj. | 欢乐的, 愉快的 (CET4) |
| ⑤ alley ['æli] | n. | 胡同, 小巷 (CET4) |
| ⑥ beg [beg] | vt. vi. | 乞求, 乞讨; 请求, 恳求 (CET4) |

acquired by Mas'r George's instructions, he conceived the bold idea of writing a letter; and he was busy now, on his slate, getting out his first draft. Tom was in a good deal of trouble, for the forms of some of the letters he had forgotten entirely; and of what he did remember, he did not know exactly which to use. And while he was working, and breathing very hard, in his earnestness, Eva alighted, like a bird, on the round of his chair behind him, and peeped over his shoulder^①.

"O, Uncle Tom! what funny things you are making, there!"

"I'm trying to write to my poor old woman, Miss Eva, and my little chil'en," said Tom, drawing the back of his hand over his eyes; "but, some how, I'm feard I shan't make it out."

"I wish I could help you, Tom! I've learnt to write some. year I could make all the letters, but I'm afraid I've forgotten."

So Eva put her golden head close to his, and the two commenced^② a grave and anxious discussion, each one equally earnest, and about equally ignorant; and, with a deal of consulting and advising over every word, the composition began, as they both felt very sanguine, to look quite like writing.

"Yes, Uncle Tom, it really begins to look beautiful," said Eva, gazing delightedly on it. "How pleased your wife'll be, and the poor little children! O, it's a shame you ever had to

go away from them! I mean to ask papa to let you go back, some time.”

“Missis said that she would send down money for me, as soon as they could get it together,” said Tom. “I’m ’spectin, she will. Young Mas’r George, he said he’d come for me; and he gave me this yer dollar as a sign;” and Tom drew from under his clothes the precious^③ dollar.

“O, he’ll certainly come, then!” said Eva. “I’m so glad!”

“And I wanted to send a letter, you know, to let ’em know whar I was, and tell poor Chloe that I was well off,—cause she felt so drefful, poor soul!”

“I say Tom!” said St. Clare’s voice, coming in the door at this moment.

Tom and Eva both started.

“What’s here?” said St. Clare, coming up and looking at the slate^④.

“O, it’s Tom’s letter. I’m helping him to write it,” said Eva; “isn’t it nice?”

“I wouldn’t discourage either of you,” said St. Clare, “but I rather think, Tom, you’d better get me to write your letter for you. I’ll do it, when I come home from my ride.”

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| ① shoulder ['ʃəuldə] | n. | 肩, 肩部; 有责任, 有担当的人 (CET4) |
| ② commence [kə'mens] | vt. vi. | 开始 (CET6) |
| ③ precious ['preʃəs] | adj. | 宝贵的, 珍贵的 (CET4) |
| ④ slate [sleɪt] | n. | 板岩, 石板; 石板瓦 (CET6) |

“It’s very important he should write,” said Eva, “because his mistress is going to send down money to redeem^① him, you know, papa; he told me they told him so.”

St. Clare thought, in his heart, that this was probably only one of those things which good-natured owners say to their servants, to alleviate their horror of being sold, without any intention of fulfilling the expectation thus excited. But he did not make any audible comment upon it,—only ordered Tom to get the horses out for a ride.

Tom’s letter was written in due form for him that evening, and safely lodged in the post-office.

Miss Ophelia still persevered in her labors in the housekeeping line. It was universally agreed, among all the household, from Dinah down to the youngest urchin, that Miss Ophelia was decidedly “curis,” —a term by which a southern servant implies^② that his or her betters don’t exactly suit them.

The higher circle in the family—to wit, Adolph, Jane and Rosa—agreed that she was no lady; ladies never keep working about as she did,—that she had no air at all; and they were surprised that she should be any relation of the St. Clares. Even Marie declared^③ that it was absolutely fatiguing to see Cousin Ophelia always so busy. And, in fact, Miss Ophelia’s industry was so incessant as to lay some foundation for the complaint. She sewed and stitched away, from daylight

till dark, with the energy of one who is pressed on by some immediate urgency; and then, when the light faded, and the work was folded away, with one turn out came the ever-ready knitting-work, and there she was again, going on as briskly as ever. It really was a labor to see her.



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| ① redeem [ri'di:m] | vt. | 实践, 履行; 补偿, 补救 (CET6) |
| ② imply [im'plai] | vt. | 暗示, 暗指 (CET4) |
| ③ declare [di'kleə] | vt. | 宣布, 宣告; 断言, 宣称 (CET4) |

佳句赏析

1. Our friend Tom, in his own simple musings, often compared his more fortunate lot, in the bondage into which he was cast, with that of Joseph in Egypt.

> 汤姆在静静的沉思中，经常把自己被卖到圣克莱尔家当奴隶这种幸运的经历同约瑟夫在埃及的遭遇相比较。

*compare...with...: 与……相比; which 引导从句修饰 bondage; that 指代前面的 lot 命运。

2. Old Dinah, the head cook, and principal of all rule and authority in the kitchen department, was filled with wrath at what she considered an invasion of privilege.

> 首席厨师老黛娜可以说是厨房里的主管和权威人士，她对奥菲利亚小姐的行为感到愤愤不平，觉得她这样做是侵犯了自己的权利。

*be filled with: 充满……; wrath at: 对……愤怒; what 引导名词从句作 at 的宾语。

3. Strip it of all its ornament, run it down to the root and nucleus of the whole, and what is it?

> 让我们剥开它那虚伪的外皮，看看它的实质是什么。

*strip 和 run 并列, strip...of... 剥开……。

4 . The fact was, that Tom's home-yearnings had become so strong that he had begged a sheet of writing-paper of Eva, and, mustering up all his small stock of literary attainment acquired by Mas'r George's instructions, he conceived the bold idea of writing a letter

> 原来，汤姆是想家了，而且思乡之情越来越浓。于是他向伊娃要来一张信纸，准备用自己在乔治少爷的教导下学到的那么一点点文化知识给家里写封信。

* “so...that” 结构表示“如此……以致”，so 后跟形容词或副词，that 后引出结果状语从句。



名句大搜索

1. 在我们这个社会，一个有正义感和同情心的人，除了听之任之、不闻不问以外，还能做些什么呢？
2. 在我看来，奴隶制这个抽象名词只有一种解释，那就是：庄园主靠它来积累财富，牧师需要它来讨好奉承庄园主，而政治家则需要它来维护其统治，他们歪曲和违背伦理的巧妙手法简直令人惊叹。
3. 奥菲利亚小姐依旧如故地执行着管理家务的职责。
4. 阿道夫不像汤姆那样有头脑，会精打细算。他做事是随心所欲，再加上圣克莱尔对他听之任之，不加管束，导致他们主仆之间不分彼此的极其混乱的局面。圣克莱尔对此也十分伤脑筋，可一点办法也没有。

5. 和现代某派哲学家一样，黛娜对逻辑和理性不屑一顾，做事总是凭自己的直觉。
6. “真是个苦命的人啊！可是从来就没人告诉你耶稣会爱你，会为你而牺牲吗？难道就没人告诉你他会拯救你进入天堂吗？”

Chapter 7 Death



第七章 归天

中文导读

生活一如既往向前，一切都貌似步入正轨，奥菲利亚还是有有条不紊地处理着大大小小的家事，圣克莱尔给她带来了一个小玩意儿——托普希，小姑娘虽然调皮捣蛋，但给全家人带来了不少乐趣，尤其给奥菲利亚刻板的生命注入了新的色彩。

对于《圣经》的虔诚信仰，使得伊娃和汤姆的友谊跨越了年龄，达到了真正的心灵上的契合。不幸的是，万能的上帝都无法拯救伊娃，她的病情越来越严重。伊娃小小年纪，却仁慈宽厚，体恤着黑奴的苦难，用平等的目光注视他们，用博大的心灵包容他们，她爱着身边的每一个人，宽恕着每一个人，宛如坠落于人间的天使，但是如今的她，却成了一只疲乏的鸽子，带着无限的遗憾和眷恋离开了。

Chapter 7

Weep not for those whom the veil^① of the tomb^②, In life's early morning, hath hid from our eyes.

Eva's bed-room was a spacious apartment, which, like all the other rooms in the house, opened on to the broad verandah. The room communicated, on one side, with her father and mother's apartment; on the other, with that appropriated to Miss Ophelia. St. Clare had gratified his own eye and taste, in furnishing this room in a style that had a peculiar keeping with the character of her for whom it was intended. The windows were hung with curtains of rose-colored and white muslin, the floor was spread with a matting which had been ordered in Paris,

to a pattern of his own device, having round it a border of rose-buds and leaves, and a centre-piece with full-flown roses. The bedstead, chairs, and lounges, were of bamboo, wrought in peculiarly graceful and fanciful patterns. Over the head of the bed was an alabaster bracket, on which a beautiful sculptured angel stood, with drooping wings, holding out a crown of myrtle-leaves. From this depended, over the bed, light curtains of rose-colored gauze, striped with silver, supplying that protection from mosquitos which is an indispensable addition to all sleeping accommodation in that climate. The graceful bamboo lounges were amply supplied with cushions of rose-colored damask, while over them, depending from the hands of sculptured figures, were gauze curtains similar to those of the bed. A light, fanciful bamboo table stood in the middle of the room, where a Parian vase, wrought in the shape of a white lily, with its buds, stood, ever filled with flowers. On this table lay Eva's books and little trinkets, with an elegantly wrought alabaster writing-stand, which her father had supplied to her when he saw her trying to improve^③ herself in writing. There was a fireplace in the room, and on the marble mantle above stood a beautifully wrought statuette of Jesus receiving little children, and on either side

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|----------------------|---------|-------------------|
| ① veil [veil] | n. | 面纱, 覆盖物 (CET4) |
| ② tomb [tu:m] | n. | 墓穴 (CET4) |
| ③ improve [im'pru:v] | vt. vi. | 改善, 改进, 提高 (CET4) |

marble vases, for which it was Tom's pride and delight to offer bouquets every morning. Two or three exquisite paintings of children, in various attitudes, embellished the wall.

In short, the eye could turn nowhere without meeting images of childhood^①, of beauty, and of peace. Those little eyes never opened, in the morning light, without falling on something which suggested to the heart soothing and beautiful thoughts.

The deceitful strength which had buoyed Eva up for a little while was fast passing away; seldom and more seldom her light footstep was heard in the verandah, and oftener and oftener she was found reclined on a little lounge by the open window, her large, deep eyes fixed on the rising and falling waters of the lake.

It was towards the middle of the afternoon, as she was so reclining,—her Bible half open, her little transparent^② fingers lying listlessly between the leaves,—suddenly she heard her mother's voice, in sharp tones, in the verandah.

“What now, you baggage!—what new piece of mischief! You've been picking the flowers, hey?” and Eva heard the sound of a smart slap.

“Law, Missis! they 's for Miss Eva,” she heard a voice say, which she knew belonged to Topsy.

“Miss Eva! A pretty excuse!—you suppose she wants your flowers, you good-for-nothing nigger! Get along off

with you!”

In a moment, Eva was off from her lounge, and in the verandah.

“O, don’t, mother! I should like the flowers; do give them to me; I want them!”

“Why, Eva, your room is full now.”

“I can’t have too many,” said Eva. “Topsy, do bring them here.”

Topsy, who had stood sullenly, holding down her head, now came up and offered her flowers. She did it with a look of hesitation^③ and bashfulness, quite unlike the eldritch boldness and brightness which was usual with her.

“It’s a beautiful bouquet!” said Eva, looking at it.

It was rather a singular^④ one,—a brilliant scarlet geranium, and one single white japonica, with its glossy leaves. It was tied up with an evident eye to the contrast of color, and the arrangement of every leaf had carefully been studied.

Topsy looked pleased, as Eva said,—“Topsy, you arrange flowers very prettily. Here,” she said, “is this vase I haven’t any flowers for. I wish you’d arrange something every day for

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- ① childhood [ˈtʃaɪld,hʊd] **n.** 童年, 儿童时代 (CET4)
 ② transparent [trænsˈperənt] **adj.** 透明的, 显而易见的 (CET6)
 ③ hesitation [ˌhezɪˈteɪʃən] **n.** 犹豫, 踌躇 (CET4)
 ④ singular [ˈsɪŋɡjələ] **adj.** 单数的, 突出的, 卓越的 (CET4)

it.”

“Well, that’s odd!” said Marie. “What in the world do you want that for?”

“Never mind, mamma; you’d as lief as not Topsy should do it,—had you not?”

“Of course, anything you please, dear! Topsy, you hear your young mistress;—see that you mind.”

Topsy made a short courtesy, and looked down; and, as she turned away, Eva saw a tear roll down her dark cheek.

“You see, mamma, I knew poor Topsy wanted to do something for me,” said Eva to her mother.

“O, nonsense^①! it’s only because she likes to do mischief. She knows she mustn’t pick flowers,—so she does it; that’s all there is to it. But, if you fancy^② to have her pluck them, so be it.”

“Mamma, I think Topsy is different from what she used to be; she’s trying to be a good girl.”

“She’ll have to try a good while before she gets to be good,” said Marie, with a careless laugh.

“Well, you know, mamma, poor Topsy! everything has always been against her.”

“Not since she’s been here, I’m sure. If she hasn’t been talked to, and preached to, and every earthly thing done that anybody could do;—and she’s just so ugly, and always will be; you can’t make anything of the creature!”

“But, mamma, it’s so different to be brought up as I’ve been, with so many friends, so many things to make me good and happy; and to be brought up as she’s been, all the time, till she came here!”

“Most likely,” said Marie, yawning,— “dear me, how hot it is!”

“Mamma, you believe, don’t you, that Topsy could become an angel, as well as any of us, if she were a Christian?”

“Topsy! what a ridiculous^③ idea! Nobody but you would ever think of it. I suppose she could, though.”

“But, mamma, isn’t God her father, as much as ours? Isn’t Jesus her Saviour?”

“Well, that may be. I suppose^④ God made everybody,” said Marie. “Where is my smelling-bottle?”

“It’s such a pity,—oh! such a pity!” said Eva, looking out on the distant lake, and speaking half to herself.

“What’s a pity?” said Marie.

“Why, that any one, who could be a bright angel, and live with angels, should go all down, down down, and nobody help them!—oh dear!”

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|----------------------------|------|-------------------------------|
| ① nonsense ['nɒnsəns] | n. | 胡说, 废话 (CET4) |
| ② fancy ['fænsi] | vt. | 想像, 设想; 想要, 喜欢; 猜想, 以为 (CET4) |
| ③ ridiculous [ri'dɪkjʊləs] | adj. | 可笑的, 荒谬的 (CET4) |
| ④ suppose [sə'pəʊz] | vt. | 料想, 猜想; 假定, 假设 (CET4) |

“Well, we can’t help it; it’s no use worrying, Eva! I don’t know what’s to be done; we ought to be thankful for our own advantages.”

“I hardly can be,” said Eva, “I’m so sorry to think of poor folks that haven’t any.”

That’s odd enough,” said Marie;— “I’m sure my religion^① makes me thankful for my advantages.”

“Mamma,” said Eva, “I want to have some of my hair cut off,—a good deal of it.”

“What for?” said Marie.

“Mamma, I want to give some away to my friends, while I am able to give it to them myself. Won’t you ask aunty to come and cut it for me?”

Marie raised her voice, and called Miss Ophelia, from the other room.

The child half rose from her pillow as she came in, and, shaking down her long golden-brown curls^②, said, rather playfully, “Come aunty, shear the sheep!”

“What’s that?” said St. Clare, who just then entered with some fruit he had been out to get for her.

“Papa, I just want aunty to cut off some of my hair;—there’s too much of it, and it makes my head hot. Besides, I want to give some of it away.”

Miss Ophelia came, with her scissors.

“Take care,—don’t spoil the looks of it!” said her father;

“cut underneath^③, where it won't show. Eva's curls are my pride.”

“O, papa!” said Eva, sadly.

“Yes, and I want them kept handsome against the time I take you up to your uncle's plantation, to see Cousin Henrique,” said St. Clare, in a gay tone.

“I shall never go there, papa;—I am going to a better country. O, do believe me! Don't you see, papa, that I get weaker, every day?”

“Why do you insist that I shall believe such a cruel thing, Eva?” said her father.

“Only because it is true, papa: and, if you will believe it now, perhaps you will get to feel about it as I do.”

St. Clare closed his lips, and stood gloomily^④ eying the long, beautiful curls, which, as they were separated from the child's head, were laid, one by one, in her lap. She raised them up, looked earnestly at them, twined them around her thin fingers, and looked from time to time, anxiously at her father.

“It's just what I've been foreboding!” said Marie; “it's just

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|--------------------------|-------|-----------------------|
| ① religion [ri'lɪdʒən] | n. | 宗教, 宗教信仰 (CET4) |
| ② curl [kɜ:l] | n. | 一缕卷发, 卷曲物; |
| | vt. | 使弯曲, 使卷曲 (CET6) |
| ③ underneath [ʌndə'ni:θ] | prep. | 在...下面; 在...底下 (CET4) |
| ④ gloomily ['glu:mɪli] | adv. | 阴暗地; 阴沉地 (CET4) |

what has been preying on my health, from day to day, bringing me downward to the grave, though nobody regards it. I have seen this, long. St. Clare, you will see, after a while, that I was right.”

“Which will afford you great consolation, no doubt!” said St. Clare, in a dry, bitter tone.

Marie lay back on a lounge, and covered her face with her cambric handkerchief.

Eva's clear blue eye looked earnestly from one to the other. It was the calm, comprehending gaze of a soul half loosed from its earthly bonds; it was evident she saw, felt, and appreciated, the difference between the two.

She beckoned with her hand to her father. He came and sat down by her.

“Papa, my strength fades away every day, and I know I must go. There are some things I want to say and do,—that I ought to do; and you are so unwilling to have me speak a word on this subject. But it must come; there's no putting it off. Do be willing I should speak now!”

“My child, I am willing!” said St. Clare, covering his eyes with one hand, and holding up Eva's hand with the other.

“Then, I want to see all our people together. I have some things I must say to them,” said Eva.

“Well,” said St. Clare, in a tone of dry endurance^①.

Miss Ophelia despatched^② a messenger, and soon the whole of the servants were convened in the room.

Eva lay back on her pillows; her hair hanging loosely about her face, her crimson cheeks contrasting painfully with the intense whiteness of her complexion and the thin contour of her limbs and features^③, and her large, soul-like eyes fixed earnestly on every one.

The servants were struck with a sudden emotion. The spiritual face, the long locks of hair cut off and lying by her, her father's averted face, and Marie's sobs, struck at once upon the feelings of a sensitive and impressible race; and, as they came in, they looked one on another, sighed, and shook their heads. There was a deep silence, like that of a funeral.

Eva raised herself, and looked long and earnestly round at every one. All looked sad and apprehensive. Many of the women hid their faces in their aprons.

"I sent for you all, my dear friends," said Eva, "because I love you. I love you all; and I have something to say to you, which I want you always to remember. . . . I am going to leave you. In a few more weeks you will see me no more—"

Here the child was interrupted by bursts of groans, sobs, and lamentations, which broke from all present, and in which her slender voice was lost entirely. She waited a moment, and

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|---------------------------|--------|-----------------------|
| ① endurance [in'djuərəns] | n. | 忍耐力 (CET4) |
| ② despatch [dis'pætʃ] | n. vt. | 派遣 (CET6) |
| ③ feature [fi:tʃə] | n. | 特征, 特色; 面貌, 相貌 (CET4) |

then, speaking in a tone that checked the sobs of all, she said,

“If you love me, you must not interrupt me so. Listen to what I say. I want to speak to you about your souls. . . . Many of you, I am afraid, are very careless. You are thinking only about this world. I want you to remember that there is a beautiful world, where Jesus is. I am going there, and you can go there. It is for you, as much as me. But, if you want to go there, you must not live idle^①, careless, thoughtless lives. You must be Christians. You must remember that each one of you can become angels, and be angels forever. . . . If you want to be Christians, Jesus will help you. You must pray to him; you must read—”

The child checked herself, looked piteously at them, and said, sorrowfully,

“O dear! you can’t read—poor souls!” and she hid her face in the pillow and sobbed, while many a smothered sob from those she was addressing, who were kneeling on the floor, aroused^② her.

“Never mind,” she said, raising her face and smiling brightly through her tears, “I have prayed for you; and I know Jesus will help you, even if you can’t read. Try all to do the best you can; pray every day; ask Him to help you, and get the Bible read to you whenever you can; and I think I shall see you all in heaven.”

“Amen,” was the murmured response from the lips of

Tom and Mammy, and some of the elder ones, who belonged to the Methodist church. The younger and more thoughtless ones, for the time completely overcome, were sobbing, with their heads bowed upon their knees^③.

“I know,” said Eva, “you all love me.”

“Yes; oh, yes! indeed we do! Lord bless her!” was the involuntary answer of all.

“Yes, I know you do! There isn’t one of you that hasn’t always been very kind to me; and I want to give you something that, when you look at, you shall always remember me, I’m going to give all of you a curl of my hair; and, when you look at it, think that I loved you and am gone to heaven, and that I want to see you all there.”

It is impossible to describe the scene, as, with tears and sobs, they gathered round the little creature, and took from her hands what seemed to them a last mark of her love. They fell on their knees; they sobbed, and prayed, and kissed the hem of her garment; and the elder ones poured forth words of endearment, mingled in prayers and blessings, after the manner of their susceptible^④ race.

As each one took their gift, Miss Ophelia, who was

① idle ['aɪdl]

adj. 空闲的, 闲着的 (CET4)

② arouse [ə'raʊz]

vt. 唤醒, 引起, 激发 (CET4)

③ knee [ni:]

n. 膝, 膝盖 (CET4)

④ susceptible [sə'septəbl]

adj. 易受影响的, 易动感情的 (CET6)

apprehensive for the effect of all this excitement on her little patient^①, signed to each one to pass out of the apartment.

At last, all were gone but Tom and Mammy.

“Here, Uncle Tom,” said Eva, “is a beautiful one for you. O, I am so happy, Uncle Tom, to think I shall see you in heaven,—for I’m sure I shall; and Mammy,—dear, good, kind Mammy!” she said, fondly throwing her arms round her old nurse^②,— “I know you’ll be there, too.”

“O, Miss Eva, don’t see how I can live without ye, no how!” said the faithful creature. “’Pears like it’s just taking everything off the place to oncet!” and Mammy gave way to a passion of grief.

Miss Ophelia pushed her and Tom gently from the apartment, and thought they were all gone; but, as she turned, Topsy was standing there.

“Where did you start up from?” she said, suddenly.

“I was here,” said Topsy, wiping the tears from her eyes. “O, Miss Eva, I’ve been a bad girl; but won’t you give me one, too?”

“Yes, poor Topsy! to be sure, I will. There—every time you look at that, think that I love you, and wanted you to be a good girl!”

“O, Miss Eva, I is tryin!” said Topsy, earnestly; “but, Lor, it’s so hard to be good! ’Pears like I an’t used to it, no ways!”

“Jesus knows it, Topsy; he is sorry for you; he will help you.”

Topsy, with her eyes hid in her apron, was silently passed from the apartment by Miss Ophelia; but, as she went, she hid the precious curl in her bosom.

All being gone, Miss Ophelia shut the door. That worthy lady had wiped away many tears of her own, during the scene^③; but concern for the consequence of such an excitement to her young charge was uppermost^④ in her mind.

St. Clare had been sitting, during the whole time, with his hand shading his eyes, in the same attitude^⑤.

When they were all gone, he sat so still.

“Papa!” said Eva, gently, laying her hand on his.

He gave a sudden start and shiver; but made no answer.

“Dear papa!” said Eva.

“I cannot,” said St. Clare, rising, “I cannot have it so! The Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me!” and St. Clare pronounced these words with a bitter emphasis^⑥, indeed.

“Augustine! has not God a right to do what he will with

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|-------------------------|------|------------------------|
| ① patient ['peɪʃənt] | n. | 患者, 病人 (CET4) |
| ② nurse [nɜ:s] | n. | 护士, 保姆 (CET4) |
| ③ scene [si:n] | n. | 一场, 一节, 一个镜头 (CET4) |
| ④ uppermost ['ʌpəməʊst] | adj. | 最高的; 最上面的; 最重要的 (CET6) |
| ⑤ attitude ['ætɪtju:d] | n. | 态度, 看法 (CET4) |
| ⑥ emphasis ['emfəsis] | n. | 强调, 重点 (CET4) |

his own?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Perhaps so; but that doesn't make it any easier to bear," said he, with a dry, hard, tearless manner, as he turned away.

"Papa, you break my heart!" said Eva, rising and throwing herself into his arms; "you must not feel so!" and the child sobbed and wept with a violence which alarmed them all, and turned her father's thoughts at once to another channel.

"There, Eva,—there, dearest! Hush! hush! I was wrong; I was wicked^①. I will feel any way, do any way,—only don't distress yourself; don't sob so. I will be resigned; I was wicked to speak as I did."

Eva soon lay like a wearied dove in her father's arms; and he, bending over her, soothed her by every tender word he could think of.

Marie rose and threw herself out of the apartment into her own, when she fell into violent hysterics.

"You didn't give me a curl, Eva," said her father, smiling sadly.

"They are all yours, papa," said she, smiling— "yours and mamma's; and you must give dear aunty as many as she wants. I only gave them to our poor people myself, because you know, papa, they might be forgotten when I am gone, and because I hoped it might help them remember. . . You are a Christian, are you not, papa?" said Eva, doubtfully.

“Why do you ask me?”

“I don’t know. You are so good, I don’t see how you can help it.”

“What is being a Christian, Eva?”

“Loving Christ most of all,” said Eva.

“Do you, Eva?”

“Certainly I do.”

“You never saw him,” said St. Clare.

“That makes no difference,” said Eva. “I believe him, and in a few days I shall see him;” and the young face grew fervent^②, radiant with joy.

St. Clare said no more. It was a feeling which he had seen before in his mother; but no chord within vibrated to it.

Eva, after this, declined rapidly; there was no more any doubt of the event; the fondest hope could not be blinded. Her beautiful room was avowedly a sick room; and Miss Ophelia day and night performed the duties of a nurse,—and never did her friends appreciate^③ her value more than in that capacity. With so well-trained a hand and eye, such perfect adroitness and practice in every art which could promote neatness and comfort, and keep out of sight every

① wicked ['wɪkɪd]

adj.

邪恶的，恶劣的；缺德的

② fervent ['fɜːvənt]

adj.

热诚的，热烈的 (CET6)

③ appreciate [ə'priːʃieɪt]

vt.

vi.

感激，感谢；欣赏，赏识 (CET4)

disagreeable incident of sickness,—with such a perfect sense of time, such a clear, untroubled head, such exact accuracy in remembering every prescription^① and direction of the doctors,—she was everything to him. They who had shrugged their shoulders at her little peculiarities and setnesses, so unlike the careless freedom of southern manners, acknowledged that now she was the exact person that was wanted.

Uncle Tom was much in Eva's room. The child suffered much from nervous restlessness, and it was a relief to her to be carried; and it was Tom's greatest delight to carry her little frail form in his arms, resting on a pillow, now up and down her room, now out into the verandah; and when the fresh sea-breezes blew from the lake,—and the child felt freshest in the morning,—he would sometimes walk with her under the orange-trees in the garden, or, sitting down in some of their old seats, sing to her their favorite old hymns.

Her father often did the same thing; but his frame was slighter, and when he was weary, Eva would say to him,

“O, papa, let Tom take me. Poor fellow! it pleases him; and you know it's all he can do now, and he wants to do something!”

“So do I, Eva!” said her father.

“Well, papa, you can do everything, and are everything to me. You read to me,—you sit up nights,—and Tom has only this one thing, and his singing; and I know, too, he does it easier than you can. He carries me so strong!”

The desire^② to do something was not confined to Tom. Every servant in the establishment showed the same feeling, and in their way did what they could.

Poor Mammy's heart yearned towards her darling; but she found no opportunity, night or day, as Marie declared that the state of her mind was such, it was impossible for her to rest; and, of course, it was against her principles^③ to let any one else rest. Twenty times in a night, Mammy would be roused to rub her feet, to bathe her head, to find her pocket-handkerchief, to see what the noise was in Eva's room, to let down a curtain because it was too light, or to put it up because it was too dark; and, in the daytime, when she longed to have some share in the nursing of her pet, Marie seemed unusually ingenious^④ in keeping her busy anywhere and everywhere all over the house, or about her own person; so that stolen interviews and momentary glimpses were all she could obtain.

"I feel it my duty to be particularly careful of myself, now," she would say, "feeble as I am, and with the whole care

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|-------------------------------|------|------------------------|
| ① prescription [pris'kripʃən] | n. | 药, 治疗方法; 处方, 药方 (CET4) |
| ② desire [di'zaɪə] | n. | 愿望, 欲望, 心愿 (CET4) |
| ③ principle ['prinsəpl] | n. | 原则, 原理; 准则, 规范 (CET4) |
| ④ ingenious [in'dʒɪnjəs] | adj. | 灵巧的, 善于创造发明的 (CET4) |

and nursing of that dear child upon me.”

“Indeed, my dear,” said St. Clare, “I thought our cousin relieved you of that.”

“You talk like a man, St. Clare,—just as if a mother could be relieved of the care of a child in that state; but, then, it’s all alike,—no one ever knows what I feel! I can’t throw things off, as you do.”

St. Clare smiled. You must excuse him, he couldn’t help it,—for St. Clare could smile yet. For so bright and placid was the farewell voyage of the little spirit,—by such sweet and fragrant breezes^① was the small bark borne towards the heavenly shores,—that it was impossible to realize that it was death that was approaching. The child felt no pain,—only a tranquil, soft weakness, daily and almost insensibly increasing; and she was so beautiful, so loving, so trustful, so happy, that one could not resist the soothing influence of that air of innocence and peace which seemed to breathe around her. St. Clare found a strange calm coming over him. It was not hope,—that was impossible; it was not resignation; it was only a calm resting in the present, which seemed so beautiful that he wished to think of no future. It was like that hush of spirit which we feel amid the bright, mild woods of autumn, when the bright hectic flush is on the trees, and the last lingering flowers by the brook; and we joy in it all the more, because we know that soon it will all pass away.

The friend who knew most of Eva's own imaginings and foreshadowings was her faithful^② bearer, Tom. To him she said what she would not disturb her father by saying. To him she imparted those mysterious intimations which the soul feels, as the cords begin to unbind^③, ere it leaves its clay forever.

Tom, at last, would not sleep in his room, but lay all night in the outer verandah, ready to rouse at every call.

"Uncle Tom, what alive have you taken to sleeping anywhere and everywhere, like a dog, for?" said Miss Ophelia. "I thought you was one of the orderly sort, that liked to lie in bed in a Christian way."

"I do, Miss Feely," said Tom, mysteriously. "I do, but now—"

"Well, what now?"

"We mustn't speak loud; Mas'r St. Clare won't hear on 't; but Miss Feely, you know there must be somebody watchin' for the bridegroom^④."

"What do you mean, Tom?"

"You know it says in Scripture, 'At midnight there was a great cry made. Behold, the bridegroom cometh.' That's what

① breeze [bri:z]

n.

微风, 轻风 (CET4)

② faithful ['feiθfəl]

adj.

忠实的, 守信的; 忠贞的 (CET4)

③ unbind [ʌn'baɪnd]

vt.

解开, 解放 (CET6)

④ bridegroom ['braidgrum]

n.

新郎 (CET4)

I'm spectin now, every night, Miss Feely,—and I couldn't sleep out o' hearin, no ways."

"Why, Uncle Tom, what makes you think so?"

"Miss Eva, she talks to me. The Lord, he sends his messenger in the soul. I must be thar, Miss Feely; for when that ar blessed child goes into the kingdom, they'll open the door so wide, we'll all get a look in at the glory, Miss Feely."

"Uncle Tom, did Miss Eva say she felt more unwell than usual tonight?"

"No; but she telled me, this morning, she was coming nearer,—thar's them that tells it to the child, Miss Feely. It's the angels,— 'it's the trumpet sound afore the break o' day,'" said Tom, quoting from a favorite^① hymn^②.

This dialogue passed between Miss Ophelia and Tom, between ten and eleven, one evening, after her arrangements had all been made for the night, when, on going to bolt her outer door, she found Tom stretched along by it, in the outer verandah.

She was not nervous or impressive; but the solemn^③, heart-felt manner struck her. Eva had been unusually bright and cheerful, that afternoon, and had sat raised in her bed, and looked over all her little trinkets and precious things, and designated the friends to whom she would have them given; and her manner was more animated, and her voice more natural, than they had known it for weeks. Her father

had been in, in the evening, and had said that Eva appeared more like her former self than ever she had done since her sickness; and when he kissed her for the night, he said to Miss Ophelia,—“Cousin, we may keep her with us, after all; she is certainly better;” and he had retired^④ with a lighter heart in his bosom than he had had there for weeks.

But at midnight,—strange, mystic hour!—when the veil between the frail present and the eternal future grows thin,—then came the messenger!

There was a sound in that chamber, first of one who stepped quickly. It was Miss Ophelia, who had resolved to sit up all night with her little charge, and who, at the turn of the night, had discerned^⑤ what experienced nurses significantly call “a change.” The outer door was quickly opened, and Tom, who was watching outside, was on the alert, in a moment.

“Go for the doctor, Tom! lose not a moment,” said Miss Ophelia; and, stepping across the room, she rapped at St. Clare’s door.

“Cousin,” she said, “I wish you would come.”

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|------------------------|------|--------------------------|
| ① favorite ['feɪvərɪt] | n. | 特别喜欢的人(或物), 喜欢的事物 (CET4) |
| ② hymn ['hɪm] | n. | 赞美诗, 圣歌, 颂歌 (CET6) |
| ③ solemn ['sɒləm] | adj. | 严肃的, 庄重的, 郑重的 (CET4) |
| ④ retire ['rɪ'taɪə] | v. | 退休, 退职 (CET4) |
| ⑤ discern [dɪ'sə:n] | vt. | 看见; 辨明 (CET6) |

Those words fell on his heart like clods upon a coffin. Why did they? He was up and in the room in an instant, and bending over Eva, who still slept.

What was it he saw that made his heart stand still? Why was no word spoken between the two? Thou canst say, who hast seen that same expression on the face dearest to thee;—that look indescribable, hopeless, unmistakable, that says to thee that thy beloved is no longer thine.

On the face of the child, however, there was no ghastly imprint,—only a high and almost sublime expression,—the overshadowing presence of spiritual^① natures, the dawning of immortal^② life in that childish soul.

They stood there so still, gazing upon her, that even the ticking of the watch seemed too loud. In a few moments, Tom returned, with the doctor. He entered, gave one look, and stood silent as the rest.

“When did this change take place?” said he, in a low whisper^③, to Miss Ophelia.

“About the turn of the night,” was the reply.

Marie, roused by the entrance of the doctor, appeared, hurriedly, from the next room.

“Augustine! Cousin!—O!—what!” she hurriedly began.

“Hush!” said St. Clare, hoarsely; “she is dying!”

Mammy heard the words, and flew to awaken the servants. The house was soon roused,—lights were seen,

footsteps heard, anxious faces thronged the verandah, and looked tearfully through the glass doors; but St. Clare heard and said nothing,—he saw only that look on the face of the little sleeper.

“O, if she would only wake, and speak once more!” he said; and, stooping over her, he spoke in her ear,— “Eva, darling!”

The large blue eyes unclosed—a smile passed over her face;—she tried to raise her head, and to speak.

“Do you know me, Eva?”

“Dear papa,” said the child, with a last effort, throwing her arms about his neck. In a moment they dropped again; and, as St. Clare raised his head, he saw a spasm of mortal agony pass over the face,—she struggled for breath, and threw up her little hands.

“O, God, this is dreadful^④!” he said, turning away in agony, and wringing Tom’s hand, scarce conscious^⑤ what he was doing. “O, Tom, my boy, it is killing me!”

Tom had his master’s hands between his own; and, with tears streaming down his dark cheeks, looked up for help

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|---------------------------|------|------------------|
| ① spiritual ['spiritʃuəl] | adj. | 精神上的, 心灵的 |
| ② immortal ['i'mɔ:tl] | adj. | 不朽的, 流芳百世的 |
| ③ whisper ['hwiʃpə] | n. | 低声, 耳语, 私语 |
| ④ dreadful ['dredfəl] | adj. | 可怕的, 令人畏惧的 |
| ⑤ conscious ['kɒnʃəs] | adj. | 神志清醒的; 知道的, 注意到的 |

where he had always been used to look.

“Pray that this may be cut short!” said St. Clare,— “this wrings my heart.”

“O, bless the Lord! it's over,—it's over, dear Master!” said Tom; “look at her.”

The child lay panting on her pillows, as one exhausted^①,— the large clear eyes rolled up and fixed. Ah, what said those eyes, that spoke so much of heaven! Earth was past,—and earthly pain; but so solemn, so mysterious, was the triumphant brightness of that face, that it checked even the sobs of sorrow. They pressed around her, in breathless stillness.

“Eva,” said St. Clare, gently.

She did not hear.

“O, Eva, tell us what you see! What is it?” said her father.

A bright, a glorious smile passed over her face, and she said, brokenly,— “O! love,—joy,—peace!” gave one sigh and passed from death unto life!

“Farewell, beloved child! the bright, eternal doors have closed after thee; we shall see thy sweet face no more. O, woe for them who watched thy entrance into heaven, when they shall wake and find only the cold gray sky of daily^② life, and thou gone forever!”

① exhausted [ig'zɔ:stɪd] **adj.** 耗尽的, 用完的 (CET4)

② daily ['deɪli] **adj.** 每日的, 日常的 (CET4)

佳句赏析

1. The deceitful strength which had buoyed Eva up for a little while was fast passing away; seldom and more seldom her light footstep was heard in the verandah.

> 先前支撑伊娃的那股虚飘劲已经过去，走廊里再也听不到她轻盈的脚步声了。

*which 引导定语从句修饰 strength。

2. There was a deep silence, like that of a funeral.

> 屋子里一片死寂，仿佛在进行一个庄严的葬礼。

*that 指代前面的 silence。

3. because I love you. I love you all; and I have something to say to you, which I want you always to remember. . . . I am going to leave you. In a few more weeks you will see me no more.

> “是因为我爱你们，爱你们每个人，我有些话要告诉你们，希望你们能记住，因为……因为我将不久于人世，也许只有几个星期，到那时，我就再也见不到你们了……”

*which 引导从句修饰 something。

4. Ah, what said those eyes, that spoke so much of heaven! Earth was past,—and earthly pain; but so solemn, so mysterious, was the triumphant brightness of that face, that it checked even the sobs of sorrow.

> 哦，那双从前述说天国故事的眼睛在说些什么呢？超越了尘世间的苦难，那张脸上带着胜利的光辉，多么静穆，又多么神秘啊！

*that 作为代词，代指上文全句的内容或部分内容，在这里指代“what said those eyes”。



名句大搜索

1. 伊娃靠在枕头上，长长的头发披散在消瘦的脸颊旁。她肤色惨白，双颊却带着病态的潮红，五官分明，四肢却瘦若无骨，这些都形成了鲜明而凄惨的对照。
2. 她那双深陷的眼睛却灼灼发光，似乎要把周围的人都深深地看在眼里，随她带走。
3. 连他自己也没有想到，自己的女儿升天的路是那么平坦和愉悦，宛如一叶轻舟在芬芳、柔美的微风吹拂下静静地漂流，一直漂到天堂那幸福的彼岸。
4. 房间的墙壁上挂着两三幅精美的油画，画着神态各异的孩子。

5. 圣克莱尔默不做声了，他只是心痛地看着自己女儿的一缕缕长卷发飘落下来，再被平放在她的衣兜里。
6. 她手眼灵活，对如何保持整洁舒适、消除疾病中的不快都了如指掌；她时间观念强，头脑清晰镇定，能准确无误地记忆医生的药方和叮嘱。对圣克莱尔来说，她简直就是上帝。

Chapter 8 The Slave Warehouse



第八章 黑奴交易所

中文导读

伊娃的去世像一层凄凉的迷雾笼罩着一切，圣克莱尔看似平静，内心却比任何人都要悲痛。受死去女儿的感化，他决定给可怜的黑奴们以自由，可就在汤姆等人即将迎来自由的时候，圣克莱尔却在一次争执中意外死去。

这对于黑奴们而言，无异于晴天霹雳，他们唯一的保障也弃世而去，冷漠的现实生活又像潮水一般涌了回来。痛失女儿和丈夫的玛丽变本加厉地折磨黑奴们，准备将他们拍卖。

在丑陋污浊的奴隶交易所度过一个黑暗之夜后，汤姆和他的同伴们先后找到了自己的新东家。

逆来顺受的汤姆并未得到自由，而是被现实的狂涛卷入更为痛苦的境地，希尔比、克鲁伊、圣克莱尔、伊娃都成为昨日风景，一去不复返了。

Chapter 8

A slave warehouse^①! Perhaps some of my readers conjure up horrible visions of such a place. They fancy some foul, obscure^② den, some horrible Tartarus “informis, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.” But no, innocent friend; in these days men have learned the art of sinning expertly and genteelly, so as not to shock the eyes and senses of respectable society. Human property is high in the market; and is, therefore, well fed, well cleaned, tended, and looked after, that it may come to sale sleek, and strong, and shining. A slave-warehouse in New Orleans is a house externally not much unlike many others, kept with neatness; and where every day you may see

arranged, under a sort of shed along the outside, rows of men and women, who stand there as a sign of the property sold within.

Then you shall be courteously entreated to call and examine, and shall find an abundance of husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, and young children, to be “sold separately, or in lots to suit the convenience of the purchaser;” and that soul immortal, once bought with blood and anguish by the Son of God, when the earth shook, and the rocks rent, and the graves were opened, can be sold, leased, mortgaged, exchanged for groceries or dry goods, to suit the phases of trade, or the fancy of the purchaser^③.

It was a day or two after the conversation between Marie and Miss Ophelia, that Tom, Adolph, and about half a dozen others of the St. Clare estate, were turned over to the loving kindness of Mr. Skeggs, the keeper of a depot on—street, to await the auction, next day.

Tom had with him quite a sizable trunk full of clothing, as had most others of them. They were ushered, for the night, into a long room, where many other men, of all ages, sizes, and shades of complexion, were assembled, and from

① warehouse ['wɛəhaʊs]

n.

仓库, 货栈 (CET4)

② obscure [əb'skjuə]

adj.

不出名的, 不重要的 (CET4)

③ purchase ['pɜ:tʃəs]

vt.

购买

n.

购买到的东西 (CET4)

which roars of laughter and unthinking merriment were proceeding^①.

“Ah, ha! that’s right. Go it, boys,—go it!” said Mr. Skeggs, the keeper. “My people are always so merry! Sambo, I see!” he said, speaking approvingly to a burly negro who was performing tricks of low buffoonery, which occasioned the shouts which Tom had heard.

As might be imagined, Tom was in no humor^② to join these proceedings; and, therefore, setting his trunk as far as possible from the noisy group, he sat down on it, and leaned his face against the wall.

The dealers in the human article make scrupulous and systematic efforts to promote noisy mirth among them, as a means of drowning reflection, and rendering them insensible to their condition. The whole object of the training to which the negro is put, from the time he is sold in the northern market till he arrives south, is systematically directed towards making him callous, unthinking, and brutal^③. The slave-dealer collects his gang in Virginia or Kentucky, and drives them to some convenient, healthy place,—often a watering place,—to be fattened. Here they are fed full daily; and, because some incline to pine, a fiddle is kept commonly going among them, and they are made to dance daily; and he who refuses to be merry—in whose soul thoughts of wife, or child, or home, are too strong for him to be gay—is marked

as sullen and dangerous, and subjected to all the evils which the ill will of an utterly irresponsible and hardened man can inflict upon him. Briskness, alertness, and cheerfulness of appearance, especially before observers, are constantly enforced upon them, both by the hope of thereby getting a good master, and the fear of all that the driver may bring upon them if they prove unsalable.

“What dat ar nigger doin here?” said Sambo, coming up to Tom, after Mr. Skeggs had left the room. Sambo was a full black, of great size, very lively, voluble, and full of trick and grimace.

“What you doin here?” said Sambo, coming up to Tom, and poking him facetiously in the side. “Meditatin’, eh?”

“I am to be sold at the auction, tomorrow!” said Tom, quietly.

“Sold at auction,—haw! haw! boys, an’t this yer fun? I wish’t I was gwine that ar way!—tell ye, wouldn’t I make em laugh? But how is it,—dis yer whole lot gwine tomorrow?” said Sambo, laying his hand freely on Adolph’s shoulder.

“Please to let me alone!” said Adolph, fiercely, straightening himself up, with extreme disgust.

① proceed [prə'si:d]

vi.

前进，行进 (CET4)

② humor ['hju:mə]

n.

幽默，心情，诙谐 (CET4)

③ brutal ['bru:tɪ]

adj.

无情的，野蛮的 (CET4)

“Law, now, boys! dis yer’s one o’ yer white niggers,—kind o’ cream color, ye know, scented!” said he, coming up to Adolph and snuffing. “O Lor! he’d do for a tobaccer-shop; they could keep him to scent^① snuff! Lor, he’d keep a whole shope agwine,—he would!”

“I say, keep off, can’t you?” said Adolph, enraged.

“Lor, now, how touchy we is,—we white niggers! Look at us now!” and Sambo gave a ludicrous imitation of Adolph’s manner; “here’s de airs and graces. We’s been in a good family, I specs.”

“Yes,” said Adolph; “I had a master that could have bought you all for old truck!”

“Laws, now, only think,” said Sambo, “the gentlemens that we is!”

“I belonged to^② the St. Clare family,” said Adolph, proudly.

“Lor, you did! Be hanged if they ar’n’t lucky to get shet of ye. Spects they’s gwine to trade ye off with a lot o’ cracked tea-pots and sich like!” said Sambo, with a provoking^③ grin.

Adolph, enraged at this taunt, flew furiously at his adversary, swearing and striking on every side of him. The rest laughed and shouted, and the uproar brought the keeper to the door.

“What now, boys? Order,—order!” he said, coming in and flourishing a large whip.

All fled in different directions, except Sambo, who, presuming on the favor which the keeper had to him as a licensed wag, stood his ground, ducking his head with a facetious grin, whenever the master made a dive at him.

“Lor, Mas'r, 'tan't us,—we 's reglar stiddy,—it's these yer new hands; they's real aggravatin',—kinder pickin' at us, all time!”

The keeper, at this, turned upon Tom and Adolph, and distributing a few kicks and cuffs without much inquiry, and leaving general orders for all to be good boys and go to sleep, left the apartment.

While this scene was going on in the men's sleeping-room, the reader may be curious to take a peep at the corresponding apartment allotted to the women. Stretched out in various attitudes over the floor, he may see numberless sleeping forms of every shade of complexion, from the purest ebony to white, and of all years, from childhood to old age, lying now asleep. Here is a fine bright girl, of ten years, whose mother was sold out yesterday, and who tonight cried herself to sleep when nobody was looking at her. Here, a worn old negress, whose thin arms and callous fingers tell of

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| ① scent [sent] | n. | 气味, 香味 (CET4) |
| ② belong to | | 属于 (CET4) |
| ③ provoke [prə'vəuk] | n. | 激起, 惹怒 (CET4) |

hard toil^①, waiting to be sold tomorrow, as a cast-off article, for what can be got for her; and some forty or fifty others, with heads variously enveloped in blankets or articles of clothing, lie stretched around them. But, in a corner, sitting apart from the rest, are two females of a more interesting appearance than common. One of these is a respectably-dressed mulatto woman between forty and fifty, with soft eyes and a gentle and pleasing physiognomy. She has on her head a high-raised turban, made of a gay red Madras handkerchief, of the first quality, her dress is neatly fitted, and of good material^②, showing that she has been provided for with a careful hand. By her side, and nestling closely to her, is a young girl of fifteen,—her daughter. She is a quadroon, as may be seen from her fairer complexion, though her likeness to her mother is quite discernible. She has the same soft, dark eye, with longer lashes, and her curling hair is of a luxuriant brown. She also is dressed with great neatness, and her white, delicate hands betray very little acquaintance with servile toil. These two are to be sold tomorrow, in the same lot with the St. Clare servants; and the gentleman to whom they belong, and to whom the money for their sale is to be transmitted, is a member of a Christian church in New York, who will receive the money, and go thereafter to the sacrament of his Lord and theirs, and think no more of it.

These two, whom we shall call Susan and Emmeline,

had been the personal attendants of an amiable and pious lady of New Orleans, by whom they had been carefully and piously instructed and trained. They had been taught to read and write, diligently instructed in the truths of religion, and their lot had been as happy an one as in their condition it was possible to be. But the only son of their protectress had the management of her property; and, by carelessness and extravagance involved it to a large amount, and at last failed. One of the largest creditors was the respectable firm of B. & Co., in New York. B. & Co. wrote to their lawyer in New Orleans, who attached the real estate (these two articles and a lot of plantation hands formed the most valuable part of it), and wrote word to that effect to New York. Brother B., being, as we have said, a Christian man, and a resident^③ in a free State, felt some uneasiness on the subject. He didn't like trading in slaves and souls of men,—of course, he didn't; but, then, there were thirty thousand dollars in the case, and that was rather too much money to be lost for a principle; and so, after much considering, and asking advice from those that he knew would advise to suit him, Brother B. wrote to his lawyer

① toil [toil]

vi.

长时间工作

n.

报酬很低的苦活 (CET6)

② material [mə'tiəriəl]

n.

材料, 原料 (CET4)

③ resident ['rezidənt]

adj.

定居的, 常驻的;

n.

居民, 住宿者 (CET4)

to dispose of the business in the way that seemed to him the most suitable^①, and remit the proceeds^②.

The day after the letter arrived in New Orleans, Susan and Emmeline were attached, and sent to the depot to await a general auction on the following morning; and as they glimmer faintly upon us in the moonlight which steals^③ through the grated window, we may listen to their conversation. Both are weeping, but each quietly, that the other may not hear.

“Mother, just lay your head on my lap, and see if you can’t sleep a little,” says the girl, trying to appear calm.

“I haven’t any heart to sleep, Em; I can’t; it’s the last night we may be together!”

“O, mother, don’t say so! perhaps we shall get sold together,—who knows?”

“If ’t was anybody’s else case, I should say so, too, Em,” said the woman; “but I’m so feard of losin’ you that I don’t see anything but the danger.”

“Why, mother, the man said we were both likely, and would sell well.”

Susan remembered the man’s looks and words. With a deadly sickness at her heart, she remembered how he had looked at Emmeline’s hands, and lifted up her curly hair, and pronounced^④ her a first-rate article. Susan had been trained as a Christian, brought up^⑤ in the daily reading of the Bible,

and had the same horror of her child's being sold to a life of shame that any other Christian mother might have; but she had no hope,—no protection.

“Mother, I think we might do first rate, if you could get a place as cook, and I as chambermaid or seamstress, in some family. I dare say we shall. Let's both look as bright and lively as we can, and tell all we can do, and perhaps we shall,” said Emmeline.

“I want you to brush your hair all back straight, tomorrow,” said Susan.

“What for, mother? I don't look near so well, that way.”

“Yes, but you'll sell better so.”

“I don't see why!” said the child.

“Respectable families would be more apt to buy you, if they saw you looked plain and decent, as if you wasn't trying to look handsome. I know their ways better 'n you do,” said Susan.

“Well, mother, then I will.”

“And, Emmeline, if we shouldn't ever see each other

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| ① suitable ['sju:təbl] | adj. | 适当的, 适宜的, 恰当的 (CET4) |
| ② proceeds ['prəusi:dz] | n. | (买卖等的)收入, 收益 (CET6) |
| ③ steal [sti:l] | vt. vi. | 偷, 悄悄地做 (CET4) |
| ④ pronounce [prə'nauns] | vt. | 宣布, 宣称 (CET6) |
| ⑤ bring up | | 教育, 培养, 提出, (船) 抵达目的地 (CET4) |

again, after tomorrow,—if I'm sold way up on a plantation somewhere, and you somewhere else,—always remember how you've been brought up, and all Missis has told you; take your Bible with you, and your hymn-book; and if you're faithful to the Lord, he'll be faithful to you.”

So speaks the poor soul, in sore discouragement; for she knows that tomorrow any man, however vile and brutal, however godless and merciless, if he only has money to pay for her, may become owner of her daughter, body and soul; and then, how is the child to be faithful? She thinks of all this, as she holds her daughter in her arms, and wishes that she were not handsome and attractive. It seems almost an aggravation^① to her to remember how purely and piously, how much above the ordinary lot, she has been brought up. But she has no resort but to pray; and many such prayers to God have gone up from those same trim, neatly-arranged, respectable slave-prisons,—prayers which God has not forgotten, as a coming day shall show; for it is written, “Who causeth one of these little ones to offend, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea.”

The soft, earnest, quiet moonbeam looks in fixedly, marking the bars of the grated windows on the prostrate^②, sleeping forms. The mother and daughter are singing together a wild and melancholy dirge, common as a funeral^③ hymn

among the slaves:

“O, where is weeping Mary?

O, where is weeping Mary?

'Rived in the goodly land.

She is dead and gone to Heaven;

She is dead and gone to Heaven;

'Rived in the goodly land.”

These words, sung by voices of a peculiar and melancholy sweetness, in an air which seemed like the sighing^④ of earthy despair after heavenly hope, floated through the dark prison rooms with a pathetic cadence, as verse after verse was breathed out:

“O, where are Paul and Silas?

O, where are Paul and Silas?

Gone to the goodly land.

They are dead and gone to Heaven;

They are dead and gone to Heaven;

'Rived in the goodly land.”

Sing on poor souls! The night is short, and the morning will part you forever!

① **aggravation** [ˌægrəˈveɪʃən]

n.

加重 (病情、负担、罪行、危机等的), 更恶化, 恼怒 (CET6)

② **prostrate** ['prəstreɪt]

adj.

卧倒的, 俯卧的 (CET6)

③ **funeral** ['fju:nərəl]

n.

葬礼, 丧礼 (CET4)

④ **sigh** [saɪ]

vi.

叹气, 叹息 (CET4)

But now it is morning, and everybody is astir; and the worthy Mr. Skeggs is busy and bright, for a lot of goods is to be fitted out for auction. There is a brisk lookout on the toilet; injunctions passed around to every one to put on their best face and be spry; and now all are arranged in a circle for a last review, before they are marched^① up to the Bourse.

Mr. Skeggs, with his palmetto on and his cigar in his mouth, walks around to put farewell^② touches on his wares.

“How’s this?” he said, stepping in front of Susan and Emmeline. “Where’s your curls, gal?”

The girl looked timidly at her mother, who, with the smooth adroitness common among her class, answers,

“I was telling her, last night, to put up her hair smooth and neat, and not havin’ it flying about in curls; looks more respectable so.”

“Bother!” said the man, peremptorily, turning to the girl; “you go right along, and curl yourself real smart!” He added, giving a crack to a rattan he held in his hand, “And be back in quick time, too!”

“You go and help her,” he added, to the mother. “Them curls may make a hundred dollars difference in the sale of her.”

Beneath a splendid dome were men of all nations, moving to and fro, over the marble pave^③. On every side of the circular^④ area were little tribunes, or stations, for the

use of speakers and auctioneers. Two of these, on opposite sides of the area, were now occupied by brilliant and talented gentlemen, enthusiastically forcing up, in English and French commingled, the bids of connoisseurs in their various wares. A third one, on the other side, still unoccupied, was surrounded by a group, waiting the moment of sale to begin. And here we may recognize the St. Clare servants,—Tom, Adolph, and others; and there, too, Susan and Emmeline, awaiting their turn with anxious and dejected faces. Various spectators, intending to purchase, or not intending, examining, and commenting on their various points and faces with the same freedom that a set of jockeys discuss the merits^⑤ of a horse.

“Hulloa, Alf! what brings you here?” said a young exquisite^⑥, slapping the shoulder of a sprucely-dressed young man, who was examining Adolph through an eye-glass.

“Well! I was wanting a valet, and I heard that St. Clare’s lot was going. I thought I’d just look at his—”

“Catch me ever buying any of St. Clare’s people! Spoilt

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| ① march [mɑ:tʃ] | vi. | 行进, 行军; 游行 (CET4) |
| ② farewell [fə'wel] | n. | 告别, 欢送 (CET4) |
| ③ pave [peiv] | n. | 人行道 (CET4) |
| ④ circular ['sə:kjulə] | adj. | 圆形的, 环形的, 循环的 (CET4) |
| ⑤ merit ['merit] | n. | 功勋, 功劳, 价值 (CET4) |
| ⑥ exquisite ['ekskwizit] | adj. | 精致的, 精美的; 敏感的 (CET6) |

niggers, every one. Impudent as the devil!" said the other.

"Never fear that!" said the first. "If I get 'em, I'll soon have their airs out of them; they'll soon find that they've another kind of master to deal with than Monsieur St. Clare. 'Pon my word, I'll buy that fellow. I like the shape of him."

"You'll find it'll take all you've got to keep him. He's deucedly extravagant!"

"Yes, but my lord will find that he can't be extravagant with me. Just let him be sent to the calaboose a few times, and thoroughly dressed down! I'll tell you if it don't bring him to a sense of his ways! O, I'll reform him, up hill and down,—you'll see. I buy him, that's flat!"

Tom had been standing wistfully examining the multitude of faces thronging around him, for one whom he would wish to call master. And if you should ever be under the necessity, sir, of selecting, out of two hundred men, one who was to become your absolute owner and disposer^①, you would, perhaps, realize, just as Tom did, how few there were that you would feel at all comfortable in being made over to. Tom saw abundance of men,—great, burly, gruff men; little, chirping, dried men; long-favored, lank, hard men; and every variety of stubbed-looking, commonplace^② men, who pick up their fellow-men as one picks up chips, putting them into the fire or a basket with equal unconcern, according to their convenience; but he saw no St. Clare.

A little before the sale commenced, a short, broad, muscular man, in a checked shirt considerably open at the bosom, and pantaloons much the worse for dirt and wear, elbowed^③ his way through the crowd, like one who is going actively into a business; and, coming up to the group, began to examine them systematically.

From the moment that Tom saw him approaching, he felt an immediate and revolting^④ horror at him, that increased as he came near. He was evidently, though short, of gigantic strength. His round, bullet head, large, light-gray eyes, with their shaggy, sandy eyebrows^⑤, and stiff, wiry, sun-burned hair, were rather unprepossessing items, it is to be confessed; his large, coarse mouth was distended with tobacco, the juice of which, from time to time, he ejected from him with great decision and explosive force; his hands were immensely large, hairy, sun-burned, freckled, and very dirty, and garnished with long nails, in a very foul condition. This man proceeded to a very free personal examination of the lot. He seized Tom by the jaw, and pulled open his mouth to inspect his teeth; made him strip up his sleeve, to show his muscle; turned him

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| ① dispose [di'spəʊz] | vt. vi. | 处理, 处置 (CET4) |
| ② commonplace ['kɒmənpleɪs] | adj. | 普通的, 平庸的 (CET4) |
| ③ elbow ['elbəʊ] | vt. vi. | 用肘推, 用肘挤 (CET4) |
| ④ revolt [ri'vəʊlt] | vt. vi. | 使厌恶, 反叛, 背叛 (CET6) |
| ⑤ eyebrow ['aɪbraʊ] | n. | 眉毛 (CET4) |

round, made him jump and spring, to show his paces.

“Where was you raised?” he added, briefly, to these investigations^①.

“In Kintuck, Mas’r,” said Tom, looking about, as if for deliverance.

“What have you done?”

“Had care of Mas’r’s farm,” said Tom.

“Likely story!” said the other, shortly, as he passed on. He paused a moment before Dolph; then spitting a discharge of tobacco-juice on his well-blackened boots, and giving a contemptuous umph, he walked on. Again he stopped before Susan and Emmeline. He put out his heavy, dirty hand, and drew the girl towards him; passed it over her neck and bust, felt her arms, looked at her teeth, and then pushed her back against her mother, whose patient face showed the suffering she had been going through at every motion of the hideous stranger.

The girl was frightened, and began to cry.

“Stop that, you minx!” said the salesman; “no whimpering here,—the sale is going to begin.” And accordingly the sale begun.

Adolph was knocked off, at a good sum, to the young gentlemen who had previously stated his intention of buying him; and the other servants of the St. Clare lot went to various bidders.

“Now, up with you, boy! d’ye hear?” said the auctioneer to Tom.

Tom stepped upon the block, gave a few anxious looks round; all seemed mingled in a common, indistinct^② noise,—the clatter of the salesman crying off his qualifications in French and English, the quick fire of French and English bids; and almost in a moment came the final thump of the hammer, and the clear ring on the last syllable of the word “dollars,” as the auctioneer announced his price, and Tom was made over.—He had a master!

He was pushed from the block;—the short, bullet-headed man seizing^③ him roughly by the shoulder, pushed him to one side, saying, in a harsh voice, “Stand there, you!”

Tom hardly realized anything; but still the bidding went on,—ratting, clattering, now French, now English. Down goes the hammer again,—Susan is sold! She goes down from the block, stops, looks wistfully^④ back,—her daughter stretches her hands towards her. She looks with agony in the face of the man who has bought her,—a respectable middle-aged man, of benevolent countenance.

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| ① investigation [inˌvestiˈgeɪʃən] | n. | (正式的)调查, 侦查;
科学研究; 学术研究
(CET4) |
| ② indistinct [ˌɪndɪˈstɪŋkt] | adj. | 不清楚的, 模糊的
(CET6) |
| ③ seize [siːz] | vt. vi. | 抓住, 捉住; 夺取,
占领 (CET4) |
| ④ wistfully [ˈwɪstfəli] | adv. | 惆怅地, 渴望地 (CET6) |

“O, Mas'r, please do buy my daughter!”

“I'd like to, but I'm afraid I can't afford it!” said the gentleman, looking, with painful interest, as the young girl mounted the block, and looked around her with a frightened and timid^① glance.

The blood flushes painfully in her otherwise colorless cheek, her eye has a feverish fire, and her mother groans to see that she looks more beautiful than she ever saw her before. The auctioneer sees his advantage, and expatiates volubly in mingled French and English, and bids rise in rapid succession.

“I'll do anything in reason,” said the benevolent-looking gentleman, pressing in and joining with the bids. In a few moments they have run beyond his purse. He is silent; the auctioneer grows warmer; but bids gradually drop off. It lies now between an aristocratic old citizen and our bullet-headed acquaintance. The citizen^② bids for a few turns, contemptuously measuring his opponent; but the bullet-head has the advantage over him, both in obstinacy and concealed length of purse, and the controversy lasts but a moment; the hammer falls,—he has got the girl, body and soul, unless God help her!

Her master is Mr. Legree, who owns a cotton plantation on the Red river. She is pushed along into the same lot with Tom and two other men, and goes off, weeping as she goes.

The benevolent gentleman is sorry; but, then, the thing happens every day! One sees girls and mothers crying, at these sales, always! it can't be helped, &c.; and he walks off, with his acquisition, in another direction.

Two days after, the lawyer of the Christian firm of B. & Co., New York, send on their money to them. On the reverse^③ of that draft, so obtained, let them write these words of the great Paymaster, to whom they shall make up their account in a future day: “When he maketh inquisition for blood, he forgetteth not the cry of the humble^④!”

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| ① timid ['timid] | adj. | 胆小的, 羞怯的 (CET4) |
| ② citizen ['sitizn] | n. | 公民, 国民 (CET4) |
| ③ reverse [ri'veɜ:s] | vt. vi. | 使反转, 使颠倒 (CET4) |
| ④ humble ['hʌmbl] | adj. | 谦逊的, 谦虚的; 低下的, 卑微的; 简陋的, 低劣的 (CET4) |

佳句赏析

1. Then you shall be courteously entreated to call and examine, and shall find an abundance of husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, and young children, to be “sold separately, or in lots to suit the convenience of the purchaser;”

> 接着，交易所里会有人殷勤地请你进去看货。在里面你可以看到大批别人的丈夫、妻子、兄弟、姐妹、父亲、母亲和子女，“零售、批发，任您选择！”

*an abundance of: 很多的，充足的。

2. As might be imagined, Tom was in no humor to join these proceedings; and, therefore, setting his trunk as far as possible from the noisy group, he sat down on it, and leaned his face against the wall.

> 汤姆没有心情与这些人调笑，这是很显然的。他把箱子放到离哄闹的人群远远的，一屁股坐在上面，头抵在墙上。

*as 为连接词；同时又作为句子主语。lean...against...: 靠着……。

3. Her master is Mr. Legree, who owns a cotton plantation on the Red river.

> 她的主人是烈格雷先生，他在红河流域拥有一座棉

花庄园。

*who 引导定语从句。

4. She is pushed along into the same lot with Tom and two other men, and goes off, weeping as she goes.

> 埃米琳被推向汤姆和其他几个仆人一边，她边走边抽泣起来。

*who 在这里做连词，引导非限定性定语从句；weeping 分词短语作伴随状语。



名句大搜索

1. 他们迫不得已装出一副高兴愉悦、活泼爱动的样子，尤其是在客人面前，一来是为碰上好主顾，二来则是为了免遭摧残。
2. 在这种大拍卖中，母女分离、抱头痛哭的场面每天都在上演着，好心人想助其一臂之力也是心有余而力不足。
3. 他那跃跃欲试的样子，似乎满心要做笔生意。他走到黑奴面前，挨个看起来。他走得越近，汤姆越感到恐惧和厌恶。
4. 阿道夫受了这番冷嘲热讽，不由得满腔怒火，他当即气势汹汹地朝桑巴扑过去，一面破口大骂，一面挥拳乱打。

5. 那苦命的女人说这番话时，心里一阵酸楚。她明白一到明天，只要能出得起钱，不论这人有多么邪恶、奸诈和下流，就将从精神到肉体完全占有她的女儿。

6. 静穆、柔和的月光从窗外照进屋子里，把窗子上铁栏杆的影子投射在地板上熟睡的人身上。

Chapter 9 The Quadroon's Story



第九章 混血女人的经历

中文导读

汤姆的新东家烈格雷显然没有他从前主顾那样的耐心和仁慈，烈格雷的两个手下桑博和昆宝都极尽粗鲁残忍之能事，不知疲倦地折磨黑奴们。

烈格雷准备将汤姆训练成监工，遭到了汤姆的拒绝，不可避免地，迎接他的又是一顿拳脚相加。

血迹斑斑的汤姆疼痛不堪，善良的卡西来看望他，他向汤姆讲述了自己几度被转卖的悲惨经历，共同的命运以及对《圣经》的虔诚信仰使两个奴隶的心靠得比任何时候都近。

Chapter 9

And behold the tears of such as are oppressed; and on the side of their oppressors there was power. Wherefore I praised^① the dead that are already dead more than the living that are yet alive.

It was late at night, and Tom lay groaning and bleeding alone, in an old forsaken room of the gin-house, among pieces of broken machinery, piles of damaged cotton, and other rubbish which had there accumulated.

The night was damp and close, and the thick air swarmed with myriads of mosquitos, which increased the restless torture of his wounds; whilst a burning thirst—a

torture beyond all others—filled up the uttermost measure of physical ^② anguish.

“O, good Lord! Do look down,—give me the victory!—give me the victory over all!” prayed poor Tom, in his anguish.

A footstep entered the room, behind him, and the light of a lantern ^③ flashed on his eyes.

“Who’s there? O, for the Lord’s massy, please give me some water!”

The woman Cassy—for it was she,—set down her lantern, and, pouring water from a bottle, raised his head, and gave him drink. Another and another cup were drained, with feverish eagerness.

“Drink all ye want,” she said; “I knew how it would be. It isn’t the first time I’ve been out in the night, carrying water to such as you.”

“Thank you, Missis,” said Tom, when he had done drinking.

“Don’t call me Missis! I’m a miserable slave, like yourself,—a lower one than you can ever be!” said she, bitterly; “but now,” said she, going to the door, and dragging

① praise [preɪz] vt. 称赞, 赞赏; 赞美, 颂扬 (CET4)

② physical ['fɪzɪkəl] adj. 身体的, 肉体的; 自然规律的 (CET4)

③ lantern ['læntən] n. 灯笼; 灯塔 (CET4)

in a small pail, over which she had spread linen cloths wet with cold water, “try, my poor fellow, to roll yourself on to this.”

Stiff with wounds and bruises, Tom was a long time in accomplishing this movement; but, when done, he felt a sensible relief^① from the cooling application^② to his wounds.

The woman, whom long practice with the victims of brutality had made familiar with many healing arts, went on to make many applications to Tom's wounds^③, by means of which he was soon somewhat relieved.

“Now,” said the woman, when she had raised his head on a roll of damaged cotton, which served for a pillow, “there's the best I can do for you.”

Tom thanked her; and the woman, sitting down on the floor, drew up her knees, and embracing them with her arms, looked fixedly before her, with a bitter and painful expression of countenance. Her bonnet fell back, and long wavy streams of black hair fell around her singular and melancholy-face.

“It's no use, my poor fellow!” she broke out, at last, “it's of no use, this you've been trying to do. You were a brave fellow,—you had the right on your side; but it's all in vain, and out of the question, for you to struggle. You are in the devil's hands;—he is the strongest, and you must give up!”

Give up! and, had not human weakness and physical agony whispered that, before? Tom started; for the bitter

woman, with her wild eyes and melancholy voice, seemed to him an embodiment of the temptation with which he had been wrestling^④.

“O Lord! O Lord!” he groaned, “how can I give up?”

“There’s no use calling on the Lord,—he never hears,” said the woman, steadily; “there isn’t any God, I believe; or, if there is, he’s taken sides against us. All goes against us, heaven and earth. Everything is pushing us into hell. Why shouldn’t we go?”

Tom closed his eyes, and shuddered at the dark, atheistic words.

“You see,” said the woman, “you don’t know anything about it—I do. I’ve been on this place five years, body and soul, under this man’s foot; and I hate him as I do the devil! Here you are, on a lone plantation, ten miles from any other, in the swamps; not a white person here, who could testify, if you were burned alive,—if you were scalded^⑤, cut into inch-pieces, set up for the dogs to tear, or hung up and whipped to death. There’s no law here, of God or man, that can do you, or any one of us, the least good; and, this man! there’s no

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| ① relief [ri'li:f] | n. 缓解, 减轻, 解除 (CET4) |
| ② application [ˌæpli'keɪʃən] | n. 敷用, 施用; 申请, 申请表, 申请书 (CET4) |
| ③ wound [waʊnd] | n. 创伤, 伤口, 伤痕 (CET4) |
| ④ wrestle ['resl] | vi. 摔跤 (CET4) |
| ⑤ scald [skɔ:ld] | vt. 烫伤, 加热到接近沸腾 (CET6) |

earthly thing that he's too good to do. I could make any one's hair rise, and their teeth chatter, if I should only tell what I've seen and been knowing to, here,—and it's no use resisting^①! Did I want to live with him?

Wasn't I a woman delicately bred; and he,—God in heaven! what was he, and is he? And yet, I've lived with him, these five years, and cursed every moment of my life,—night and day! And now, he's got a new one,—a young thing, only fifteen, and she brought up, she says, piously. Her good mistress taught her to read the Bible; and she's brought her Bible here—to hell with her!” —and the woman laughed a wild and doleful laugh, that rung, with a strange, supernatural sound, through the old ruined^② shed.

Tom folded his hands; all was darkness and horror.

“O Jesus! Lord Jesus! have you quite forgot us poor critturs?” burst forth, at last;— “help, Lord, I perish^③!”

The woman sternly continued:

“And what are these miserable low dogs you work with, that you should suffer on their account? Every one of them would turn against you, the first time they got a chance. They are all of 'em as low and cruel^④ to each other as they can be; there's no use in your suffering to keep from hurting them.”

“Poor critturs!” said Tom,— “what made 'em cruel?—and, if I give out, I shall get used to 't, and grow, little by

little, just like 'em! No, no, Missis! I've lost everything,—wife, and children, and home, and a kind Mas'r,—and he would have set me free, if he'd only lived a week longer; I've lost everything in this world, and it's clean gone, forever,

—and now I can't lose Heaven, too; no, I can't get to be wicked, besides all!”

“But it can't be that the Lord will lay sin to our account,” said the woman; “he won't charge it to us, when we're forced to it; he'll charge it to them that drove us to it.”

“Yes,” said Tom; “but that won't keep us from growing wicked. If I get to be as hard-hearted as that ar' Sambo, and as wicked, it won't make much odds to me how I come so; it's the bein' so,—that ar's what I'm a dreadin'.”

The woman fixed a wild and startled look on Tom, as if a new thought had struck her; and then, heavily groaning, said,

“O God a' mercy! you speak the truth! O—O—O!” — and, with groans, she fell on the floor, like one crushed and writhing under the extremity of mental anguish.

There was a silence, a while, in which the breathing of

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| ① resist [ri'zɪst] | vt. vi. | 阻止, 抵抗, 对抗 (CET4) |
| ② ruin ['ruɪn] | vt. | 破坏, 毁掉; 使破产, 使沦落 (CET4) |
| ③ perish ['perɪʃ] | vi. | 丧生; 消亡; 死亡; 损坏, 腐烂 (CET6) |
| ④ cruel ['kru:əl] | adj. | 残酷的, 残忍的; 使人痛苦的 (CET4) |

both parties could be heard, when Tom faintly said, “O, please, Missis!”

The woman suddenly rose up, with her face composed^① to its usual stern^②, melancholy expression.

“Please, Missis, I saw ’em throw my coat in that ar’ corner, and in my coat-pocket is my Bible;—if Missis would please get it for me.”

Cassy went and got it. Tom opened, at once, to a heavily marked passage, much worn, of the last scenes in the life of Him by whose stripes we are healed^③.

“If Missis would only be so good as read that ar’,—it’s better than water.”

Cassy took the book, with a dry, proud air, and looked over the passage. She then read aloud, in a soft voice, and with a beauty of intonation that was peculiar, that touching account of anguish and of glory. Often, as she read, her voice faltered, and sometimes failed her altogether, when she would stop, with an air of frigid composure, till she had mastered herself. When she came to the touching words, “Father forgive them, for they know not what they do,” she threw down the book, and, burying her face in the heavy masses of her hair, she sobbed aloud, with a convulsive violence^④.

Tom was weeping, also, and occasionally uttering a smothered ejaculation.

“If we only could keep up to that ar’!” said Tom;— “it seemed to come so natural to him, and we have to fight so hard for ’t! O Lord, help us! O blessed Lord Jesus, do help us!”

“Missis,” said Tom, after a while, “I can see that, some how, you’re quite ’bove me in everything; but there’s one thing Missis might learn even from poor Tom. Ye said the Lord took sides against us, because he lets us be ’bused and knocked round; but ye see what come on his own Son,—the blessed Lord of Glory,—wan’t he allays^⑤ poor? and have we, any on us, yet come so low as he come? The Lord han’t forgot us,—I’m sartin’ o’ that ar’. If we suffer with him, we shall also reign, Scripture^⑥ says; but, if we deny Him, he also will deny us. Didn’t they all suffer?—the Lord and all his?

It tells how they was stoned and sawn asunder, and wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, and was destitute, afflicted, tormented. Sufferin’ an’t no reason to make us think the Lord’s turned agin us; but jest the contrary^⑦, if

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| ① composed [kəm'pəuzd] | adj. | 镇静的, 沉着的 (CET6) |
| ② stern [stɜ:n] | adj. | 苛刻的, 严格的 (CET6) |
| ③ heal [hi:l] | vt. vi. | (使)愈合, 治愈,
(使)恢复健康 (CET4) |
| ④ violence ['vaiələns] | n. | 暴力, 强暴 (CET4) |
| ⑤ allay [ə'lei] | vt. | 减轻, 缓和 (CET6) |
| ⑥ scripture ['skriptʃə] | n. | 经文, 圣典 (CET6) |
| ⑦ contrary ['kɒntrəri] | adj. | 相反的, 相违的 |
| | n. | 反面, 对立面 (CET4) |

only we hold on to him, and doesn't give up^① to sin."

"But why does he put us where we can't help but sin?" said the woman.

"I think we can help it," said Tom.

"You'll see," said Cassy; "what'll you do? Tomorrow they'll be at you again. I know 'em; I've seen all their doings; I can't bear^② to think of all they'll bring you to;—and they'll make you give out, at last!"

"Lord Jesus!" said Tom, "you will take care of my soul? O Lord, do!—don't let me give out!"

"O dear!" said Cassy; "I've heard all this crying and praying before; and yet, they've been broken down, and brought under. There's Emmeline, she's trying to hold on, and you're trying,—but what use? You must give up, or be killed by inches."

"Well, then, I will die!" said Tom. "Spin it out as long as they can, they can't help my dying, some time!—and, after that, they can't do no more. I'm clar, I'm set! I know the Lord'll help me, and bring me through."

The woman did not answer; she sat with her black eyes intently fixed on the floor.

"May be it's the way," she murmured to herself; "but those that have given up, there's no hope for them!—none! We live in filth, and grow loathsome, till we loathe ourselves! And we long to die, and we don't dare to kill ourselves!—

No hope! no hope! no hope?—this girl now,—just as old as I was!

“You see me now,” she said, speaking to Tom very rapidly; “see what I am! Well, I was brought up in luxury^③; the first I remember is, playing about, when I was a child, in splendid parlors,—when I was kept dressed up like a doll, and company and visitors used to praise me. There was a garden opening from the saloon^④ windows; and there I used to play hide-and-go-seek, under the orange-trees, with my brothers and sisters. I went to a convent, and there I learned music, French and embroidery, and what not; and when I was fourteen, I came out to my father’s funeral. He died very suddenly, and when the property came to be settled, they found that there was scarcely enough to cover the debts; and when the creditors took an inventory of the property, I was set down in it. My mother was a slave woman, and my father had always meant to set me free; but he had not done it, and so I was set down in the list. I’d always known who I was, but never thought much about it. Nobody ever expects that a strong, healthy man is going to die. My father was a well

① give up

放弃；投降，认输；猜不出
(CET4)

② bear [beə]

vt. vi.

承担，负担；忍受，容忍 (CET4)

③ luxury ['lʌkʃəri]

n.

奢侈，豪华 (CET4)

④ saloon [sə'lu:n]

n.

大厅，交易厅 (CET4)

man only four hours before he died;—it was one of the first cholera cases in New Orleans. The day after the funeral, my father's wife took her children, and went up to her father's plantation^①. I thought they treated me strangely, but didn't know. There was a young lawyer who they left to settle the business; and he came every day, and was about the house, and spoke very politely to me.

He brought with him, one day, a young man, whom I thought the handsomest I had ever seen. I shall never forget that evening. I walked with him in the garden. I was lonesome and full of sorrow, and he was so kind and gentle to me; and he told me that he had seen me before I went to the convent, and that he had loved me a great while, and that he would be my friend and protector;—in short, though he didn't tell me, he had paid two thousand dollars for me, and I was his property,—I became his willingly, for I loved him. Loved!" said the woman, stopping. "O, how I did love that man! How I love him now,—and always shall, while I breathe! He was so beautiful, so high, so noble! He put me into a beautiful house, with servants, horses, and carriages, and furniture, and dresses. Everything that money could buy, he gave me; but I didn't set any value on all that,—I only cared for him. I loved him better than my God and my own soul, and, if I tried, I couldn't do any other way from what he wanted me to.

“I wanted only one thing—I did want him to marry me. I thought, if he loved me as he said he did, and if I was what he seemed to think I was, he would be willing to marry me and set me free. But he convinced me that it would be impossible; and he told me that, if we were only faithful to each other, it was marriage^② before God. If that is true, wasn't I that man's wife? Wasn't I faithful? For seven years, didn't I study every look and motion^③, and only live and breathe to please him? He had the yellow fever, and for twenty days and nights I watched with him. I alone,—and gave him all his medicine, and did everything for him; and then he called me his good angel, and said I'd saved his life. We had two beautiful children. The first was a boy, and we called him Henry. He was the image of his father,—he had such beautiful eyes, such a forehead, and his hair hung all in curls around it; and he had all his father's spirit, and his talent, too. Little Elise, he said, looked like me. He used to tell me that I was the most beautiful woman in Louisiana, he was so proud of me and the children. He used to love to have me dress them up, and take them and me about in an open carriage, and hear the remarks that people would

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- ① plantation [plæn'teiʃən] n. 种植园, 大农场 (CET4)
 ② marriage ['mæridʒ] n. 结婚; 婚姻状况; 婚礼 (CET4)
 ③ motion ['məʊʃən] n. (物体的) 运动; 手势, 动作 (CET4)

make on us; and he used to fill my ears constantly with the fine things that were said in praise of me and the children. O, those were happy days! I thought I was as happy as any one could be; but then there came evil times. He had a cousin come to New Orleans, who was his particular friend,—he thought all the world of him;—but, from the first time I saw him, I couldn't tell why, I dreaded him; for I felt sure he was going to bring misery on us. He got Henry to going out with him, and often he would not come home nights till two or three o'clock. I did not dare say a word; for Henry was so high spirited^①, I was afraid to. He got him to the gaming-houses; and he was one of the sort that, when he once got a going there, there was no holding back. And then he introduced him to another lady, and I saw soon that his heart was gone from me. He never told me, but I saw it,—I knew it, day after day,—I felt my heart breaking, but I could not say a word! At this, the wretch offered to buy me and the children of Henry, to clear off his gambling debts, which stood in the way of his marrying as he wished;—and he sold us. He told me, one day, that he had business in the country, and should be gone two or three weeks. He spoke kinder than usual, and said he should come back; but it didn't deceive^② me. I knew that the time had come; I was just like one turned into stone; I couldn't speak, nor shed a tear. He kissed me and kissed the children, a good many times, and went out. I saw him get on

his horse, and I watched him till he was quite out of sight; and then I fell down, and fainted.

“Then he came, the cursed wretch! he came to take possession^③. He told me that he had bought me and my children; and showed me the papers. I cursed him before God, and told him I'd die sooner than live with him.”

“‘Just as you please,’ said he; ‘but, if you don't behave reasonably, I'll sell both the children, where you shall never see them again.’ He told me that he always had meant to have me, from the first time he saw me; and that he had drawn Henry on, and got him in debt, on purpose to make him willing to sell me. That he got him in love with another woman; and that I might know, after all that, that he should not give up for a few airs and tears, and things of that sort.

“I gave up, for my hands were tied. He had my children;—whenever I resisted his will anywhere, he would talk about selling them, and he made me as submissive as he desired. O, what a life it was! to live with my heart breaking, every day,—to keep on, on, on, loving, when it was only misery; and to be bound^④, body and soul, to one I hated. I

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|-------------------------|---------|---------------------------------|
| ① spirited ['spɪrɪtɪd] | adj. | 精力充沛的 (CET4) |
| ② deceive [di'si:v] | vt. vi. | 欺骗, 蒙骗 (CET4) |
| ③ possession [pə'zeʃən] | n. | 占有, 控制 (CET4) |
| ④ bound [baʊnd] | adj. | 被捆绑的, 被束缚的;
bind的过去分词 (CET4) |

used to love to read to Henry, to play to him, to waltz with him, and sing to him; but everything I did for this one was a perfect drag,—yet I was afraid to refuse anything. He was very imperious, and harsh to the children. Elise was a timid little thing; but Henry was bold and high-spirited, like his father, and he had never been brought under, in the least, by any one. He was always finding fault, and quarrelling^① with him; and I used to live in daily fear and dread. I tried to make the child respectful;—I tried to keep them apart, for I held on to those children like death; but it did no good. He sold both those children. He took me to ride, one day, and when I came home, they were nowhere to be found! He told me he had sold them; he showed me the money, the price of their blood. Then it seemed as if all good forsook me. I raved and cursed,—cursed God and man; and, for a while, I believe, he really was afraid of me. But he didn't give up so. He told me that my children were sold, but whether I ever saw their faces again, depended on^② him; and that, if I wasn't quiet, they should smart for it. Well, you can do anything with a woman, when you've got her children. He made me submit; he made me be peaceable; he flattered me with hopes that, perhaps, he would buy them back; and so things went on, a week or two. One day, I was out walking, and passed by the calaboose; I saw a crowd about the gate, and heard a child's voice,—and suddenly my Henry broke away from two or

three men who were holding the poor boy screamed and looked into my face, and held on to me, until, in tearing him off, they tore the skirt of my dress half away; and they carried him in, screaming ‘Mother! mother! mother!’ There was one man stood there seemed to pity me. I offered him all the money I had, if he’d only interfere. He shook his head, and said that the boy had been impudent and disobedient^③, ever since he bought him; that he was going to break him in, once for all. I turned and ran; and every step of the way, I thought that I heard him scream. I got into the house; ran, all out of breath, to the parlor^④, where I found Butler. I told him, and begged him to go and interfere. He only laughed, and told me the boy had got his deserts. He’d got to be broken in,—the sooner the better; ‘what did I expect?’ he asked. “It seemed to me something in my head snapped, at that moment. I felt dizzy and furious. I remember seeing a great sharp bowie-knife on the table; I remember something about catching it, and flying upon him; and then all grew dark, and I didn’t know any more,—not for days and days.

“When I came to myself, I was in a nice room,—but not

① quarrel ['kwɔrəl]

n. 争吵, 不和; 占有, 持有, 拥有 (CET4)

② depend on

依赖, 依靠; 相信; 信赖 (CET4)

③ disobedient [ˌdisə'bi:diənt]

adj. 不服从的, 不顺从的; 违抗的, 反抗的 (CET4)

④ parlor ['pɑ:lə]

n. 客厅; 起居室 (CET6)

mine. An old black woman tended me; and a doctor came to see me, and there was a great deal of care taken of me. After a while, I found that he had gone away, and left me at this house to be sold; and that's why they took such pains with me.

“I didn't mean to get well, and hoped I shouldn't; but, in spite of me the fever^① went off and I grew healthy, and finally got up. Then, they made me dress up, every day; and gentlemen used to come in and stand and smoke their cigars, and look at me, and ask questions, and debate my price. I was so gloomy and silent, that none of them wanted me. They threatened to whip me, if I wasn't gayer, and didn't take some pains to make myself agreeable^②. At length, one day, came a gentleman named Stuart. He seemed to have some feeling for me; he saw that something dreadful was on my heart, and he came to see me alone, a great many times, and finally persuaded^③ me to tell him. He bought me, at last, and promised to do all he could to find and buy back my children.

He went to the hotel where my Henry was; they told him he had been sold to a planter up on Pearl river; that was the last that I ever heard. Then he found where my daughter was; an old woman was keeping her. He offered an immense sum for her, but they would not sell her. Butler found out that it was for me he wanted her; and he sent me word that

I should never have her. Captain Stuart was very kind to me; he had a splendid^④ plantation, and took me to it. In the course of^⑤ a year, I had a son born. O, that child!—how I loved it! How just like my poor Henry the little thing looked! But I had made up my mind,—yes, I had. I would never again let a child live to grow up! I took the little fellow in my arms, when he was two weeks old, and kissed him, and cried over him; and then I gave him laudanum, and held him close to my bosom, while he slept to death. How I mourned and cried over it! and who ever dreamed that it was anything but a mistake, that had made me give it the laudanum? but it's one of the few things that I'm glad of, now. I am not sorry, to this day; he, at least, is out of pain. What better than death could I give him, poor child! After a while, the cholera came, and Captain Stuart died; everybody died that wanted to live,—and I,—I, though I went down to death's door,—I lived! Then I was sold, and passed from hand to hand, till I grew faded and wrinkled, and I had a fever; and then this wretch^⑥

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| ① fever ['fi:və] | n. | 发烧, 热度 (CET4) |
| ② agreeable [ə'gri:əbəl] | adj. | 欣然同意的, 令人愉快的 |
| ③ persuade [pə'sweɪd] | vt. | vi. 说服, 劝告 (CET4) |
| ④ splendid ['splendɪd] | adj. | 极好的, 壮丽的, 辉煌的 (CET4) |
| ⑤ In the course of | | 在…期间, 在…过程中 (CET4) |
| ⑥ wretch [retʃ] | n. | 不幸的人; 可怜的人;
恶棍; 坏蛋 (CET6) |

bought me, and brought me here,—and here I am!” The woman stopped. She had hurried on through her story, with a wild, passionate utterance; sometimes seeming to address it to Tom, and sometimes speaking as in a soliloquy^①. So vehement and overpowering was the force with which she spoke, that, for a season, Tom was beguiled even from the pain of his wounds, and, raising himself on one elbow, watched her as she paced restlessly^② up and down, her long black hair swaying heavily about her, as she moved.

“You tell me,” she said, after a pause, “that there is a God,—a God that looks down and sees all these things. May be it’s so. The sisters in the convent used to tell me of a day of judgment, when everything is coming to light;—won’t there be vengeance, then!

“They think it’s nothing, what we suffer,—nothing, what our children suffer! It’s all a small matter; yet I’ve walked the streets when it seemed as if I had misery enough in my one heart to sink the city. I’ve wished the houses would fall on me, or the stones sink under me. Yes! and, in the judgment day, I will stand up before God, a witness^③ against those that have ruined me and my children, body and soul!

“When I was a girl, I thought I was religious; I used to love God and prayer. Now, I’m a lost soul, pursued by devils that torment me day and night; they keep pushing me on and on—and I’ll do it, too, some of these days!”

she said, clenching her hand, while an insane light glanced in her heavy black eyes. "I'll send him where he belongs,—a short way, too,—one of these nights, if they burn me alive for it!" A wild, long laugh rang through the deserted room, and ended in a hysteric sob; she threw herself on the floor, in convulsive sobbing and struggles.

In a few moments, the frenzy fit seemed to pass off; she rose slowly, and seemed to collect herself.

"Can I do anything more for you, my poor fellow?" she said, approaching where Tom lay; "shall I give you some more water?"

There was a graceful and compassionate sweetness in her voice and manner, as she said this, that formed a strange contrast^④ with the former wildness.

Tom drank the water, and looked earnestly and pitifully into her face.

"O, Missis, I wish you'd go to him that can give you living waters!"

"Go to him! Where is he? Who is he?" said Cassy.

"Him that you read of to me,—the Lord."

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- ① soliloquy [sə'liləkwɪ] **n.** 自言自语 ; (戏剧中的)独白 (CET6)
 ② restless ['restlis] **adj.** 焦躁不安的, 不安静的 ; 不得休息的 (CET4)
 ③ witness ['wɪtnɪs] **n.** 目击者, 证人 ; 证词, 证据 (CET4)
 ④ contrast ['kɒntræst] **n.** 对比, 对照 ; 差异, 差别 (CET4)

“I used to see the picture of him, over the altar, when I was a girl,” said Cassy, her dark eyes fixing themselves in an expression of mournful reverie^①; “but, he isn’t here! there’s nothing here, but sin and long, long, long despair! O!” She laid her hand on her breast and drew in her breath, as if to lift a heavy weight.

Tom looked as if he would speak again; but she cut him short, with a decided gesture^②.

“Don’t talk, my poor fellow. Try to sleep, if you can.” And, placing water in his reach, and making whatever little arrangements for his comforts she could, Cassy left the shed.

① reverie ['revəri]

n.

想入非非，白日梦 (CET6)

② gesture ['dʒestʃə]

n.

手势，姿势；姿态，表示 (CET4)

佳句赏析

1. “Don’t call me Missis! I’m a miserable slave, like yourself,— a lower one than you can ever be!”

> “你不需要称呼我太太！我与你没有什么两样，都是令人怜悯的奴隶，可能我低贱的地位还比不上你。”

*like 为介词；low 是低贱的。

2. I’ve been on this place five years, body and soul, under this man’s foot; and I hate him as I do the devil!

> 自从来到这个鬼地方呆了五年，不管是我的灵魂还是我的肉体几乎每天都在遭受着无穷尽的践踏和折磨，我憎恨他就像憎恨魔鬼那样深恶痛绝！

*do 替代 hate。

3. There was a silence, a while, in which the breathing of both parties could be heard, when Tom faintly said, “O, please, Missis!”

> 空气一下子变得紧张起来，彼此都能听到对方的呼吸。又过了一会儿，汤姆微弱地低呼：“太太，我请求您帮我个忙。”

*which 指代 silence，引导定语从句。

4. He went to the hotel where my Henry was; they told him he had been sold to a planter up on Pearl river; that was the last that I ever heard. Then he found where my daughter was; an old woman was keeping her.

> 他四处打听，终于找到了小亨利的主人家，但人家告诉他，小亨利已经离开了那家旅馆被卖到了珍珠河畔的一个庄园里。

*had been+done sth. 是过去完成的被动形式时，表示过去时间之前已经完成。



名句大搜索

1. 我现在一无所有了，我已经失去了心爱的妻子、可爱的儿女、美好的家庭和我仁慈的主人，假如她们还在的话，就算活一星期，我也会重获幸福。
2. 我们不应该因为自己生活得不幸福，就觉得上帝不管我们，没替我们作主。如果我们不向邪恶让步、相信上帝与我们同在，我们肯定能发现事情并非那样。
3. 夜色很深了，浑身是伤、满脸污垢的汤姆独自一人躺在一间破旧不堪、被人遗忘的轧棉房里。
4. 五年了，整整五年，我还是没有逃出他的魔掌，还是迫不得已和他住在一块。每天每夜，我没有一分钟不在痛骂我自己，诅咒自己为什么还要活在世上？你不是不知道，他现在又弄了个女人来，那女人很年轻，据说才十五岁。

5. 故事完了，那女人停住了她的述说。在她讲述自己不幸的遭遇时，声音时快时慢，语调沉重热切。有时候她好像在向别人诉说，有时候则好像是说给自己听。她讲的是那么地投入，那么地令人感动，汤姆完完全全地沉浸在她的故事中，完全忘记了自己身上的疼痛。

Chapter 10 Results



第十章 结局

中文导读

复仇的火焰使卡西变得不顾一切，她利用烈格雷家废弃已久的顶楼，制造了一系列怪诞事件。迷信的烈格雷信以为真，她便利用这点制订了逃跑计划，和埃米琳一起躲上了顶楼。

卡西和埃米琳的逃亡激怒了烈格雷，他认定这次逃亡肯定跟汤姆有关，便将自己的怒气转嫁到毫无保障的汤姆身上，残暴血腥地折磨汤姆。已长大成人的乔治·希尔比找到汤姆时，他已经奄奄一息，垂危的黑人能重见到小主人，含笑而眠，汤姆的死坚定了乔治铲除奴隶制度的决心。

一次偶然的的机会，逃出来的卡西结识了乔治·希尔比和都德太太，并从他们那里得知了艾莉查就是自己失散多年的女儿，而艾莉查的丈夫乔治正是都德太太的弟弟，命运的巧合将卡西和都德太太奇妙地吸引在一起，最后他们在蒙特利尔找到了乔治一家，一家人得以破镜重圆，骨肉相逢。

乔治·希尔比回到了肯塔基的庄园，给每一位黑奴以自由的权利。

Chapter 10

The rest of our story is soon told. George Shelby, interested, as any other young man might be, by the romance^① of the incident^②, no less than by feelings of humanity, was at the pains to send to Cassy the bill of sale of Eliza; whose date and name all corresponded with her own knowledge of facts, and felt no doubt upon her mind as to the identity of her child. It remained now only for her to trace^③ out the path of the fugitives.

Madame de Thoux and she, thus drawn together by the singular coincidence^④ of their fortunes, proceeded immediately to Canada, and began a tour of inquiry among

the stations, where the numerous fugitives from slavery are located. At Amherstberg they found the missionary with whom George and Eliza had taken shelter, on their first arrival in Canada; and through him were enabled to trace the family to Montreal.

George and Eliza had now been five years free. George had found constant occupation^⑤ in the shop of a worthy machinist, where he had been earning a competent support for his family, which, in the mean time, had been increased by the addition of another daughter.

Little Harry—a fine bright boy—had been put to a good school, and was making rapid proficiency in knowledge.

The worthy pastor of the station, in Amherstberg, where George had first landed, was so much interested in the statements of Madame de Thoux and Cassy, that he yielded to the solicitations of the former, to accompany them to Montreal, in their search,—she bearing all the expense of the expedition.

The scene now changes to a small, neat tenement, in the outskirts of Montreal; the time, evening. A cheerful fire blazes

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| ① romance [rəu'mæns] | n. | 浪漫史, 风流韵事 (CET4) |
| ② incident ['insidənt] | n. | 发生的事, 小插曲 (CET4) |
| ③ trace [treis] | vt. | 追踪, 追溯; 发现, 找到 (CET4) |
| ④ coincidence [kəu'insidəns] | n. | 巧合, 符合, 一致 (CET4) |
| ⑤ occupation [ˌɔkju'peɪʃən] | n. | 工作, 职业; 消遣 (CET4) |

on the hearth; a tea-table, covered with a snowy cloth, stands prepared for the evening meal. In one corner of the room was a table covered with a green cloth, where was an open writing-desk, pens, paper, and over it a shelf of well-selected books.

This was George's study. The same zeal for self-improvement, which led him to steal the much coveted arts of reading and writing, amid all the toil and discouragements of his early life, still led him to devote^① all his leisure time to self-cultivation.

At this present time, he is seated at the table, making notes from a volume of the family library he has been reading.

"Come, George," says Eliza, "you've been gone all day. Do put down that book, and let's talk, while I'm getting tea,—do."

And little Eliza seconds the effort, by toddling up to her father, and trying to pull the book out of his hand, and install herself on his knee as a substitute.

"O, you little witch!" says George, yielding, as, in such circumstances^②, man always must.

"That's right," says Eliza, as she begins to cut a loaf of bread. A little older she looks; her form a little fuller; her air more matronly than of yore; but evidently contented and happy as woman need be.

"Harry, my boy, how did you come on in that sum,

today?” says George, as he laid his hand on his son’s head.

Harry has lost his long curls; but he can never lose those eyes and eyelashes, and that fine, bold brow, that flushes with triumph^③, as he answers, “I did it, every bit of it, myself, father; and nobody helped me!”

“That’s right,” says his father; “depend on yourself, my son. You have a better chance than ever your poor father had.”

At this moment, there is a rap at the door; and Eliza goes and opens it. The delighted— “Why! this you?” —calls up her husband; and the good pastor of Amherstberg is welcomed. There are two more women with him, and Eliza asks them to sit down.

Now, if the truth must be told, the honest pastor had arranged a little programme^④, according to which this affair was to develop itself; and, on the way up, all had very cautiously and prudently exhorted each other not to let things out, except according to previous arrangement.

What was the good man’s consternation, therefore, just as he had motioned to the ladies to be seated, and was

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| ① devote...to... | | 把...奉献给, 把...专用于 (CET4) |
| ② circumstance ['sə:kəmstəns] | n. | pl.环境, 条件, 情况; 境遇, 经济状况 (CET4) |
| ③ triumph ['traɪəmf] | n. | 胜利, 成功; 巨大的成就 (CET4) |
| ④ programme ['prəʊgræm] | n. | 节目, 节目单; 计划, 大纲 (CET4) |

taking out his pocket-handkerchief to wipe^① his mouth, so as to proceed to his introductory speech in good order, when Madame de Thoux upset the whole plan, by throwing her arms around George's neck, and letting all out at once, by saying, "O, George! don't you know me? I'm your sister Emily."

Cassy had seated herself more composedly, and would have carried on her part very well, had not little Eliza suddenly appeared before her in exact shape and form, every outline and curl, just as her daughter was when she saw her last. The little thing peered^② up in her face; and Cassy caught her up in her arms, pressed her to her bosom, saying, what, at the moment she really believed, "Darling, I'm your mother!"

In fact, it was a troublesome matter to do up exactly in proper order; but the good pastor, at last, succeeded in getting everybody quiet, and delivering^③ the speech with which he had intended to open the exercises; and in which, at last, he succeeded so well, that his whole audience were sobbing about him in a manner that ought to satisfy any orator, ancient or modern.

They knelt together, and the good man prayed,—for there are some feelings so agitated and tumultuous, that they can find rest only by being poured into the bosom of Almighty love,—and then, rising up, the new-found family embraced each other, with a holy trust in Him, who from

such peril and dangers, and by such unknown ways, had brought them together.

The note-book of a missionary, among the Canadian fugitives, contains truth stranger than fiction^④. How can it be otherwise, when a system prevails which whirls families and scatters their members, as the wind whirls and scatters the leaves of autumn? These shores of refuge, like the eternal shore, often unite again, in glad communion^⑤, hearts that for long years have mourned each other as lost. And affecting beyond expression is the earnestness with which every new arrival among them is met, if, perchance, it may bring tidings of mother, sister, child or wife, still lost to view in the shadows of slavery.

Deeds of heroism are wrought here more than those of romance, when defying torture, and braving death itself, the fugitive voluntarily^⑥ threads his way back to the terrors and perils of that dark land, that he may bring out his sister, or mother, or wife.

One young man, of whom a missionary has told us,

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| ① wipe [waɪp] | vt. 擦, 拭, 抹去 (CET4) |
| ② peer [piə] | vi. 凝视, 盯着看 (CET4) |
| ③ deliver [dɪ'livə] | vt. 发言, 发动, 提出 (CET4) |
| ④ fiction ['fɪkʃən] | n. 小说, 虚构想象出的事 (CET4) |
| ⑤ communion [kə'mju:njən] | n. 交流, 宗教教派 (CET4) |
| ⑥ voluntarily ['vɒləntəri] | adj. 自愿的, 志愿的 (CET4) |

twice re-captured, and suffering shameful stripes for his heroism, had escaped again; and, in a letter which we heard read, tells his friends that he is going back a third time, that he may, at last, bring away his sister. My good sir, is this man a hero, or a criminal? Would not you do as much for your sister? And can you blame him?

But, to return to our friends, whom we left wiping their eyes, and recovering themselves from too great and sudden a joy. They are now seated around the social board, and are getting decidedly companionable; only that Cassy, who keeps little Eliza on her lap, occasionally squeezes the little thing, in a manner that rather astonishes her, and obstinately refuses to have her mouth stuffed with cake to the extent the little one desires,—alleging, what the child rather wonders at, that she has got something better than cake, and doesn't want it.

And, indeed, in two or three days, such a change has passed over Cassy, that our readers would scarcely know her. The despairing, haggard expression of her face had given way to one of gentle trust. She seemed to sink, at once, into the bosom of the family, and take the little ones into her heart, as something for which it long had waited. Indeed, her love seemed to flow more naturally to the little Eliza than to her own daughter; for she was the exact image and body of the child whom she had lost. The little one was a flowery bond between mother and daughter, through whom grew

up acquaintanceship and affection. Eliza's steady, consistent piety, regulated by the constant reading of the sacred word, made her a proper guide for the shattered and wearied mind of her mother. Cassy yielded at once, and with her whole soul, to every good influence, and became a devout and tender Christian.

After a day or two, Madame de Thoux told her brother more particularly of her affairs. The death of her husband had left her an ample fortune, which she generously offered to share with the family. When she asked George what way she could best apply it for him, he answered, "Give me an education, Emily; that has always been my heart's desire. Then, I can do all the rest."

On mature^① deliberation, it was decided that the whole family should go, for some years, to France; whither they sailed, carrying Emmeline with them.

The good looks of the latter won the affection^② of the first mate of the vessel^③; and, shortly after entering the port, she became his wife.

George remained four years at a French university, and, applying himself with an unintermitted zeal, obtained a very

① mature

adj.

成熟的, 成年人的 (CET4)

② affection [ə'fekʃən]

n.

喜爱, 爱; 〈心〉感情 (CET6)

③ vessel ['vesəl]

n.

船, 舰; 容器; 血管, 脉管, 导管 (CET4)

thorough education.

Political troubles in France, at last, led the family again to seek an asylum in this country.

George's feelings and views, as an educated man, may be best expressed in a letter to one of his friends.

"I feel somewhat at a loss, as to my future course. True, as you have said to me, I might mingle in the circles of the whites, in this country, my shade of color is so slight, and that of my wife and family scarce perceptible. Well, perhaps, on sufferance, I might. But, to tell you the truth, I have no wish to.

"My sympathies are not for my father's race, but for my mother's. To him I was no more than a fine dog or horse: to my poor heart-broken mother I was a child; and, though I never saw her, after the cruel sale that separated us, till she died, yet I know she always loved me dearly. I know it by my own heart. When I think of all she suffered, of my own early sufferings, of the distresses and struggles of my heroic wife, of my sister, sold in the New Orleans slave-market,—though I hope to have no unchristian sentiments, yet I may be excused for saying, I have no wish to pass for an American, or to identify myself with them.

"It is with the oppressed, enslaved African race that I cast in my lot; and, if I wished anything, I would wish myself two shades darker, rather than one lighter.

"The desire and yearning of my soul is for an African

nationality. I want a people that shall have a tangible^①, separate existence^② of its own; and where am I to look for it? Not in Hayti; for in Hayti they had nothing to start with. A stream cannot rise above its fountain^③. The race that formed the character of the Haytiens was a worn-out, effeminate one; and, of course, the subject race will be centuries in rising to anything.

“Where, then, shall I look? On the shores of Africa I see a republic,—a republic formed of picked men, who, by energy and self-educating force, have, in many cases, individually, raised themselves above a condition of slavery. Having gone through a preparatory stage of feebleness, this republic has, at last, become an acknowledged nation on the face of the earth,—acknowledged by both France and England. There it is my wish to go, and find myself a people.

“I am aware, now, that I shall have you all against me; but, before you strike, hear me. During my stay in France, I have followed up, with intense interest, the history of my people in America. I have noted the struggle between abolitionist and colonizationist, and have received some

① tangible ['tændʒəbl]

adj.

明确的，确凿的，实际的
(CET6)

② existence [ig'zistəns]

n.

存在；生存，生活（方式）
(CET4)

③ fountain ['fauntin]

n.

喷水；喷泉；来源，根源，
源泉 (CET4)

impressions, as a distant^① spectator, which could never have occurred to me as a participator.

“I grant that this Liberia may have subserved all sorts of purposes, by being played off, in the hands of our oppressors, against us. Doubtless the scheme^② may have been used, in unjustifiable ways, as a means of retarding^③ our emancipation^④. But the question to me is, Is there not a God above all man's schemes? May He not have over-ruled their designs, and founded for us a nation by them?

“In these days, a nation is born in a day. A nation starts, now, with all the great problems of republican life and civilization wrought out to its hand;—it has not to discover, but only to apply. Let us, then, all take hold together, with all our might, and see what we can do with this new enterprise, and the whole splendid continent of Africa opens before us and our children. Our nation shall roll the tide of civilization and Christianity along its shores, and plant there mighty republics, that, growing with the rapidity of tropical vegetation, shall be for all coming ages.

“Do you say that I am deserting my enslaved brethren? I think not. If I forget them one hour, one moment of my life, so may God forget me! But, what can I do for them, here? Can I break their chains? No, not as an individual^⑤; but, let me go and form part of a nation, which shall have a voice in the councils of nations, and then we can speak. A nation has

a right to argue, remonstrate, implore, and present the cause of its race,—which an individual has not.

“If Europe ever becomes a grand council of free nations,—as I trust in God it will,—if, there, serfdom, and all unjust^⑥ and oppressive social inequalities, are done away; and if they, as France and England have done, acknowledge our position,—then, in the great congress of nations, we will make our appeal, and present the cause of our enslaved and suffering race; and it cannot be that free, enlightened America will not then desire to wipe from her escutcheon that bar sinister which disgraces^⑦ her among nations, and is as truly a curse to her as to the enslaved.

“But, you will tell me, our race have equal rights to mingle in the American republic as the Irishman, the German, the Swede. Granted, they have. We ought to be free to meet and mingle,—to rise by our individual worth, without any

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| ① distant ['distənt] | adj. 远隔的, 遥远的 (CET4) |
| ② scheme [ski:m] | n. 阴谋, 诡计; 计划, 方案 (CET4) |
| ③ retard [ri'ta:d] | vt. 使减速; 妨碍; 阻止; 推迟, 延迟 (CET6) |
| ④ emancipation [i,mænsə'peʃən] | n. 解放 (CET6) |
| ⑤ individual [ˌindi'vidjuəl] | adj. 个别的, 单独的, 个人的; 独特的 (CET4) |
| ⑥ unjust [ʌn'dʒʌst] | adj. 错误的, 不正确的; 不公平的 (CET4) |
| ⑦ disgrace [dis'greis] | vt. 使丢脸, 使受耻辱; 使失宠 (CET4) |

consideration of caste or color; and they who deny us this right are false to their own professed principles of human equality. We ought, in particular, to be allowed here. We have more than the rights of common men;—we have the claim of an injured race for reparation. But, then, I do not want it; I want a country, a nation, of my own. I think that the African race has peculiarities, yet to be unfolded in the light of civilization and Christianity, which, if not the same with those of the Anglo-Saxon, may prove to be, morally, of even a higher type.

“To the Anglo-Saxon race has been intrusted the destinies of the world, during its pioneer period of struggle and conflict. To that mission its stern, inflexible, energetic elements^①, were well adapted; but, as a Christian, I look for another era to arise. On its borders I trust we stand; and the throes that now convulse the nations are, to my hope, but the birth-pangs of an hour of universal peace and brotherhood.

“I trust that the development of Africa is to be essentially^② a Christian one. If not a dominant and commanding race, they are, at least, an affectionate, magnanimous, and forgiving one. Having been called in the furnace of injustice and oppression, they have need to bind closer to their hearts that sublime doctrine of love and forgiveness^③, through which alone they are to conquer^④, which it is to be their mission to spread over the continent of Africa.

“In myself, I confess^⑤, I am feeble for this,—full half the blood in my veins is the hot and hasty Saxon; but I have an eloquent preacher of the Gospel ever by my side, in the person of my beautiful wife. When I wander, her gentler spirit ever restores me, and keeps before my eyes the Christian calling and mission of our race. As a Christian patriot, as a teacher of Christianity, I go to my country,—my chosen, my glorious Africa!—and to her, in my heart, I sometimes apply those splendid words of prophecy: ‘Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man went through thee; I will make thee an eternal excellence, a joy of many generations!’

“You will call me an enthusiast: you will tell me that I have not well considered what I am undertaking. But I have considered, and counted the cost. I go to Liberia, not as an Elysium of romance, but as to a field of work. I expect to work with both hands,—to work hard; to work against all sorts of difficulties and discouragements; and to work till I die. This is what I go for; and in this I am quite sure I shall not be disappointed.

“Whatever you may think of my determination, do not

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| ① element ['elimənt] | n. | 元素, 成分, 要素 (CET4) |
| ② essentially [i'senʃəli] | adv. | 本质上, 根本上 (CET4) |
| ③ forgiveness [fə'givnis] | n. | 原谅, 宽恕, 饶恕 (CET4) |
| ④ conquer [ˌkɒŋkə] | vt. | 攻克, 征服 (CET4) |
| ⑤ confess [kən'fes] | vt. vi. | 承认, 供认 (CET4) |

divorce me from your confidence; and think that, in whatever I do, I act with a heart wholly given to my people.

“George Harris.”

George, with his wife, children, sister and mother, embarked^① for Africa, some few weeks after. If we are not mistaken, the world will yet hear from him there.

Of our other characters we have nothing very particular to write, except a word relating to Miss Ophelia and Topsy, and a farewell chapter, which we shall dedicate to George Shelby.

Miss Ophelia took Topsy home to Vermont with her, much to the surprise of the grave deliberative body whom a New Englander recognizes under the term “Our folks.” “Our folks,” at first, thought it an odd and unnecessary addition to their well-trained domestic establishment; but, so thoroughly efficient was Miss Ophelia in her conscientious endeavor to do her duty by her eleve, that the child rapidly grew in grace and in favor with the family and neighborhood. At the age of womanhood, she was, by her own request, baptized, and became a member of the Christian church in the place; and showed so much intelligence, activity and zeal, and desire to do good in the world, that she was at last recommended, and approved as a missionary to one of the stations in Africa; and we have heard that the same activity and ingenuity^② which, when a child, made her so multiform and restless in her developments^③, is now employed, in a safer and wholesomer

manner, in teaching the children of her own country.

P.S.—It will be a satisfaction to some mother, also, to state, that some inquiries, which were set on foot by Madame de Thoux, have resulted recently in the discovery of Cassy's son. Being a young man of energy, he had escaped, some years before his mother, and been received and educated by friends of the oppressed in the north. He will soon follow his family to Africa.

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| ① embark [im'bu:k] | vt. vi. | 乘船, 装载 (CET6) |
| ② ingenuity [ˌɪndʒi'nju:iti] | n. | 足智多谋, 心灵手巧 (CET6) |
| ③ development [di'veləpmənt] | n. | 发展, 生长; 新阶段, 新事态 (CET4) |

佳句赏析

1. At Amherstberg they found the missionary with whom George and Eliza had taken shelter, on their first arrival in Canada

> 终于在阿默赫斯堡找到了一个传教士，乔治夫妇初入加拿大时正是蒙他收留保护。

*whom 引导宾语从句，指 missionary; take shelter 接受庇护。

2. In fact, it was a troublesome matter to do up exactly in proper order.

> 想要这件事有条不紊地按步骤进行可真是不容易！

*in order 有条不紊。

3. How can it be otherwise, when a system prevails which whirls families and scatters their members, as the wind whirls and scatters the leaves of autumn?

> 奴隶制肆虐地摧残许多家庭，像狂风横卷残叶一样使人们骨肉离散，如此凄惨的故事怎能不离奇曲折、扣人心弦？

*which 引导定语从句指 system, as: 正如。

4. Whatever you may think of my determination, do not divorce me from your confidence; and think that, in

whatever I do, I act with a heart wholly given to my people.

不管你对我所做的决定有什么意见，请你一定要信任我；你要明白，我把全部的身心 and 灵魂都献给了我的同胞们。

***Whatever** 有两个用法，一是引导名词性从句（如主语从句、宾语从句、表语从句），二是用于引导让步状语从句。

名句大搜索

1. “我宁愿希望上天把我的肤色变得更黑一些而不是变浅，因为我要与遭受压制和奴役的非洲黑人种族同呼吸、共命运。”
2. 也许你会说黑人同胞与爱尔兰人、德国人和瑞典人一样拥有居住在美国的权利，完全可以与美国融为一体。我承认我的同胞们确实是享有这项权利的。我们应该与他们交游自如，融入其中。我们也可以抛却等级和肤色的限制，凭借自身的才华和实力来提高自己的社会地位。
3. 我确信，凭借着汲取世界文明和基督之光的润泽，我们非洲人民所具备的个性和特色将会充分展示于世人面前。

4. 黄昏时分，在蒙特利尔市郊的一座干净整洁的公寓里，有一家人已经准备好晚饭，餐桌上面摆放整齐，铺着雪白的桌布。壁炉里红色的火苗噼啪作响，兴奋地跳跃着。

5. 她脸色柔和，蕴含着圣洁的信任之情，从前的苍白憔悴已经消失得干干净净。

6. 也许你会说我有些头脑发热，认为我并没有认真思索过自己要为之投入的事业。不，实际上我周全地考虑过，也权衡过得失。